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An Autobiography

RUSSELL MARION NELSON



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Frontispiece: Family portrait, August 1978. *Seated, left to right:* Rosalie, Brenda N. Miles, Sylvia N. Webster, Marsha N. McKellar, Laurie. *Standing:* Marjorie, Emily, Russell, Jr., Russell M. Nelson, Dantzel White Nelson, Gloria N. Irion, Wendy N. Maxfield.

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# Foreword

By President Spencer W. Kimball

This book, the engaging record of the life and experiences of Russell Marion Nelson, is a fulfillment of a great dream. In these pages he has set forth a chronicle of his noble parentage and crystallized the many experiences of himself and his adorable family. This work will bring joy and peace and happiness to its readers.

The first time I saw the Nelson family was at a stake conference meeting in 1964. Eight daughters were singing a song, accompanied by their mother, Dantzel. I was amazed and pleased, and I thought, "What a perfect family! What beautiful parents! And what delightful children to grow up in one household." I have known them from that time forward, and now there are nine daughters and one son. Brother Nelson has always been a family man first, and now all his family unite to bring him honor.

I owe much to him as a doctor. It was in 1971 in England that I first spoke to him of my heart problems. When we returned to the United States, investigation showed that I had problems with a deteriorating valve in my heart and an obstruction in an artery. I felt my life slipping away, and I wondered if perhaps the time had come for a younger man to enter the Quorum of the Twelve and do the work I could no longer do. But at the inspired insistence of President Harold B. Lee, I was prompted to press on. Therefore, my life was placed in the hands of this young doctor, in whom we noted a sweet spirituality. Because of his skill as a surgeon—one who trusts in the power of the priesthood and relies on the Spirit of the Lord—my life was spared, even though the risks were very great for a man of my seventy-seven years.

We became close as I recovered from the open-heart surgery that he performed perfectly. Whenever I became discouraged, there was always his sweet, understanding spirit to buoy me up.

Then President Lee died in December 1973. We never thought it could happen, for he was younger than I and seemingly in good health; therefore, we were all taken by surprise. Brother Nelson, of his own accord, came to my side immediately in case he should be needed. I appreciated his thoughtfulness very much. Shortly thereafter, knowing that I would be faced with questions about my health, he wrote me a letter which read in part: "Your surgeon wants you

to know that your body is strong, your heart is better than it has been for years, and that by all of our finite ability to predict, you may consider this new assignment without undue anxiety about your health."

How I appreciated that reassurance during such a difficult and trying time! And how I appreciate his continuing friendship and his faithfulness to the work of the Lord. For as in numerous other fields of endeavor, he has sought to perform faithfully the work requested of him as a member of the Church.

He has achieved excellence in his professional work, which has brought distinction to his name, both in this country and abroad. He has brought honor to the name of his parents and ancestors.

I myself knew none of my grandparents or great-grandparents and find myself wishing for more information about them. Now, here is a young man of great ability who has given his posterity just that, including a record of his lineage running back into Scandinavia and Britain through many years. Those noble ancestors endowed this special man with the strength and power of generation after generation, and the rich blood of pioneer stock.

It pleases me very much to note that he has done a superb work in assembling the information to bring this book into existence. Seldom are so many pages put together to create a life history so rich and full of experiences as this record of the life of Russell Marion Nelson. It seems to me that it has been done beautifully and without flaw. Long will his children and their posterity honor this great man, and long will they remember that he followed the precepts of his Lord through his prophets, that the total and beautiful and complete life story could be put on paper for their benefit.

Salt Lake City, Utah  
March 1979

## Preface

The original motivation to write this review seemed to spring simultaneously from my dear wife, Dantzel, and from President Spencer W. Kimball. Then a plea from President B. Lloyd Poelman provided additional prompting. Unifocal direction from three I loved so much could not be ignored. The final nudge came as I was a passenger in a small airplane plummeting earthward with one of its two engines exploded. I realized then that although both the spiritual and material needs for my family had been provided, I had not left for them a reasonable recapitulation of my life that they could review. The safe emergency landing of that disabled aircraft provided me with the chance I needed.

The process of such writing allows proper reflection and the opportunity for retrospective gratitude. Thanks to ancestors known and unknown, an inheritance is given. Education and encouragement from a loving Mother and Daddy are evident everywhere.

To Dantzel, who was with me through it all, I give credit not only as co-author but as co-creator of all in our partnership that is of worth. Without her, there would have been nothing; with her, life has been lived in the fullest sense of the word. She has been my best friend, my clearest conscience, my eternal stimulator, motivator, and reason for being. If the love I bear for her can be felt as these pages are read, I shall have been successful. I prevailed upon her to write the first chapter to provide an overview and a perspective that otherwise might have been missed.

The title "From Heart to Heart" might be deemed appropriate to those whose hearts have been touched by a cardiac surgeon. Truly, my heart has gone out to those dear patients suffering from their maladies and from the miseries associated with their necessary surgical care. Yet, the real suggestion for this title came from the biblical prophecy that the day will come when the heart of the fathers shall be turned to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers. (See Malachi 4:6.) The heart of this father is truly turned to his beloved wife and their children, Marsha, Wendy, Gloria, Brenda, Sylvia, Emily, Laurie, Rosalie, Marjorie, and Russell. To them, this work is dedicated. It was written for them and their posterity, that they too may turn their hearts to their fathers and to their children as they prepare and live for the future.

To our Lord and Master we express our gratitude for his gospel,



for his church, and for the promise of an eternal perpetuation of our family unit. These blessings transcend all others we enjoy.

If one scripture could condense the wish of my heart for the beloved members of my family and for those yet to come into it, the passage would be this:

"I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." (3 John 4.)

RUSSELL M. NELSON

December 25, 1978

## Acknowledgments

To Dantzel and the children I am most grateful for making of life such a sweet and joyous experience. Their forbearance and help during the process of this writing are gratefully acknowledged.

The able assistance of our daughter Marsha N. McKellar, LaRee Wise, and Judy Anderson is noted with thankfulness. They labored long and patiently to transcribe and to encourage.

The tedious tasks of editing and indexing have been done by Lane Johnson. I gratefully acknowledge his help.

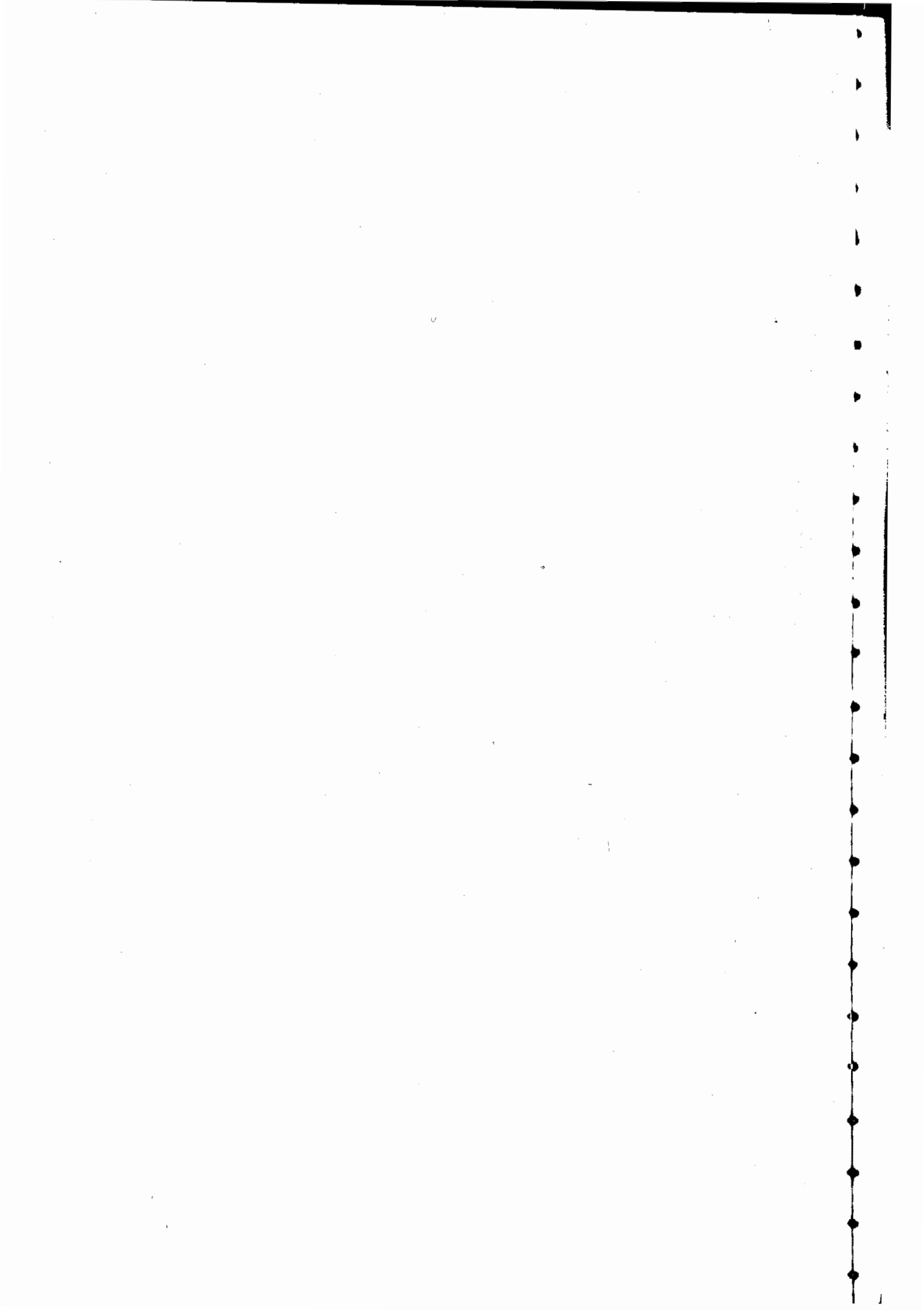
The planning and printing have been so ably directed by my uncle Clyde E. Nelson. For his efforts in this endeavor, as well as his special graciousness to us through the years, I am very thankful.

President Spencer W. Kimball's influence on my life and on this record merits special acknowledgment. His original request that I write this history moved me to action. Calls to service in the Church and blessings to enable that service have come to me under his hand. He has entrusted his life to my care, and in the process has caused my capacity to increase and my soul to feel the power of the Lord in blessing His prophet. Having been kind enough to allow some of those feelings to be documented in this record, and to express his approbation for the manuscript, President Kimball further complimented me and my family by writing the foreword that graces this book as the sun brings light and warmth to countless individuals below. To him and his beloved Camilla I express my special gratitude and adoration.

To Mother and Daddy I acknowledge my gratitude—for life, encouragement, and continuous love. So much of the gratitude I feel is inexpressible. From my first hours in infancy to the task of assembling this record, their help and expertise have been most valuable.

To these and countless others I express my thankfulness. An individual is the product of his own experience, the friends and associates who leave their precious imprints, and teachers kind and dear. Toward them I feel as did the one who wrote:

"One soweth, and another reapeth  
That both he that soweth and he that reapeth  
May rejoice together." (See John 4:36-37.)





Part A

# **The Privileges of Preparation and Service**



## CHAPTER 1

# An Overview

By Dantzel White Nelson

A tall, dark, handsome young man with his nose in a book and completely absorbed in something other than the play we were rehearsing was my first recollection of Russell M. Nelson. He was oblivious to what was happening on the stage when he was not there. When it was his cue, he was there promptly with lines learned and complete concentration on the task at hand. I didn't realize then what a perfect example of his real character this was and has continued to be through all our time together. As we grew to know each other, that same complete concentration focused on me, and our courtship days were days of glowing under his constant concern and dedication even though he was completely concentrating on his premed and medical school studies.

I don't ever remember being neglected or being upset or having a lovers' quarrel while we were dating. I always felt loved and needed. I remember well his project of "making Dantzel a member of the Nelson family." Russell made special times for me to be with his family—Sunday night roast beef sandwiches at their home, going out to dinner with them, spending as much time as possible with them. All this tender loving care and attention has continued all through our married life. I am always so grateful for the honor it has been and will be to be his companion, pal, and partner for eternity.

Russell has always had the drive to excel and be the best in whatever he does. I know how hard he worked and studied to graduate first in his class at medical school and to be elected to Phi Kappa Phi and Phi Beta Kappa. I know of his frustration at not being the best of golfers because he only has time to play once or twice a year. In spite of this drive, or maybe because of it, he has not become one-sided but has developed many interests and talents. Not only is he a top student, he is also an excellent skier and a fine musician who plays the piano and organ with great skill, using his amazing memory. He has a fine singing voice with perfect pitch, and a real love and appreciation of fine music. He has said that maybe he will take up organ playing seriously because in the next world there will



be no need for heart surgeons!

Russell has given careful attention to his spiritual development as well. We were young when we married, but we were determined to be married in the LDS temple and vowed to keep our Heavenly Father's commandments. There has never been a time that we did not strive to keep this commitment. There never was a time when the law of tithing was not observed totally. There never was a time that the Word of Wisdom was cast aside. There never was a time when a child of our Heavenly Father was not welcomed into our home. There never was a time that Russell complained or said one derogatory remark about a leader in the Church. I may have to qualify that by saying that at one time when we lived in Minneapolis, he and Keith Engar thought that perhaps the Sunday School there could be run a bit more efficiently. As far as I know, those thoughts were only mentioned to Amy and me. Shortly after that, the Sunday School superintendency was reorganized with Russell and Keith sustained as the new leaders.

There never was a time when a Church calling was refused or when Russell asked to be released from a Church calling.

Because of all these things our Heavenly Father has poured out his blessings upon us, not only spiritually but temporally as well.

In Russell's professional field of medicine, every step taken seems to have been the right one at the right time. As time went on he was privileged to be accepted at top schools for his training in surgery. The education and discipline there were excellent. He experienced excellent training and wonderful friendships in Boston before we went back to Minneapolis, where he developed his great interest in cardiovascular surgery. At every professional crossroads the question of whether to go into academic medicine or clinical surgery always seemed to arise, and every time we discussed it and prayed about it, even counseled with Church authorities about it. As events turned out, the decisions we made were always the right ones. There were times when the results of our decisions seemed very disappointing; but in the long run, they always resulted in our great blessing and advantage. The blessing given by Elders Spencer W. Kimball and LeGrand Richards when Russell was chosen and set apart to be president of the Bonneville Stake has come to pass. His professional life has never interfered with his Church work; nor has his Church work conflicted with his profession. It seems almost as

if the busier he was with his Church assignments, the busier was his surgical service.

This writing is not meant to be a eulogy of a perfect man, but merely an overview. Here is a man who has human frailties as all men do, but who works hard to overcome them and rightly deserves the love and admiration of his co-workers, his family, and friends. Russell M. Nelson loves people and has spent his lifetime in service to them. He is a dedicated teacher in his profession. Many interns and residents have told me of the wonderful way he has of teaching, showing, and building confidence. They are most grateful for his concern for their personal welfare and notice that in all things he is a gentleman. I have had patients tell me of their confidence in him and of his sincere concern for them. There have been many who said, "I hope you realize what a great man you married—I owe my life to him." Just this week a book arrived inscribed by the author: "Thank you for giving us a second chance to really live again. Your skill as a doctor is only surpassed by your caring." I have also seen this man in deep despair and sorrow at times when he couldn't help a patient. But when the call came to help someone else, he sprang into action determined to try again.

His love for the brothers and sisters in the Church likewise knows no bounds. He's never so happy as when he is on a Church assignment or learning from the General Authorities. Many times he has come home after a Sunday School meeting glowing with the love and happiness inherent in that work. His love of people all over the world has led him to study Spanish, Russian, German, and French so that he might be able to read and converse with the people in their own languages. He is also able to give greetings in half a dozen more languages.

As father, husband, and grandfather, Russell is dearly loved because he loves us all. Each child has been a recipient of his blessings through the priesthood and of his blessings as a father. He shows love, tenderness, and kindness with the assurance that if any one of us needs him at any time, he is available to us. He always makes sure we all know where he can be reached and responds when called upon. No task is too great or too small. It may be taking shoes to the repair shop, or getting pamphlets for a school report on the heart, or coming to talk to the fifth grade about any phase of medicine, or piling all the little ones, including the grandchildren, in the tub for

a bath as only daddy can give a bath, or giving a fireside talk for the married girls and their friends. There have been times when discipline and correction were necessary, but always "reproving betimes with sharpness,...and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward [the one] reprov'd, lest he esteem [him] to be his enemy." (D&C 121:43.)

There has never been a dull moment in our life together. Often I hear people say, "I am so bored with the old routine. My husband never wants to move. He never takes me anywhere. I wish there were something exciting in my life." This attitude is very foreign to me, and difficult to understand. I was born and reared in the small town of Perry, Utah. It was a wonderful life, but my experiences were confined within the limits of school in Brigham City, college in Salt Lake City, and one trip to Yellowstone Park. Since my change of name from White to Nelson, however, my life has become one of constant adventure and action. We have lived in seven different homes; our children have been born in four different states; we have traveled extensively in the USA, including most of the states; and we have visited sixty-three different countries. It has been a wonderful life together and continues to be so.

What a special life we have had. It has not been devoid of problems, but on the whole it has been rich and fulfilling. We have been so blessed to have ten beautiful, healthy children who have been a constant joy and with whom we have learned and loved! As of this writing, seven grandchildren\* are a thrill to watch grow and develop. We look forward to seeing more grandchildren.

My hope for the future is to be able to enjoy sharing more adventures and a life that grows continually in love and harmony toward eternity with my sweetheart and companion.

---

\*In June 1979, the arrival of two grandchildren increased the total to nine.



## CHAPTER 2

# From Europe to Ephraim

Courageous is perhaps the best word to describe those ancestors whose lineage I proudly possess. All eight great-grandparents were converts to the LDS Church in Europe.

Let me tell you first about Johan Andreas Jensen. Born November 16, 1795, near Frederikstad, Norway, he lost his father when five years old and went to sea. During the following twenty-five years he advanced from cabin boy to the captaincy of a large ship navigating nearly all parts of the world. In 1849 he became deeply impressed with religion and gave nearly all his goods to the poor. He preached repentance and in so doing rebuked the king and the Lutheran religion of the state. For this offense, he was imprisoned in Frederikstad. Two Mormon elders, Christian J. and Svend Larsen, were imprisoned in the same jail for a similar offense. There they sang the songs of Zion. The strains of their music were heard by Johan, who was moved emotionally by their testimonies. Conversations ensued. On Sunday morning, April 24, 1853, Johan gave way to a sudden outburst of tears and declared that he was convinced that the gospel as explained to him by his fellow prisoners was true. His face literally shone with joy. He was baptized in 1854 after they were all released from prison. Erastus Snow was president of the Scandinavian Mission at the time.

Johan and his wife, Petra Amundsen, and children left their native Norway and emigrated to the United States of America in 1863. When their journey began, their family included six children, two of whom were infant twin daughters born March 28, 1863. They were about six weeks of age. This family trekked across the United States carrying their belongings and these babies in a handcart, subsequently settling in Sanpete County, Utah, in the town of Ephraim. One of the twin baby daughters died en route. The twin that survived became my Grandmother Nelson.

Mads Peder Nielsen was born August 3, 1833, in Mialholm, Aalborg, Denmark. He married Margrethe Hansen, who was born on January 11, 1830, in Vjerup, Ribe, Denmark. They, too, joined the LDS Church and emigrated to Ephraim in Sanpete County, Utah, where my grandfather Andrew C. Nelson was born to them on January 20, 1864.

Neils Christian Anderson was born November 26, 1835, in Lund, Malmo, Sweden. He joined the LDS Church at age eighteen and came to America in November 1855, going to St. Louis, Missouri. From there he was called to Iowa on a mission. He came to Utah in 1857, crossing the plains in Captain Cowley's company. He took an active part in the Black Hawk War. In 1873 he was called on a mission to Sweden, where he served for two years, presiding over the Skane Conference. Later he returned to be a worker in the Manti Temple. His wife, Ingeborg Paulsen, was born April 9, 1823, in Dyver, Christiania, Norway. She, too, was a handcart pioneer, coming from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Utah. Their son, Andrew C. Anderson, was born October 1, 1860, in Ephraim, Utah. He became my Grandfather Anderson. Four other sons were born of this marriage, one of the children dying in infancy. Ingeborg preceded Neils Christian Anderson in death, and he married Anna C. Jensen, by whom he had seven children. His third wife, Maria Peterson, bore him six children.

Across the North Sea in Hartford, Devonshire, England, Stephen Henry Williams was born May 31, 1816. His wife, Emma Jane Hillard, was born on March 31, 1826, in Dichey, Somersetshire, England. They were married June 18, 1844. Deeply moved by the message of the Mormon missionaries, they joined the Church in 1854. Abused and ridiculed following their conversion, they emigrated to the United States on the sailing vessel *Windermere*. Emma Jane was five months pregnant at the time. Her understandable anxiety was augmented by an outbreak of smallpox on board the ship. They arrived in New Orleans on April 23, 1854, and set out for Utah. A two-year old son, Joseph Alma, was buried in an unknown grave somewhere in Missouri or Nebraska. They came west in the Darian Richardson company of forty-two wagons, arriving in Salt Lake City on Sunday, September 30, 1854. Samuel Moroni was born en route on August 11, 1854.

Stephen was a tanner by trade; Emma Jane was a popular vocalist. She became the first Primary president in Ephraim, where they resided upon call from President Brigham Young. They had eight children prior to the birth of Sarah Elizabeth Williams, born on February 13, 1864, in Ephraim, Utah. She became my Grandmother Anderson. Four of the eight children preceding Sarah were born in England, two of whom died in childhood. The names of Thomas, Stephen, Alma, Moroni, and Nephi were included among Sarah's older brothers, giving visible evidence of the courageous commit-

ment to the scriptures possessed by this family as they moved from Europe to Ephraim. Ultimately, twelve children were born to Stephen and Emma Jane. Besides raising her own family of twelve children and a stepson, Emma Jane also cared for three of her sister's sons.

All of these ancestors lived in a fort which was built in Ephraim to protect the settlers from the Indians that had caused so much difficulty.

It seems remarkable that eight great-grandparents from four populous nations in Europe should all have come to Ephraim, Utah, a small town so remote and so different from anything they had known. Although I never knew them, I frequently wonder how they feel about what we are doing now with what they gave to us. Their lineage and legacy are part of an inheritance that I treasure, and for which I hope to be worthy, at least in part.

### CHAPTER 3

## The Anderson and Nelson Homes

For my four grandparents, Ephraim was home. Three were born there, and the fourth, Grandmother Nelson, arrived there as an infant.

### The Anderson Home

The Anderson grandparents, Andrew C. and Sarah E. Williams, were married in Ephraim on March 31, 1881, and remained there to welcome ten children into their family. Two little girls died within a period of four weeks; Clarissa was five and Elizabeth was nearly two at this tragic time. For the eight who survived, education was encouraged. One son became a medical doctor and two became dentists. The daughters, too, were encouraged to develop talents and skills. They were all teachers.

Aunt Geneva and Uncle Orval Peterson remained in Ephraim where, as a boy, I enjoyed feeding little lambs from a bottle. Their children, Arvilla, Alta, Lyle, Paul, and Reva, were always so warm in their welcome to us.

Uncle Ross served as our dentist. He, Aunt Mae, and their children, Ross Willis, Donna Mae, Bob, and Betty, were so helpful in so many ways. Those two daughters were so lovely, the sons so scholarly. Bob became a dentist, too, and helped our family so much.

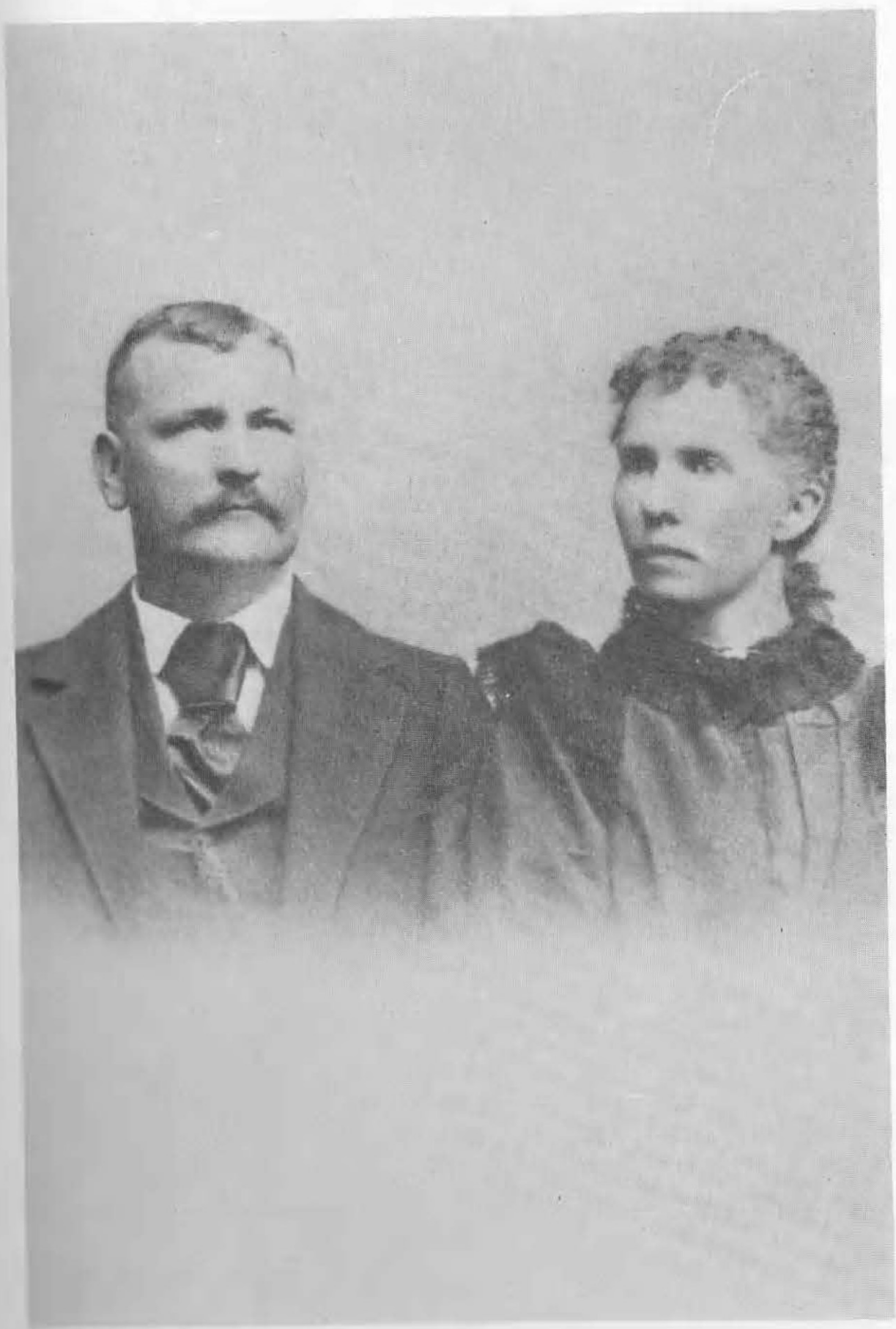
Uncle Ferry and Aunt Grace, Lena Fay, Zetta, and Ethel were not quite as well known to us, because they were away so long; but I was privileged to speak at Uncle Ferry's funeral service.

Mother was the sixth child, born May 17, 1893. More will be said about her in subsequent chapters.

Uncle Glen also served as our dentist. He and Aunt Ailene had one daughter, Elaine—a radiant, red-thatched, beautiful girl. We were in high school together, and I always called her "cuz" because I was so proud to be identified as her cousin.

Uncle Stanley was an outstanding physician, a dermatologist practicing in Los Angeles. He influenced me greatly and encouraged me to pursue advanced medical training, research, and writing. He and Aunt Mae had two sweet daughters, Daryl and Bonnie Jane, and a remarkable son, Thomas C. Anderson. Tom became one of my most





Grandparents: Andrew C. and Sarah W. Anderson

dependable colleagues, being called to the general board of the Sunday School in 1971, and later serving as chairman of the Adult Committee of the board. It is noteworthy that as one of the youngest members of the board, he carried one of the most responsible assignments, affecting the lives of all the adult members of the Church.

Aunt Ruth was a model schoolteacher, wife, and mother. Not only that, she was a trusted friend to us. She and Uncle Paul Sutton had three children, Renée, Craig, and Claudia. I remember carrying her from the car to her home following the birth of her last child. Several years after the death of Uncle Paul, she married Ove C. Inkley, who brought additional love into her life.

Aunt Lela always held a special spot usually reserved for the last in the family. She seemed so young and vivacious. She and her husband, Sharp Sanders, a physician, taught us to dance and to play and also encouraged us to study. They and their children were especially close to us. Sylvia was such a dear; it was easy to bless one of our own with that name. Kathleen, their youngest, asked me to perform her marriage, which I was honored to do. Brent, whom I tended when he was a baby, became a researcher in my laboratory. We coauthored publications in the medical literature. He went on to advanced medical education, specializing in diseases of the ear, nose, and throat.

My recollections of Grandmother and Grandfather Anderson are those of love. He was a carpenter and a craftsman. He built the cabinets for the food storage room in our home at 974 Thirteenth East. I enjoyed helping him so much. Not only did he teach me how to miter corners but he emphasized principles as well. He taught me to "measure twice and cut once." Many years later I found his wise counsel to be equally applicable in the operating room.

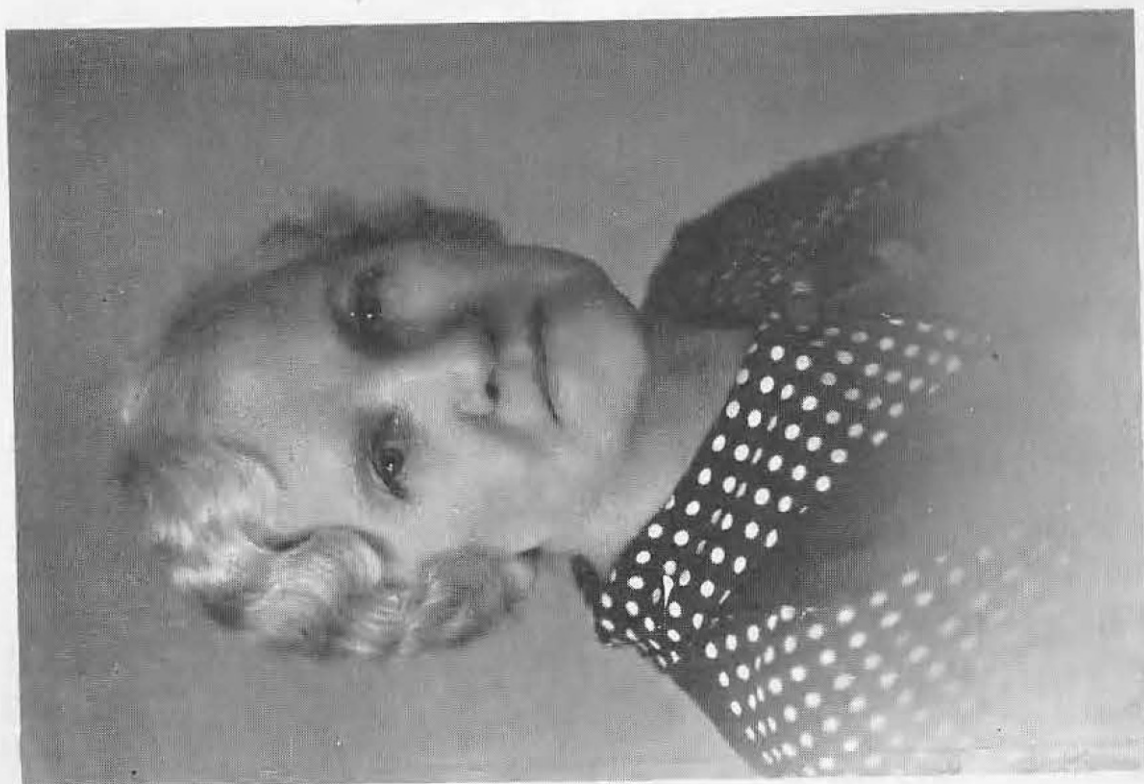
When I knew them, grandmother and grandfather lived in Salt Lake City at 134 F Street, where we visited them often. I recall with fondness the fun of swinging on their front porch with grandfather; we had such good visits while doing so. As they grew older, they especially seemed to enjoy riding in an automobile with us, and we

---

Anderson family reunion, 1940. *Clockwise from lower left:* Craig Sutton, Ruth Sutton, Lela Sanders, Paul Sutton, Robert Nelson, Edna A. Nelson, Willis Anderson, Sharp Sanders, Mae Nielsen Anderson, Ailene W. Anderson, Betty Anderson, Bob Anderson, Russell M. Nelson, Marjory Nelson, Elaine Anderson, Donna Mae Anderson, Enid Nelson, Glen R. Anderson, Andrew C. Anderson, Sarah W. Anderson, Ross A. Anderson, Geneva A. Peterson, Marion C. Nelson, Renée Sutton, Reva Peterson, Lyle Peterson.







Amanda Jensen Nelson



Andrew Clarence Nelson



children cherished those fleeting moments with them. Grandfather died December 28, 1943, in his eighty-fourth year. Grandmother passed away April 13, 1945, in her eighty-second year. I am very grateful to them for so many things, in so many ways, but most of all for giving me such an angel mother.

## **The Nelson Home**

Grandfather Andrew C. Nelson, at age fourteen, moved with his family to Redmond, Utah. At age twenty he chose to make teaching his profession and began attending Brigham Young Academy in Provo. On August 5, 1885, he married Amanda Jensen in Redmond. They moved to Koosharem, Utah, in 1886, staying there for three years. There, Clarence and Chloe were born. In pursuit of further education they moved to Provo in 1889 while grandfather attended Brigham Young Academy once again. After graduation, he was called by Dr. Karl G. Maeser to take charge of the seminary at Manti and was set apart as a teacher in the Church schools by Apostle Anthon H. Lund. While they were living in Manti, J. Clifford, C. LaMar, A. Claron, my father Marion C., Irving C., and Everett Y. were born.

On November 6, 1900, grandfather was elected as superintendent of public instruction for the state of Utah, succeeding the late Dr. John R. Park. His renomination four years later on the Republican ticket came by acclamation. He served the people so well that he was elected for a total of four terms. At the last vote he was without opposition, being endorsed by all three major political parties. This high office required that the family move to Salt Lake City, where they resided at 840 Park Street. There, Lloyd C., Clyde E., and C. Lucile were born, completing their family of eleven children. Little Everett died before he was three months of age. In his journal, grandfather wrote: "Feb. 24, 1901, death snatched from me the sweetest flower in the garden of my family. Little Everett Y. was plucked from us by that grim gatherer of roses who has no respect for feelings. His coming brought us joy; his departure left us broken hearted. Yet we say blessings to the memory of the sweet little angel."

I am very grateful for grandfather's having recorded entries in his journal. Especially enlightening is his record of a visitation from his father who had recently died. So important is this experience that

it is included here verbatim, that it may bless the lives of others as it has blessed mine.

### Father's Visit

On the night of April 6th, 1891, I had a strange dream or vision in which I saw and conversed with my father who died January 27th, 1891. I felt so impressed after it that I desired to write it for my own benefit and the benefit of my family and friends.

Though some may scorn and laugh at the idea of such a visitation, yet I feel assured that it was real, and it has been and I hope always will be a source of much pleasure and satisfaction to me. To corroborate my testimony of the possibility of such a visitation I quote the following: "Spirits can appear to men when permitted; but not having a fleshy tabernacle can not hide their glory." *Key to Theology*, page 120. I was in bed when father came in or entered the room; he came and sat on the side of the bed. I could plainly see my wife and children in bed too.

When father came to the bed, he first said: "Well, my son, being you were not there (at Redmond) when I died, so that I did not get to see you, and as I had a few spare minutes, I received permission to come and see you a few minutes." "I am very glad to see you father. How do you do?" "I am feeling well my son, and have had very much to do since I died."

"What have you been doing since you died father? Have you seen (here I mentioned the names of some of our dead friends)?"

This question he did not answer but looked at me and smiled. "My son, I have been travelling together with Apostle Erastus Snow ever since I died; that is, since three days after I died; then I received my commission to preach the Gospel. You can not imagine, my son, how many spirits there are in the Spirit world that have not yet received the Gospel; but many are receiving it, and a great work is being accomplished. Many are anxiously looking forth to their friends, who are still living, to administer for them in the Temples. I have been very busy in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

"Will all the spirits believe you, father, when you teach them the Gospel?" "No, they will not."

"How are you and mother, the boys, Emillie and the girls getting along?" "I am well, father, and when I last heard from Redmond the folks there were well."

"Father, can you see us at all times, and do you know what we are doing?" "No, my son, I can not. I have something else to do. I can not go when and where I please. There is just as much, and much more, order here in the Spirit world than in the other world. I have

been assigned work and that must be performed."

"We intend to go to the Temple and get sealed to you as soon as my school is closed. I have talked with the girls about it and they want to be sealed to you." "That, my son, is partly what I came to see you about. We will yet make a family and live throughout Eternity."

"How do you feel at all times, father?" "O, I feel splendid, and enjoy my labors, still, I must admit that at times I get a little lonesome to see my family; but it is only a short time till we will again see each other."

"O, father, how glad I am that you died in full faith in the Gospel, and in full fellowship in the Church." "Well, my son, your father always did know since he joined the Church that the Gospel was true, and you know that I always taught it to you, when you were a small boy. I got a little stubborn, but who is there of us that has not been a little cross and naughty at times. The short time that I was cross does not amount to 15 minutes in comparison to Eternity. I was punished for it. But it is all right. My son, you take care that you do not get that way."

"Father, is it natural to die? or does it seem natural? Was there not a time when your spirit was in such a pain that it could not realize what was going on or taking place?" "No, my son, there was not such a time. It is just as natural to die, as it is to be born, or for you to pass out of that door (here he pointed at the door). When I had told the folks that I could not last long, it turned dark and I could not see anything for a few minutes. Then, the first thing I could see was a number of spirits in the Spirit world. Then, I told the folks that I must go. The paper you gave me, my son, is dated wrong, but it makes no particular difference, correct records are kept here."

"Father, is the principle and doctrine of the Resurrection as taught us true?" "True. Yes, my son, as true as can be. You can not avoid being Resurrected. It is just as natural for all to be Resurrected as it is to be born and die again. No one can avoid being Resurrected. There are many spirits in the Spirit world who would to God, that there would be no Resurrection."

"Father, is the Gospel as taught by this Church true?" "My son, do you see that picture?" (pointing to a picture of the First Presidency of the Church hanging on the wall) "Yes, I see it." "Well, just as sure as you see that picture, just so sure is the Gospel true. The Gospel of Jesus Christ has within it the power of saving every man and woman that will obey it, and in no other way can they ever obtain a salvation in the Kingdom of God. My son, always cling to the Gospel. Be humble, be prayerful, be submissive to the Priest-

hood, be true, be faithful to the covenants you have made with God. Never do anything that will displease God. O, what a blessing is the Gospel! My son, be a good boy."

"Good bye."

I then saw him leave the room. He was neatly dressed in a suit of light gray clothes, which I had never seen him wear when alive.

Grandfather Nelson died of cancer December 26, 1913, just four weeks short of his fiftieth birthday. He endured multiple operative procedures and much misery because of this illness; yet it seems significant to me that his journal bears no mention of this. I honor him for the great heritage he provided for all who followed.

Grandmother Nelson survived for an additional thirty-two years as his widow. She was always so cheerful, so optimistic. I never remember a dour or depressed tone about her; yet a widowed mother of ten surely had her times of despair. I shall always remember and be grateful for her cheerful buoyancy and her example which taught the joy of service to others. Truly she taught us to love one another as she diligently served others all the days of her life. I can still recall the aroma and delectable taste of her delicious cookies. Whenever I went to visit her, I think she baked a special batch of raisin-filled sugar cookies just to delight me. She was the only grandparent to live long enough to participate in our wedding festivities. She died less than two months later on October 21, 1945.

To Grandmother and Grandfather Nelson I feel a deep debt of gratitude and profound admiration. Rearing two lovely daughters and eight sons to adulthood is most remarkable!

All of them were close and special friends to me. Uncle Clarence, Aunt Leah, Paul, and Mary Lee were our next-door neighbors.

Aunt Chloe was a special guiding light and a spiritual sentinel. No trip through Nephi was complete without a stop to see her, Helen, Janet, and Anne Claire.

Uncle Cliff and Aunt Mayme treated me as a son, for they had none of their own. Their daughter, Carol, was so special—I loved her as a sister. It was Uncle Cliff who pinned honorary lieutenant bars on me at age eight.

Uncle LaMar, Aunt Helen, and later Aunt Georgia lived in Los Angeles and made their home our oasis whenever we were there. Their son, LaMar Harding, and daughter Gloria were and are great cousins.

Uncle Claron was killed before my first birthday, but Aunt





Family portrait, 1908. *From left:* Andrew C. Nelson, Clyde (on lap), Marion C., A. Claron, Chloe, Amanda J. Nelson, Lucile (on lap), C. LaMar, Irving C., J. Clifford, A. Clarence, Lloyd C. (Everett Y. died in infancy.)





Leona and cousin Dick were the closest of chums and great friends to us as well.

Uncle Irv and Aunt Grace remain very close even though living their later years in Oakland, California. We most recently enjoyed a summer vacation with them in Rochester, New York (1977).

Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Phyllis, with Claudia, Doug, and Roger, were always favorite friends. I spoke at the funerals of Lloyd and Phyllis.

Uncle Clyde, Aunt Rhoda, David, and Arlene provide great enrichment to our lives. Clyde and Rhoda have provided special Christmas cards for us each year as a gesture of generosity we have appreciated so much.

Lucile and Bob Bever, with their Beverly and Robert, round out the family circle started by these two loving grandparents whom I respect.

But I love Grandfather and Grandmother Nelson most of all for their fine son who was to become my dear Daddy.

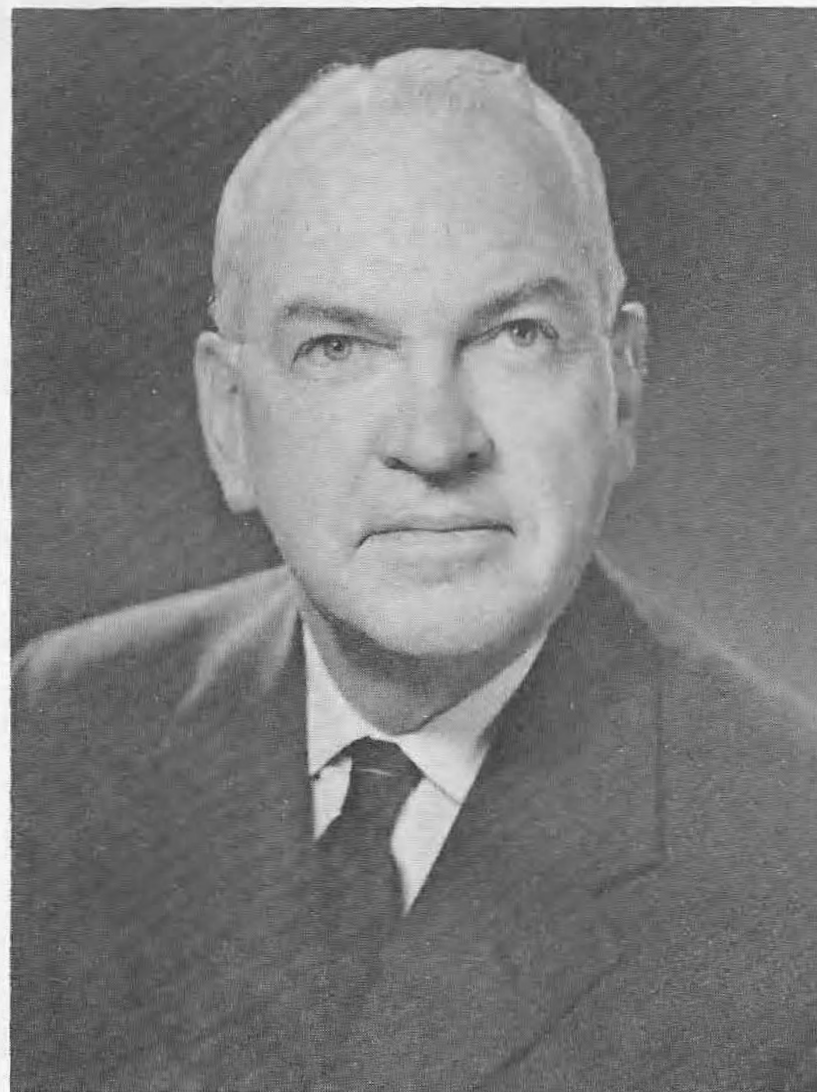
It is said that one towers tall as one stands on the shoulders of giants. I feel that way about these four grandparents who called Ephraim their home, and their children and grandchildren who became my aunts, uncles, and cousins. I love and honor them all.

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Gathering at Grandmother Nelson's home for her 75th birthday. *Seated:* A. Clarence Nelson, Beverly Bever (Ellerbeck), Amanda J. Nelson, "Millie" Christensen (Grandmother's sister), Chloe N. Bailey. *Second row:* Mayme J. Nelson, Marjory Nelson (Rohlfing), Carol Nelson (Spratt), Leah T. Nelson, Edna A. Nelson, Rhoda E. Nelson. *Back row:* Lloyd C. Nelson, Phyllis K. Nelson, J. Clifford Nelson, Lucile N. Bever, Helen B. Jones, Marion C. Nelson, Clyde E. Nelson, Robert Bever.



Edna Anderson Nelson



Marion C. Nelson



## CHAPTER 4

# The Preparation and Progress of My Parents

My father, Marion C. Nelson, was born January 11, 1897, in Manti, Utah, the sixth of eleven children. There the family lived for about three years until his father's work as superintendent of public instruction for the state of Utah required their moving to Salt Lake City. In Salt Lake they resided at 840 Park Street, and father attended Hamilton and Bryant schools. At West High School he was elected president of the sophomore class in 1914. The following year he attended the new East High School, where he was elected president of the student body. At the same time, he served as editor of the *Red and Black*, the monthly publication of East and West high schools. These honors were clouded somewhat by the grief he felt at the death of his father on December 26, 1913. Not only did he miss his dad, but additional income was needed for a widowed mother and a family of ten children. Work became a necessity.

His employment was varied. His affinity for the newspaper brought him work first as a carrier and then as a writer for the *Deseret News*. As he attended the University of Utah, the university, through President John A. Widtsoe, retained father as their representative for campus reporting. The city newspapers reimbursed him for each column inch of his writing that they accepted for publication. His attendance at the university was interrupted when the advent of World War I caused the closing of this and all other universities throughout the land. His widowed mother had four sons in military service, placing additional financial pressures on Daddy to provide for those at home. He returned to full employment at the *Deseret News* and became sports editor, with the additional responsibility of editing the automotive news. Other assignments occasionally came, one of which caused him to meet Mother.

That particular assignment required that he report the musical news pertaining to a concert of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. On this occasion he became greatly impressed with its noted soprano soloist, Edna Anderson. He was so moved by her beauty and talent that he then determined to compete favorably for her hand in marriage.

My mother, Edna Anderson Nelson, was born May 17, 1893, in Ephraim, Utah—also a sixth child. All of her schooling was received



there, culminating in her graduation from Snow Academy in 1913. She then moved to Salt Lake City to obtain a job. She became director of the music department at Lafayette School and supplemented her income by singing with musical groups. Singing with the Tabernacle Choir provided her with the greatest joy, however, as well as the opportunity in 1917 to meet Marion C. Nelson, the reporter from the *Deseret News*. She later confessed to me that she was as anxious to attract his loyalties as he was for hers.

Their mutual interest grew to love, and that love flowered to marriage, which was performed August 25, 1919, by Elias S. Woodruff, bishop of the Forest Dale Ward and publisher of the *Deseret News*.

After an interval of employment at Hyland Motors, Daddy returned to the *Deseret News*. This brought him in contact with L. S. Gillham, who offered Daddy a job as scheduling clerk in Mr. Gillham's advertising agency. Bishop Woodruff counseled Daddy to accept the offer because he felt it had opportunity.

Meanwhile, Mother and Daddy had established their home at 761 Roosevelt Avenue. While they lived there, Marjory Edna was born at the Holy Cross Hospital on April 23, 1920, and Daddy progressed to the position of business manager of the L. S. Gillham Advertising Agency.

Their first son, Russell Marion Nelson, was born at Holy Cross Hospital at 4:10 a.m. on Tuesday, September 9, 1924, weighing 9 pounds, 11 ounces. How a petite mother could bear such a large baby is still as mysterious as it is miraculous.

On July 10, 1926, the family moved to 1428 Michigan Avenue in Salt Lake City, just a few weeks after the arrival of Enid Fay, who was born May 29, 1926.

Daddy became president and general manager of the Gillham Advertising Agency in 1930. They were located briefly in the Atlas

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Mother and Daddy's fiftieth wedding anniversary, August 25, 1969. *Seated, first row:* Todd N. Ogaard, Sylvia Nelson, Emily Nelson, Troy Nelson, Sally Ogaard, Rosalie Nelson, Marjorie Nelson, Heidi Nelson, Laurie Nelson, Brenda Nelson. *Second row:* Wendy Nelson, Russell M. Nelson, Marjory N. Rohlfing, Edna A. Nelson, Marion C. Nelson, Enid N. Ogaard, Robert H. Nelson, Leah T. Glenn. *Standing, third row:* Rhoda E. Nelson, Dantzel W. Nelson, Gloria Nelson, Marsha Nelson, Scott Ogaard, Mayme J. Nelson, Ruth A. Sutton, Richard H. Ogaard, Mike Glenn. *Fourth row:* Clyde E. Nelson, John N. Rohlfing, Laurel P. Rohlfing, Thomas R. Rohlfing, Robert F. Rohlfing, Julie P. Nelson, Grace A. Nelson, Irving C. Nelson, Lela A. Sanders, Sharp Sanders.







Building, then moved to the newly completed Continental Bank Building where they were to remain for forty-three years.

Our family became complete on March 26, 1931, when Robert Harold was born. Shortly thereafter we moved to 974 Thirteenth East, which remained the family home until 1955.

With Mother's constant support and encouragement, Daddy served the community in many capacities of leadership. Some of those positions included president, Salt Lake Advertising Club, 1931-32; president, Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce, 1938; president, Salt Lake Rotary Club, 1943; president, Bonneville Knife and Fork Club, 1947-48; Honorary Colonels Corps, Utah National Guard. He is listed in *Who's Who in the West* and *Who's Who in Commerce and Industry*.

Turnabout is fair play. Reciprocal support was just as freely given by Daddy to Mother as she ultimately served as president of Douglas School Parent-Teacher Association and of the Mothers Clubs for the Delta Delta Delta and Sigma Chi groups at the University of Utah.

Their community service has also included his vice-chairmanship of the community testimonial observance for President David O. McKay in 1963, and the preparation and editing of the commemorative booklet on the life of President N. Eldon Tanner that was distributed at an award dinner on March 29, 1978.

Active in the advertising agency for more than fifty-two years, Daddy developed an organization of expert and loyal employees.

Looking in retrospect on these accomplishments, Mother and Daddy quickly correct any inference that any of this is as important as their family. The family has always come first in their lives, and the family has always been strengthened by the fidelity, faith, and deep love they feel for each other.

Membership in the Church became of increasing importance as the years elapsed. The greatest elation came to them and to us in 1977. On February 6, Daddy was ordained an elder. I was privileged to perform the ordination, an account of which I later dictated from memory:

Brother Marion C. Nelson, by virtue of the holy Melchizedek Priesthood which we bear, we lay our hands upon your head and confer upon you the Melchizedek Priesthood and ordain you to the office of elder in that priesthood.

We bestow upon you all the rights, privileges, gifts, and responsibilities that pertain to this high and holy calling. In addition, we bless you with health, strength, and vigor, that you may be able to exercise your priesthood and enjoy the blessings that will come therefrom. You now have the authority to take your sweetheart wife to the temple to be sealed to her for time and all eternity. You have the authority to institute a patriarchal order by which all the members of your family may be sealed to you and your companion. You have the authority to bless the sick and to perform all the many other unnamed ordinances appertaining to this high and holy calling.

We bless you with the patriarchal leadership which will enable you to lead your family into the temple and set an example for them that will be felt not only among your children and grandchildren but among their children and posterity which is countless and yet unborn.

Through you we seal a blessing upon your wife that she may be able to enjoy with you these blessings and that she may fill out the measure of her creation, ultimately to be your eternal companion.

We seal upon you all of these blessings and express our love as your stake presidency, your high councilors, your bishopric, your sons, and your grandsons here assembled, and do this humbly in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

On March 26, 1977, Bob's birthday, Mother and Daddy received the endowment in the temple and had their children sealed to them for time and all eternity.

Of all the many great things they had done for all of us through the years, this was the greatest, for it provided the continuity and unity that would perpetuate our family unit into the eternities ahead.



Russell M. Nelson at six months, *above*;  
and about two years, *right*.



## CHAPTER 5

# Childhood Years

My life has been made sweet by my parents, sisters Marjory and Enid, and brother Robert. I may have made life more uncomfortable for them, for as a boy I may have been quite a tease—at least they have so informed me.

Our home was always a happy one, full of excitement and joy. We always did things together. There were times alone, too, for I remember the happy moments playing with the little Tootsie Toy automobiles in Mother's rock garden in the back yard. I built highways that were a little boy's delight, wending in and around all of her flowers and rocks.

Christmas was always such a special time. Every Christmas Eve we would sing carols together, and on Christmas Day the generous sacrifices of a loving mother and father became so apparent. I remember one Christmas Day when I got a beautiful black Iver Johnson bicycle. I was just barely tall enough to reach the pedals. Daddy helped to balance me. I still have that bicycle, and I'm not willing to part with it because it meant so much to me at that time.

Marjory was four years older than I, and Enid came just twenty months after I did, so I can never remember life without them. But I do remember when brother Robert was born, March 26, 1931. I was but six and a half years old at the time. How happy we were when Daddy came home and announced to us that we had a new little brother. That made me feel so special.

At that time we were living at 1428 Michigan Avenue. Shortly after that in the year 1931, Mother and Daddy decided to buy a home at 974 Thirteenth East from Wilson McCarthy. The nice thing about this for me was that it put us next door to my cousin Paul and his little sister Mary Lee and, of course, their parents, Uncle Clarence and Aunt Leah. Paul and I used to spend many hours playing together in their driveway, where we had room enough to play football. Later on as we grew older, one of us would stand in Paul's driveway while the other one would go over to our driveway, and we would pass the football over our house back and forth to each other.

Paul and I were honored by being awarded honorary lieutenant bars at Camp Williams. He was seven and I was eight at the time. I



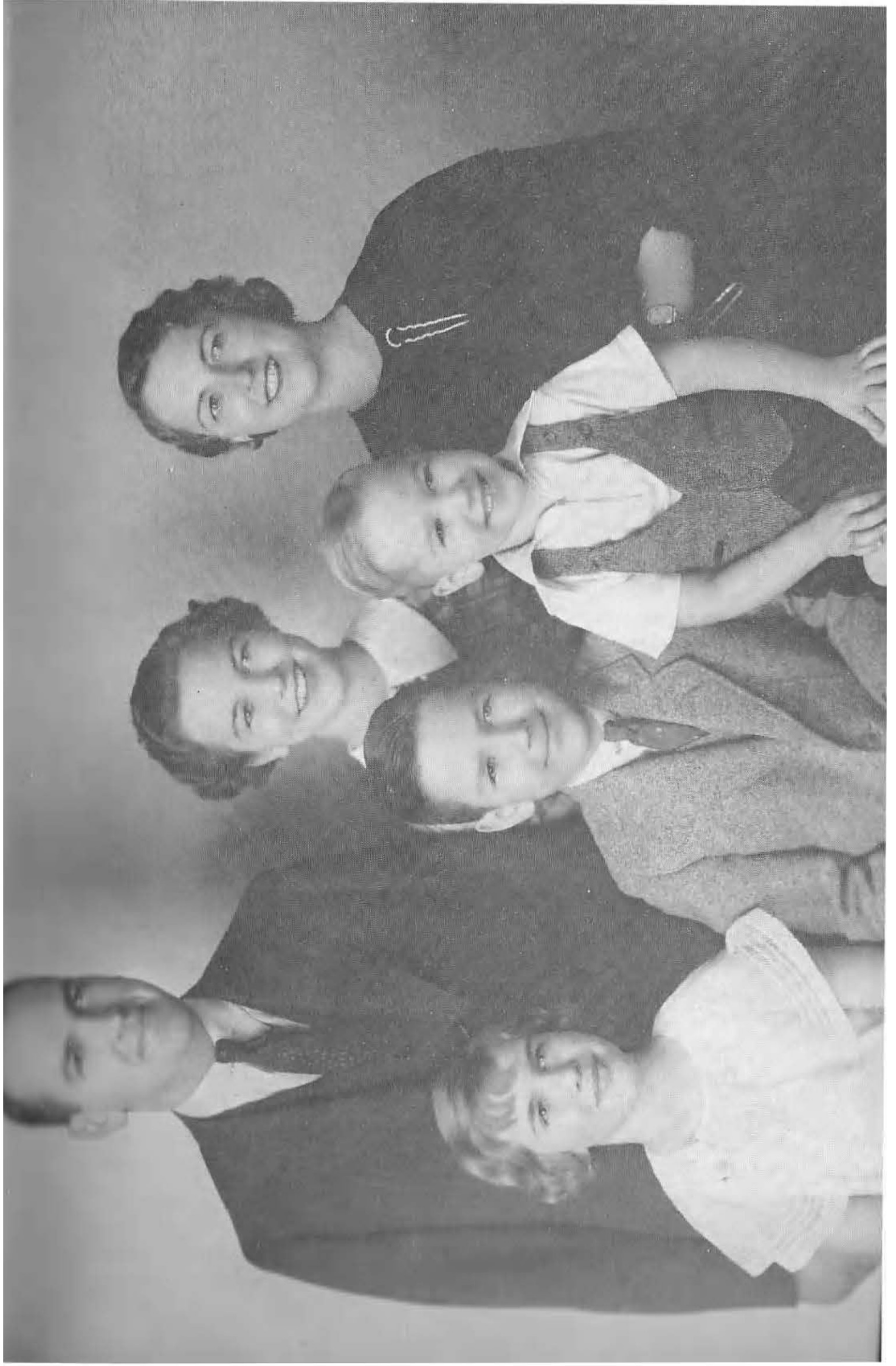
remember that our uncle, J. Clifford Nelson, who was active in the military reserve, pinned the bars on us in a very special ceremony. We were honored guests at a dinner and "smoker" that followed. At the smoker there were boxing matches. This was the first time I'd ever witnessed a boxing match, and I remember how upset I was about it. This was completely repugnant to me. It tainted the luster of all the nice activities that had gone on before, so that in spite of the great honor given to us, including pictures in the paper and so on, the thing I remember most was the brutality of men fighting one another.

Douglas School was only two and a half blocks away, a good comfortable walk. I remember coming home for lunch every day. Once a week Mother felt obliged to feed us liver for lunch. I couldn't stand liver, so it required a good deal of imagination on my part to handle this problem. My most successful way of dealing with it was to watch carefully for a moment when Mother's eyes were turned elsewhere, at which time I would put the liver in my pocket. Then as I walked back to Douglas School, I just reached in the pocket, pulled out the liver, and threw it in an empty lot. This maneuver was hard on the pockets, but very successful nonetheless.

Daddy had a little ritual each morning of coming into our rooms and singing to us when it was time to wake up. The verse went something like this: "Up, up, the sun is up, the dew is on the grass." It was always so good to hear from him, even when I was not too keen on getting up.

While at Douglas School I was appointed as one of the bell-ringers. That responsibility brought me there a little bit early so that I could ring the bell to summon students to their classes. Later on, I was able to play a bugle in the bugle corps which performed each day as we raised and lowered the flag. I wasn't as good as the others were, but I felt highly pleased and complimented that I could perform well enough to honor our flag that way.

I didn't attend fifth grade because the officials at school counseled Mother and Daddy that it would be advisable for me to go directly from the fourth grade to the sixth grade. Having a birthday in September, I was already the youngest one in the class; so skipping that grade made me over a year younger than any of my classmates.



But it didn't really seem to make much difference. I missed out a little on the drilling on fractions that I might have had, but otherwise the slack was taken up pretty well.

When I was in the seventh grade I participated with all the school children of Salt Lake City in being listed among those who had been honored by the commemorative monument on the west side of the City and County Building. In that monument, to this day, there is a tabulation of all the school children of Salt Lake City who signed their names and expressed what their ambition in life was to be. I remember very clearly writing down two goals. One was to *be self-employed* and the other was *to go around the world*.

My recollections of Douglas School are ones of great joy. I loved school and I loved my teachers. I don't remember missing a day of school from kindergarten through the seventh grade, 1929-36.

Our immediate family and our extended families were very close. At least once a month I remember our Nelson family getting together with all of Daddy's brothers and sisters and their companions for picnics and horseshoe games. Nothing would delight me more than being able to compete with my uncles playing horseshoes.

The tenderest moments of all were those with my wonderful Mother and Daddy. Well do I remember how beautifully my mother sang to me whenever I was weary or wasn't feeling so well. She would cuddle me close to her and sing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." In fact, the feeling was so good that I believe there were occasions when I may have feigned illness in order to have her sing to me so beautifully and lovingly. To this day I can hardly sing that song without getting a lump in my throat because of its special significance. It was Mother who taught me how to pray, and she would patiently listen to my prayers at night before I would retire.

Through my youth, however, my parents' interest in the Church was not very compelling. I remember Sunday after Sunday how they would send me to Sunday School, and I dutifully went; but I was frankly quite unimpressed with the feelings that I had while there, occasioned primarily by the rowdiness of my classmates and the ridicule to which I was subjected when I did attend, for I was not a regular attender. I had the feeling that whatever it was we were to learn in Sunday School couldn't be very important if we were never given any examinations on the subject matter, and if all we accomplished in our Sunday School class was a feeling of combative antagonism



between students and the teacher. So, ultimately, I found that it was more interesting and enjoyable to leave home in my Sunday clothes *as if* I were going to Sunday School, and then to divert my course from church to nearby Harvard Park at the corner of Harvard Avenue and Thirteenth East. There I was able to play football with other youngsters. We carefully noted the time, knowing we could get together shortly after ten o'clock and play until about 11:30. Then we would have to put ourselves back together again and walk home as if we had been to Sunday School. I think my parents often wondered why I came home so dirty and sweaty from my Sunday School experience.

When I was sixteen years of age our ward teacher, Brother Jonas Ryser, successfully convinced Mother and Daddy that their four children should be baptized; and so together we were all baptized at his conscientious urging. I was baptized November 30, 1940, by my good friend Foley C. Richards, confirmed the following day by Brother Ryser, and made welcome by our wonderful bishop, Sterling W. Sill.

By this time we were in a different ward, since Bishop Sill was just getting things under way for the building of the newly created Garden Park Ward at 1150 Yale Avenue. Those of us in the priests quorum played an active role in developing the lovely pond that now exists on those grounds, for we dug the channel and laid a cement foundation which I believe has stood the test of time for all these years. My most influential teacher in the Garden Park Ward was a young returned missionary from Holland, Hoyt W. Brewster, who really cared about us. He taught our priests quorum and entertained us with songs that he had learned while in Holland. More importantly, he inspired us with a faith and testimony I hadn't felt from a teacher before. Sunday School was a happy experience now with Junius S. Romney as our teacher. He was always so thoughtful and so kind, and now I began to realize how much the gospel and its teachings really meant to me. Bishop Sill ordained me a priest November 9, 1941. I was ordained an elder by Bishop Joseph W. Bambergh on April 30, 1944.

It was unique to be reared in a home where the application of the gospel was not a regular part of our daily lives. As a matter of fact, well do I remember how disobedient I was one day. While looking through the storage room in our home, I found some alcoholic beverages. I was so upset at finding this that I smashed every bottle on the cement floor of our laundry room, pouring all of the contents

down the drain. When Daddy found out about this, I think his first reaction was one of understandable vexation; but he controlled himself and never scolded me, for which I was very grateful. As a matter of fact, I don't ever remember receiving a scolding or any significant punishment from my Mother and Daddy, who were always so understanding, compassionate, and kind. Their first priority was then and always has been the family.

Growing up during the years of the depression, things were financially tight in the family. Daddy was always committed to seeing that we had enough to eat. Nourishing foods were always provided; yet, I was trained always to ask permission from Mother before eating a banana or an apple. These items were so choice and such treats. Candy was virtually unknown to us. We never had it about the house, for our frugal budget fared better without those items which Mother and Daddy considered nonessential. Even now, some fifty years later, they treat their children and grandchildren with fresh produce in preference to synthetics and sweets.

When we were children, Daddy would borrow money so that we could take family vacations together. There was never a summer that we didn't have a significant experience vacationing together. As I have grown older I realize how really selfless it was of Mother and Daddy to do this. Well do I remember one trip that Mother and Daddy and we four children made together going to the Canadian national parks, Washington, and Oregon. While driving in Jasper National Park, Daddy tried to shoo a bumblebee out of the car and ended up in the ditch, causing minor damage to our car in addition to the embarrassing inconvenience. Then, while hiking in Yoho National Park, Mother twisted her ankle and sustained a very bad sprain which caused her ankle to swell a great deal. We had to assist her for the rest of the trip. Then later on I got a bad bee sting on the upper inner aspect of my thigh which caused my thigh to swell so much that I couldn't walk. They had to get a doctor to attend me while we were in a hotel in Portland, Oregon. Then, on the same trip, as we were going along the Columbia River highway east of Portland, brother Bob fell down the cliff toward the river and would have gone to his death had it not been for a human chain that we made by which we were able to reach him as each member of the family locked arms to rescue him. With all of these complications coming within just a few days of each other, Daddy simply said, "Everybody get in the car.





I'm locking all the doors. We're going straight home. We're not going to make any stops except for gas!" So, he drove, I think, seventeen hours straight through in order to get us home.

We enjoyed many wonderful vacations together going to the seashore in California, or Rocky Mountain National Park, or Utah's colorful national parks, or to Sun Valley. I believe that our family vacations together did as much as anything I know of to cement our feelings of love for one another.

Mother, being a musician, was very anxious for us to develop musical abilities. Marjory became very proficient at the piano and was truly industrious. I started taking piano lessons at Mother's insistence and performed in a few recitals at the home of our teacher, Mattie Reid Evans. As an enticement she would give me some beads, one bead for each high mark achieved at my lessons. I didn't do badly as I recall, but my motivation in this area was influenced rather negatively by the coercion to practice when I really wanted to be doing something else. The enforced practice period of thirty to sixty minutes a day finally caused me to rebel. I was further diverted from the piano lessons by the opportunity I had to go to work at age ten as an errand boy for my Daddy, who was president of the Gillham Advertising Agency. I thoroughly thrived on getting out and meeting the important and interesting people to whom the errands were run. I was never without a job from age ten on up. I didn't take any more piano lessons until the summer before our marriage in 1945, when I realized I really did want to know how to play the piano. So I took lessons from Professor William O. Peterson at the university—but more about that later.

After graduating from Douglas School, I spent two years (1936-38) at Roosevelt Junior High School. At the end of the first year, I successfully ran for the office of student body vice-president and served the following year with Wayne Wiscomb, who was president; Jack N. Clawson and Gloria Dent, the other two vice-presidents; and Kathryn Tempest, the student body secretary. My responsibility as vice-president was for public safety, which included opening and closing the padlock on the room where students parked their bicycles. I thoroughly enjoyed junior high school, participating in the school play (*Penrod and Sam*) and the boys' glee club under the direction of George H. Durham (Elder G. Homer Durham's father). It was he who taught me, "Don't waste time, boys. It's the stuff life's made of."

After the background of working as an errand boy for Daddy at Gillham Advertising Agency, I thought it would be challenging to work on my own and so got a job as a bank messenger at Tracy Loan and Trust Company (which is now Tracy-Collins Bank). I filled the pens on Saturday morning (that was before the days of the ball-point pen) and then worked up as a part-time teller and posting clerk. They were kind enough to devise a schedule that would allow me to work and still go to school. I was even encouraged to take shorthand and typing and do stenographic work for Mr. Newell B. Dayton, vice-president of the bank, who was always very kind to me as my employer there. The salary of \$60 a month was generally regarded as a high wage, for most of my boyfriends were earning quite a bit less than that.

After I went to work for the Tracy Loan and Trust Company, I thought it would be wonderful to work in photography. I did a little research paper on the chemistry of photography while taking chemistry at high school. I took that paper to Mr. Pete Ecker at Ecker's Studio to see if he thought the material would be convincing enough that he should employ me. He said he would be glad to employ me, but he felt that with my present state of experience my services should be voluntary. So I started out working for nothing; but eventually I was able to earn enough money there to buy Christmas presents for Daddy consisting of photoflood reflectors and lamps. I don't think he ever used them, but I used them later as I developed a hobby of photography. Mother and Daddy let me build a darkroom in the attic of our home on Thirteenth East. I had my own darkroom, photographic enlarger, and even a sign on the front door which read "975" (to distinguish it from our address of 974 Thirteenth East). That hobby provided me with a wonderful hide-away in our home where I could process pictures and feel the joy of accomplishment.

To supplement my income further, I worked at Christmastime as a mail sorter for the U.S. Post Office. For the first week or so, learning the names of the streets of the city was an interesting challenge. The interest became more difficult to maintain, however, and I became inclined toward "clock-watching." As that employment concluded, I breathed a sigh of relief in gratitude for the fact that there were faithful veterans in that job who were so dependable. At the same time, however, I realized that I would need to advance my

education in order to qualify for a job that would allow me to lose myself in my work without having to watch the clock to hasten the hour of quitting time.

I entered East High School in 1938 at the age of fourteen and engaged in many extracurricular activities, most memorable of which were the East High A Capella Choir under the direction of Lisle Bradford, and the debate team under the direction of Valois Zarr.

Miss Bradford directed two operettas in which I and other members of the choir participated. *Rose Marie* was the production during my first year, and *Maryland, My Maryland* was performed during my last year at East High School. These shows were a delight and seemed to be the hub around which the wheel of all musical activity centered each year.

Life with the A Cappella Choir at East High School was enlivened with demonstrations of my perfect pitch. Our teacher, Miss Bradford, put me "on display" as we traveled around to perform at assemblies in other high schools and at concerts throughout the valley. She would put me front and center on the stage and call two or three people out of the audience at random to serve as witnesses. They would know what note was hit on the piano, and I was asked to name the note to the audience. Everyone seemed to be so amazed that I could accurately identify the notes that were being played. It seemed perfectly logical for me to identify them because I'd never known anything different. It was not until she made something of it that I realized that this gift of perfect pitch was not possessed by everyone. Later on at the University of Utah, Professor Thomas Giles would call on me to give the pitch when we were in traveling assemblies. This didn't always work to my advantage, though, because I took A Cappella at the University of Utah during the lunch hour, from 12:00 noon until 1:00 p.m. Mother would give me a lunch in a brown bag, and I would often sneak a sandwich during the A Cappella class. Not infrequently, I would just get my mouth filled with a tuna fish sandwich only to hear Professor Giles say, "Nelson, give us our pitch!" So this gift was not always comfortable, and sometimes it was even annoying when the pitches emitted by streetcars or even certain musical instruments were not in tune.

My debate partner at East High School was Glendon E. Johnson, a very remarkable young man. He was so intelligent, quick, and kind. We became fast friends and together won many trophies. Later, we were debate partners for the University of Utah debate team.

I participated in the preparation of the yearbook and so many other extracurricular activities. My first year there I was 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighed 120 pounds and went out for the "C" team football squad; but the next year I didn't go out for football at all. At that time, only two years were required at East High, which meant I would have graduated at age fifteen—still 5-foot-4 and weighing 120 pounds. My parents and I thought that I would look a little peculiar going to college looking like such a half-pint. Therefore, we decided that I should take a postgraduate year at East High School to allow me to grow up a little bit. In that third year my growth came, and I became 6 feet tall and weighed 172 pounds. This allowed me to go out for the "A" football team. My coach was W. McKinley Oswald. I never competed very favorably with the others in football, and I think one of the reasons was that I always felt a little bit defensive about my hands. I was afraid somebody might step on them with their cleated shoes. I think it was this awareness of my wanting to be protective about my hands that caused Coach Oswald to keep me on the bench during most of the games. (These were the same hands that operated on Coach Oswald nearly forty years later.)

In retrospect, I review all of these early experiences and ask what it was that made this childhood so meaningful and our family life so full. There were many factors, and any analysis would be superficial and incomplete. Yet, some of these thoughts I have gleaned and compacted in a few simple observations:

Mother and Daddy built our family solidarity on a few dependable traditions. First and foremost, they made love the prevailing influence in our home. Thoughts of anger, criticism, and denigration were not to be.

Second, they were parents who led, guided, and provided; but they were not possessive, and they did not unduly interfere in the lives of their children. The important decisions in life—choice of career, selection of a marital partner, and all other opportunities—were to be made individually, after parental counsel.

Third, they were always available. Never did we go without the security that comes with Mother and/or Daddy being home. The only exception to that statement might be when they went on a trip together; but when that occurred, we were well tended by others with the same family linkage and interests.

Fourth, quality time together as a family was always provided. Not only was there an annual vacation together, but just about every



night was family home evening as well. We read together, sang together, played together, and worked together. The poverty in our early years was profound; yet we seemed to have everything in life that money could not buy. Much later, Daddy's hard work was accompanied by greater financial stability and ultimate affluence, but most of that came after the formative years had passed and we were launched on our way.

Fifth, education was emphasized. Early in our lives, Mother and Daddy taught us that they would help us to educate ourselves, just as far as we could go. They would make whatever sacrifices would be required to help us to achieve that which we wished to make of ourselves. Now, no words of mine can adequately express the gratitude I feel for this commitment to excellence in education and this level of support. Without their encouragement and absolute assurance of the validity of education and service, my life as it exists could never have been.

It was always a pleasure to follow Marjory in school, for she was so outstanding. Her performance and achievements were so great that people elevated me to her level in their estimation. I felt as though this always gave me a "head start" on those whose elder siblings may have left a handicap to those coming behind. She and her husband, Robert F. Rohlfsing, have two sons, John N. and Thomas R., who were good pals to our daughters. Thomas married Laurel Parker, and they have two children, Bryan and Amy.

Enid and I were so close, being only about twenty months apart. She has been the perfect little sister. Never self-seeking, her desires always focused on how to help and serve others. Daddy saved her life one day as we were on a picnic in Provo Canyon. She was just learning to walk. While toddling toward the tempestuous Provo River, she lost her balance and was swept into its angry currents. Daddy plunged into the water and recovered her in a miraculous way that still is vivid in my memory. No wonder the Lord said, "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land." (Exod. 20:12.) Without his rescue it would have been a different story.

All through our childhood, youth, and beyond, my love for Enid has continued to grow. Her sweet, selfless, and sacrificing service to Mother, Daddy, her own family, to me and to ours has made life rich and zestful. Enid married Richard H. Ogaard. Three children were born to them, Scott R., Todd N., and Sally, who also have been close to us through the years.

Robert, six and a half years younger than I, was always such a lovable child. He, too, had his skirmish with death. His came in the form of infectious disease when he was in early childhood. For hours and days he had a high fever and nonresponsiveness which bordered on coma. We were all so thankful when he recovered. He was my little pal and buddy. How I loved to play games with him. Daddy and I taught him to play golf with us. Not long after that, he became infinitely better than either of his teachers. My marriage at age twenty caused our separation when he was but thirteen. I regret that our close years together were thereby terminated in seeming prematurity. Yet, we remained close. Dantzel and I visited him in Kansas while he was on military duty in Olathe. Fortunately for us, our latter years back in Salt Lake City have enabled us to resume that brotherhood. Our children have always thought Uncle Bob was so special. His coming to our home is a special event in their minds, as it is in ours, for our love for him and his lovely family continues to grow with each passing year. Bob married Julie Price. Their family includes Heidi, a daughter by Julie's previous marriage, Troy, and Robert H., Jr. Our children have always been so pleased when our visits included all the cousins to round out the family fun.

The supreme act of Mother's and Daddy's love for each other and for their family came on March 26, 1977, when their marvelous marriage was extended beyond this life into the eternities ahead as it was solemnized in the Provo Temple. How happy they were—and were we! For this supernal blessing we are grateful forever.

I honor my brother, sisters, and their parents and children. As I honor and express love to Mother and Daddy, I sense that my debt of gratitude can only partially be paid by magnifying the opportunities they provided and returning the love to them which they have so freely and generously given. This, it is my pleasure to do.

## CHAPTER 6

# University Life and Courtship Days

After having opportunities to go elsewhere to college, such as Stanford, the University of California, and other places, I decided to stay in Salt Lake City primarily because of my desire to be close to home. I really wanted to be there because I loved home more than anyplace else.

I enrolled at the University of Utah in 1941. This year had its highs and its lows. I remember how elated I was to be elected to Phi Eta Sigma, the honorary scholastic fraternity for those who had an "A" record the first year of college. My joy was counterbalanced, however, by my feelings of loss occasioned by the wedding of my sister Marjory on November 14, 1941, to Robert F. Rohlfing. It wasn't that I didn't love him as a brother. I did, and do! It was simply that, for the first time in my life, there was to be a significant change in our close family unit. The wedding was performed in our home. An organlike attachment called a Solovox was connected to our piano. I played morose melodies in a minor key to reflect my mood. Mother finally made me quit, reminding me this was a joyous day.

On December 7, 1941, came the tragedy at Pearl Harbor, which seriously changed the complexion of life for the world and, in the process, for me and my world.

It was about at this time when I realized that my interests in life were in serving people, for a genuine desire was welling within me to do something of worth for them. Moreover, I recognized that my favorite subjects were those with exactness and precision, such as chemistry, mathematics, biology, and science, while others such as literature and art didn't seem to make a crucial difference to me. So I set my sights on going into medicine. This decision came as a bit of a shock and possibly with some sadness to Mother and Daddy, because I think they had hoped that one, if not both, of their sons might work into the business that Daddy had worked so hard to develop. Again, however, they took the very consistent position of

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Mother and Daddy with Marjory at her wedding reception, November 14, 1941, in the Hotel Utah's Skylight Gardens.





wanting to aid and assist me in accomplishing the desires of my heart. They pledged their support, which has meant more to me than my words can ever express.

In my first year at the University of Utah I joined the Sigma Chi fraternity, which proved to be a very interesting and pleasant experience. I ultimately became president of the fraternity and guided it through some interesting years. I also served as director of the group that usually won first place in the homecoming songfests competition. In retrospect, I have somewhat ambivalent feelings about fraternity life; there were some things that weren't ideal, yet many things that were very pleasant.

That year I had a leading role in the freshman play, *Excursion*, which I enjoyed doing very much.

The second year at the University of Utah, beginning in 1942, marked a serious focus on premedical studies with an eye toward admission to medical school with only three years of preparation in contrast to the usual four. That meant an augmented course load, but still there was time for wonderful family activities, the usual dating, fraternity parties, and other social activities.

Mr. Gail Plummer of the University of Utah theatre staff one day asked me if I would be willing to participate in the varsity play they were doing entitled *Hayfoot, Strawfoot*. I told him I was too busy with my premedical work and respectfully declined the invitation. For some strange reason, though, he kept returning, saying they had just the part for me, that they really wanted and needed me. So with great reluctance I finally agreed.

Well do I remember walking down the center aisle of Kingsbury Hall on April 16, 1942, with Mr. Plummer when I heard the soprano voice of a beautiful brunette upon the stage. I stopped suddenly and said to Gail, "Who is that beautiful girl singing up there?"

He replied, "That's Dantzel White. She's the one with whom you will be performing in this play."

Vividly do I remember the feeling that came over me as I sensed that she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen and the one whom I would marry. That was a strange feeling, because at the time I was really not all that interested in such serious thoughts. I enjoyed dating many different girls and was concerned about pursuing my desired goal of preparing for medical school. I was only seventeen years of age, and marriage was the farthest thing from my mind. But I couldn't suppress that feeling I had. As a matter of fact, I was faithful

to appointments already made for dates with two other young ladies; but once those commitments had been completed, I never dated another girl from the time I first saw her at that rehearsal.

Our love affair was not what you would describe as a torrid one. It was one based on friendship. I simply enjoyed being with her and realized how good that companionship was. About two months after our first meeting, I suddenly realized that the summer of 1942 was coming, and she would be returning to her home in Perry. I wouldn't see her for the vacation period of three months! That realization brought me a feeling of calamity. Of course, we attenuated that period of separation with visits and letters.

Dantzel was only sixteen at the time. Later she told me that when she went home to her parents that summer, she announced to them that she had met the man she wanted to marry. We regard it as more than just chance that each one of us had the signal given independently that we were to be eternal companions.

Since we had no money to buy an engagement ring, our engagement commenced with my pinning my Sigma Chi pin on Dantzel at 10:20 p.m. on Sunday, January 16, 1944, in the Petunia Room of the Chi Omega House. Other memorable dates leading up to this were May 28, 1943—our first kiss—and July 17, 1943, when I gave her a



Dantzel and I at the University of Utah, 1942.

little locket which, in retrospect, had more emotional than material significance. Our courtship was subjected to the spectrum of pleasures and pain that life brings. I watched her endure the death of her younger brother, Kenneth, on December 18, 1943, after he was fatally wounded in a gunshot accident at their farm in Perry. Clark White's wife, Ruth, died on July 12, 1944.

The year 1944 was an eventful year. From April 5 to April 8, I debated for the University of Utah against other universities at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. My coach was Dr. Royal L. Garff. On April 30, 1944, I was ordained an elder, and on May 11, Dantzel was chosen as attendant to the U Days queen. Songfest was won by the Sigma Chi's under my direction.

On August 25, my parents, Marjory, Enid, Bob, Uncle Stan (Tom Anderson's father), and I went to the Hotel Utah Roof Garden to celebrate Mother and Daddy's silver wedding anniversary. On September 5, Dantzel and I joined Marjorie Taylor and Howard Sharp, Margaret Webb and Dan Hunter, and Howard Sharp's mother and his brother Robert. We all went to the Sharp Ranch on the Weber River. We stayed there for three nights, returning on Friday, September 8. On September 9, 1944, my twentieth birthday, I received birthday presents as follows: Mother and Daddy gave me \$25, shirts, ties, and peaches. Dantzel gave me a wallet, Marjory and Bob gave me some stationery, Enid presented some stationery, and brother Robert gave me some socks. I always felt as though I was treated as a king on my birthdays.

On November 4, 1944, the Sigma Chi quartet placed first in the Homecoming competition, second in decorations, and first in the sweepstakes contest. On November 15, I ordered an orchid for Dantzel and noted in my journal that this was the first one I had ever bought. We had a gala party at the Chi Omega House on November 17, which was the evening of our "serenade." All of our fraternity and sorority associates gathered to commemorate this significant event. In 1944, I went to Perry a number of times, using the public transportation system known as the "Bamberger" railroad. My whole world revolved about Dantzel. It was so nice simply to be with her.

During the war years, Dantzel moved to Salt Lake City with her sisters Marjorie and Beth. Marjorie's husband, Milton C. Mecham, was in the army with the artillery forces in the South Pacific. Beth's







husband, Charles H. Dredge, was in the army infantry forces in Europe. I grew to love Marjorie and Beth as I did Dantzel. Such sweet girls were a great influence for good on each other and especially for me.

University life was wonderful and successful. On April 3, 1944, I was elected president of the Sigma Chi fraternity. I was also later elected to the honorary societies of Skull and Bones in the junior year, Owl and Key in the senior year, the Beehive Honorary Society in the senior year, and at graduation time to the honorary scholastic societies of Phi Kappa Phi and Phi Beta Kappa. I was awarded my B.A. degree in June commencement of 1945, and there on hand was Dantzel, along with our dear parents, brothers, sisters, and other relatives who always did so much to encourage me. Dantzel got her bachelor's degree a year later in 1946.

By virtue of adding to the normal class loads, I was able to meet all the requirements for admission to medical school and was accepted for the class to begin on September 12, 1944. This was the fourth class to enter the new University of Utah four-year college of medicine. I felt so fortunate in being accepted because only fifty-two were admitted to that class. There were several who either failed or dropped out in the first quater, since it was a very arduous course.

Here our love affair received a special test that only medical students would know about. Dantzel and I met together out on the lawn for lunches from our brown sacks, often joined by our good friends Marjorie Taylor and Howard Sharp. It was quite a test for those ladies to eat lunch with the smell of formaldehyde wreathing from their boyfriends who had spent the entire morning in the anatomy laboratory. This was but one of many tests that those dear girls, and other doctors' wives, have had to endure. My, how we enjoyed their company.

In the summer of 1944, our love affair was taking on a more serious dimension. One day when we were at the White family home in Perry, on assignment from Dantzel's mother to harvest some peas for dinner, I proposed to Dantzel while in the pea patch, and she accepted my offer. It didn't seem to be a very official proposal, certainly not in a very dramatic setting, but it was a verbalization of an unspoken agreement that we would marry when we could. We didn't really see how we could do it; we were both students with no finan-







cial resources and no visible means of support. She received no engagement ring because we simply had no such funds. (The one she now wears I gave to her for Christmas after we had been married twelve years.) During the summer as I would frequently ride the Bamberger train from Salt Lake City to Perry, my feeling of deep love and affection became more firmly entrenched, and the warm acceptance that I received from her wonderful parents, brothers, and sisters made me feel a love for the White family that reinforced the impression that this union would be a highly desirable one.

Then in 1945, the break came that made our marriage possible. My application for the V-12 Program of the United States Naval Reserve was accepted! This meant that I would continue through medical school as an apprentice seaman in the Navy, while they would finance my tuition and books and give me a salary (as apprentice seaman) which as I recall was around \$125 a month. That paved the way for us, at least in part, to become financially solvent enough to proceed with our marriage.

During the summer of 1945, I enrolled in classes in the Music Department, taking keyboard harmony, and special piano lessons from Professor William O. Peterson. I worked hard to take advantage of these opportunities, for now I realized that I really wanted to develop the musical abilities that had been so encouraged by Mother and Daddy so many years ago. Dantzel was really pleased with my progress.

We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on August 31, 1945, by Nicholas G. Smith, who shortly thereafter became one of the General Authorities of the Church. He performed a beautiful cere-

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Our wedding portrait, August 31, 1945, taken at our reception in the Jade Room of the Hotel Utah.

Overleaf, left: Wedding breakfast in the President's Room of the Hotel Utah, August 31, 1945. *From left:* Lt. Col. Boyd B. White, Janice A. White, Richard H. White, Dantzel W. Nelson, Russell M. Nelson, Marjory N. Rohlfing, Robert F. Rohlfing, Robert H. Nelson, Edna A. Nelson, Marion C. Nelson, Enid Nelson, Beth W. Dredge, L. Clark White, Maude C. White, LeRoy D. White, Marjorie W. Mecham, Milton C. Mecham, Amanda J. Nelson.

Overleaf, right: Wedding reception line, Jade Room, Hotel Utah, August 31, 1945. *Right to left:* Maude C. White, LeRoy D. White, Edna A. Nelson, Marion C. Nelson, Robert F. Rohlfing, Russell M. Nelson, Dantzel W. Nelson, Beverly White, Marjorie W. Mecham, Beth W. Dredge, Enid Nelson, Marjory N. Rohlfing, Janice A. White.







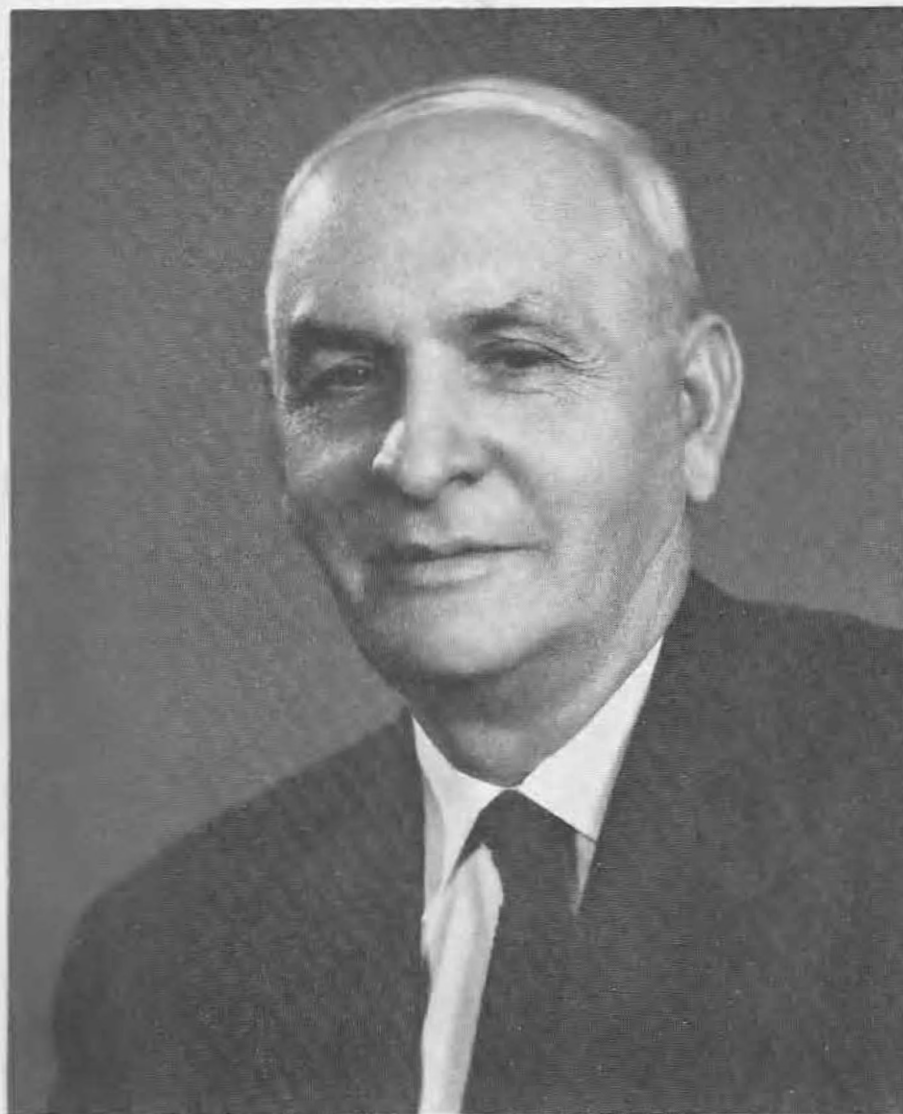




mony, having first counseled us so thoughtfully to help prepare us for this significant event in our lives. I remember the joy I had in seeing Dantzel in the temple and how beautiful she looked, and also of seeing her mother and father and those of her family who were there. The only one of my family that was in attendance was my sister Marjory and her husband, Bob Rohlfing. Of course I felt very bad that my Mother and Daddy were not there, but they were most supportive in telling us to go ahead and marry the way we wanted to, even though it meant that they could not join us until after the wedding was over. Mother and Daddy hosted a wonderful wedding breakfast in the Hotel Utah, and later on that evening Dantzel's parents hosted a lovely reception in the Jade Room of the Hotel Utah, attended by hundreds of friends and relatives.

Our honeymoon was brief because we had only a few days between quarters at the university. We drove in a 1944 Dodge provided by my parents to Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon. We enjoyed those wonderful days together. Dantzel became ill, having eaten nuts left over from the wedding reception that we'd carried in the glove compartment of our car. When we came home and my parents found out that she had been vomiting considerably while on our honeymoon, their thoughts turned in a direction that required a little reassurance on our part.





LeRoy D. White



Maude C. White

## CHAPTER 7

# Dantzel and the White Family

Any discussion of my life would be completely inadequate and incomplete without special commendation and recognition being given to my eternal companion, Dantzel White Nelson.

Born of sweet and saintly parents, Maude Clark and LeRoy Davis White, in Perry, Utah, on February 17, 1926, this precious young lady was sent to the University of Utah by them to pursue her college education at a very young age. As mentioned earlier, I first met her in the varsity play, *Hayfoot, Strawfoot*, where she sang one of the leading roles and I played an incidental part in the production. My attention for her was so immediate and so compelling that I find it very easy to believe that my affinity for her may have been established in a holier sphere. From that moment on I loved to be with her; I loathed being away from her.

The love that I first felt for her soon embraced all of her family as well. A young man rarely feels as welcome in a home not his own as I did in theirs. Her parents were so dear and kind to me. When I finally asked for her hand in marriage, they were so understanding and supportive. Father White's handling of that situation proved to be a worthy model for me when I was in the same circumstance so many years later.

Dantzel's brothers included me as one of them. We enjoyed fishing, golfing, and other activities together. L. Clark and Grace White, Marjorie and Milton C. Mecham, Janice and Boyd B. White, Beth and Charles H. Dredge, Donna (and later, Anna) and Richard H. White were great companions to Dantzel and me. Our family reunions all were cherished associations, not only for us but for our children. The "cousins" were close and developed a real love through the years.

Cousins from Clark and Grace's family include Beverly, Rees, and Lawrence (Larry).

Marjorie and Milt Mecham's children are LeRoy, Steven, and Patricia.

Boyd and Janice's children are Boyd, Jr., Alana, Kenneth, and Brett.

Beth and Charles Dredge's children are Paul, Carolyn, Douglas, and Dantzel.

Richard and Donna had two sons, Michael and Marcus. Anna brought two children to their marriage, Melanie and Thomas.

The tragic death of their young brother Kenneth at age fourteen was caused by an accident with a gun on the farm. Things could never really be the same after that, but their greatness carried them on. Someone once said that greatness in life is not in never falling, but in getting up each time you're down. This they did.

Dad White was a bishop, high councilor, mayor, rancher, banker, legislator, husband, father, and friend. I had the greatest affection and admiration for him. Mother White did so much for us for so many years. Giving us Dantzel would be reason enough to revere her, but she was one always to go the extra mile. Always available when we needed her, she became very special to each of the children as she loved and cared for each one.

I love Dantzel's parents, sisters, and brothers as I do my own; and for their role in enriching my life I am most grateful.

Now, having lived closely by the side of this angel Dantzel for these many years, I can truly say that I've never met a person more selfless and without guile than she. Some people have written wonderful speeches about loving one another; others have expressed it in song; but this precious girl's very life is a living answer to the questions: "What can I do in my life to bless others? How can I be more righteous, more honest in my doings?"

Sometimes her obsession for honesty became amusing. Well do I remember the time when we boarded a flight from New York City to Salt Lake City. We had just transferred from an overnight flight from South America and had been assigned seats 1A and B on the United Airlines flight. There were only a handful of passengers on this large plane, which had plenty of room for each of us to stretch out and get a good nap. But when I suggested to her that one of us leave our assigned seats to recline in a more comfortable fashion elsewhere on the plane, literally she was reluctant. It was only when I got the stewardess to come and tell her directly that it would be permissible for us to move that she would yield to my persuasion and get the rest she so badly needed. Her commitment to the truth and to the right will never change.

Our proposal took place in a pea patch. I tremble to think of the faith she had at that time, making those vows with a young pre-medical student. In effect, she was casting her future with me as her husband and dedicating herself to her children-to-be, that they might

live and be fulfilled through her selfless efforts. She had just won a scholarship to the Juillard School of Music when our desire for marriage preempted her accepting that opportunity. Dantzel's mother was disappointed, for she sensed the great talent that Dantzel possessed. Even in college, Dantzel brought shouts from the audiences as she thrilled them while singing "Vissi d'arte" from *Tosca*, or "Ah, fors' e lui" from *La Traviata*. The power of her voice was stirring. Yet, in making the decision to marry me, she ultimately exchanged a promising future in music for the privilege of singing lullabies and love songs to her little ones in rocker and cradle.

When we took our vows in the temple, she agreeably said, "Yes." As I took her to Minnesota for my internship, she again said, "Yes." We then answered the call to military duty that took us to Washington, D.C., and later took me to war in Korea, leaving her and the two children with our families far away in Utah. When I said that I'd like to take one more year in Boston before returning to Minneapolis, she again agreed. In the meantime, as we welcomed the third and were getting ready to bring our fourth daughter into the world, never once did she murmur because some of her classmates had homes and furniture of their own after they had been married seven or eight years. I do remember one night as we were walking along Boylston Street in Boston, she pressed her nose against a store window and asked if we might ever own a table and lamp of our own. We'd been married nine years then, and I thought that was not an unreasonable request. But the years went on and the debts piled deeper. The Lord blessed us with a continuing increase as daughter after daughter came to be born through the life of this saintly mother.

Totally committed to the Lord and to his church, she dutifully and effectively responded to the calls that came. She gave her services as Relief Society counselor, which took her to Maine, New Hampshire, and remote parts of Massachusetts. Whether her service was in Minneapolis or Washington or Boston or in Salt Lake, she loved to teach the children and felt ennobled by service and callings in the Primary. How proud I was as stake president to call on Dantzel as the music leader of the Singing Mothers of the stake. They put on concerts that were glorious and second to none.

She loved her service later as a member of the Tabernacle Choir. After we had our home in Midway we would go up on weekends, and on occasion I was able to stay there for Sunday School and priesthood meeting. I would be asked where Sister Nelson was, and I said,



"She's in the Tabernacle Choir." Sometimes I would add, "I come first in her life, right after the Tabernacle Choir." While she wouldn't agree with that statement, she did jealously guard her time so that she would be able to fulfill that duty. Rather than spend a lot of time in clubs and social organizations, she made the effort to be at home with her children, where she deemed her greatest responsibility to be. An appreciation of that fact struck me one day when I gave Dantzel a Saturday afternoon's relief away from home. When one of the children came home, she flew right past me and said, "Where's mom?" as though I didn't even exist. But what a wonderful feeling for them when mom would answer.

I remember one summer up in the north woods of Minnesota before Marsha had arrived. We asked ourselves whether we wanted children, and if so, how many. We each timidly felt out the other's attitudes on that question. But after we had explored it a bit, we both came to the conclusion that an even dozen would do! I don't know how serious we really were at that time; we were so young and naive. We didn't know what it was like to be the parents of one, let alone one dozen. How the Lord blessed us with those lovely children one by one!

I watched her suffer. I've seen her go through the agony of operative procedures, the pain of a herniated disc in the back with its nerve root irritation. I've seen her in a hospital bed where the pain of heavy labor was amplified by an intravenous drip of strong uterine stimulants that caused her blood pressure to soar and for little hemorrhages to develop all over her body from the severe strain involved. That is the nearest approximation I have ever seen to the Savior's bleeding from every pore. All of this I've seen her suffer without murmuring. I've seen her pick up her children after injury or amidst a convulsion, never beyond control, always composed, calm, and in command, as if having been given a special dimension of strength when needed for the benefit and welfare of those depending on her. How grateful I am that not one of our beautiful children has ever been, even for a moment, disrespectful or disobedient to her. They, too, know of her saintly nature and sense almost continuously that their being is a result of her willingness and eagerness to give them life and quality of life. It has not been easy. Many times, particularly as we have traveled elsewhere in the world among people whose persuasion is that large families are the cause of the world's problems, the mother of a large family has not been greeted warmly.

But those times of persecution have never mattered to her. Her reward is in the knowledge that she has been obedient to the laws of God and to the commitments we made in the temple. This has fortified her against the wiles of the adversary as well as strengthened her for the trials of her task. Indeed, if I were to sum up in one scripture the faith of my beloved companion, I would say the Twenty-third Psalm would be my selection:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

The scripture that best describes the life of my beloved Dantzel is from Proverbs 31 (verses 10-29):

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her....

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands....

"She bringeth her food from afar....

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy....

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land....

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness....

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

I don't know how long she will live or whether I may precede her in death. It is well we don't know those things. But I do know

that she loves God and he loves her. The most challenging task that I might have, or that any of those who read these words might have as members of this family, will be to be worthy of life with her as promised through our temple covenants in those eternities that are ahead. If we can do this, we will be worthy of the love that she has so selflessly given to each of us. I love her and honor her as one of God's noble, special, and sacred creations with whom it has been my great privilege to live.

## CHAPTER 8

# Early Married Life in Salt Lake City

When we were first married, housing was hard to obtain; but we were fortunate in being able to get a nice apartment close to the University of Utah at 160 Thirteenth East, Apartment 1. It had a living room, a little kitchen, a bedroom, and a study room. It was absolutely ideal. We were able to come home, open a can of soup for lunch, enjoy that together, and then return to classes.

We were active in the University Ward where our bishop was Lynn S. Richards. We will always remember his great kindness and genuine interest in us.

One Sunday, we put a roast in the oven and went to Sunday School, which was only a half-block away. We returned home to find smoke pouring out of the apartment. On entering our apartment we found that the roast had somehow become cremated and had filled the entire apartment with smoke which had covered all the walls and our material possessions with a thick layer of grease. The cleanup of that little episode also became a very memorable experience. Actually, there weren't many roasts or other full-course meals that were prepared in that apartment because our means were so limited. We were so poor that when an invitation came from either of our parents to share Sunday dinner with them, we accepted eagerly and, in essence, lived on one good meal a week fortified by meager snacks and handouts in the intervening days. Our parents knew of our plight and would favor us with sacks of potatoes and gifts of groceries which were so welcomingly received.

After Dantzel's graduation from college, she became a schoolteacher, teaching at Hawthorne School at Seventh East and Seventeenth South. She enjoyed this experience very much. It was convenient for us too, because my two final years at medical school were spent largely at the Salt Lake County General Hospital on Twenty-first South and State Street. It was right on the way to drop Dantzel off for her schoolteaching activities.

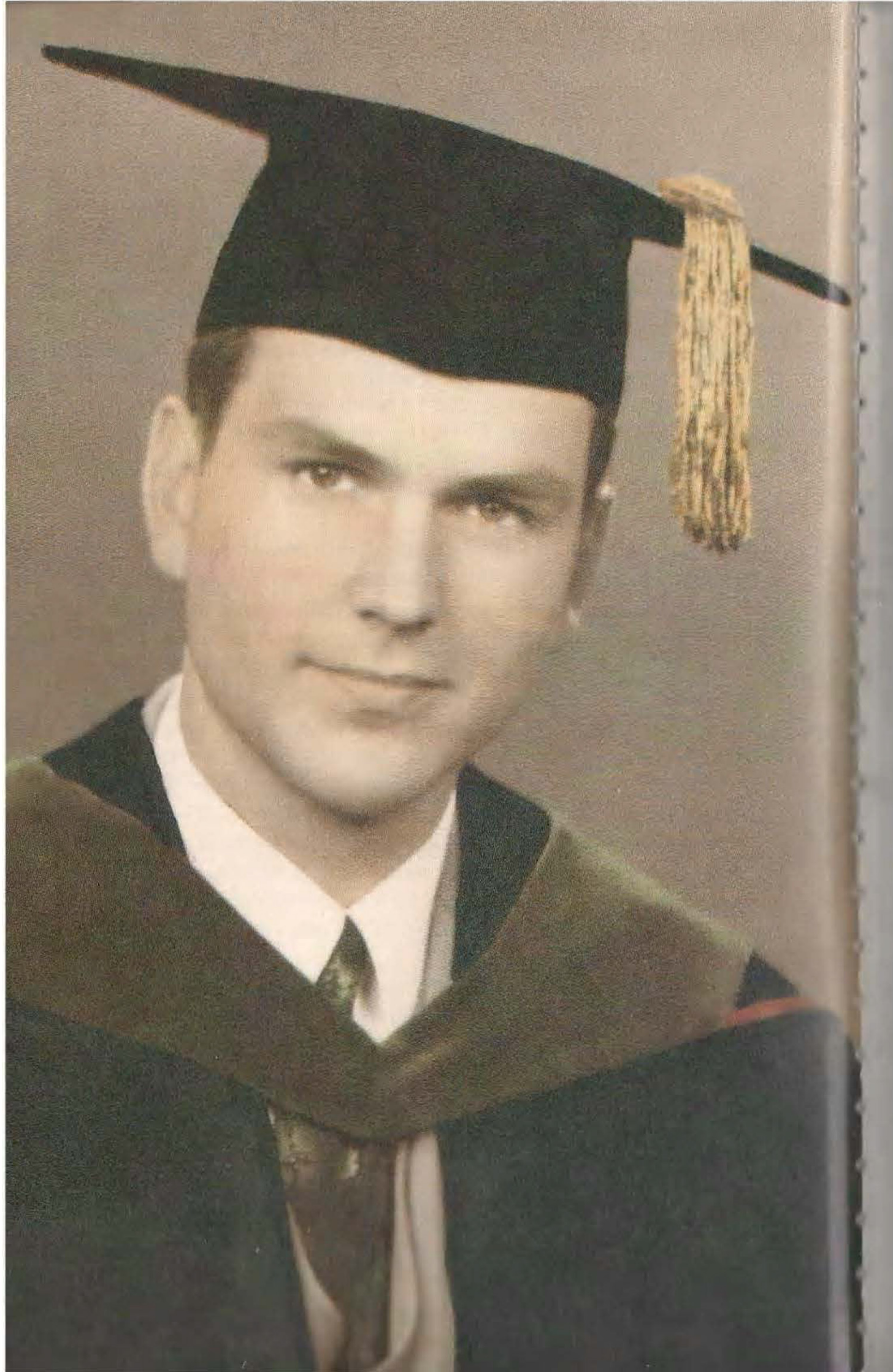
Financially though, things were very tight, and so she went the extra mile, working as a clerk in a music store downtown in the

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Overleaf, left: Graduation with M.D. degree, August 1947.

Overleaf, right: University of Utah Medical School, class of 1947.









JOHN DIXON



CLEL L. JENSEN



CALVIN PLUMBHOF



MELVIN RICHARDS



LAGRANDE LARSEN



J. VICTOR STEVENSON



DON H. NELSON



HOWARD C. SHARP



WALLY JOHNSON



TOM BURNS



W. DEAN HELNAP



R. CARLYLE GREEN



DEWEY MAC KAY



BILL SATA



BILL STOWELL



WALLACE DALLEY



HAL DAVIDSON



J. RONALD BROWN



RUSSELL NELSON



DAN ONIKI



WINIFRED CLAYTON



RALPH McDONALD



ARNOLD COOPER



H. HOLLING LOWE



J. ERLE JACK





evenings after her day was over as a schoolteacher. Even so, there was one occasion when we were in debt about \$43 above and beyond our resources. On this occasion, I picked her up when school was over, took her to the LDS Hospital where we each sold a pint of blood for \$25, and then took her down to her second job at the music store. This gave us the \$50 we needed to pay the bills that we owed, and kept us solvent.

Well do I remember the reaction of Dantzel's mother when she learned of this. When she found out that I was having Dantzel work two jobs and then bleeding her in between, I got the general feeling that she didn't think that Dantzel had married much of a husband. We laugh about it now, but at that time it was no laughing matter I can assure you.

In August of 1947, the graduation ceremonies from medical school were held. There I was, a full-fledged M.D. at twenty-two years of age, having completed the four-year course of medical school in three calendar years by going to school year-round, summers included, without any vacation time. I graduated number one in the class and was inducted into the honorary scholastic societies of Alpha Omega Alpha and Sigma Xi. Of the fifty-two wonderful colleagues and friends who began our studies together in September of 1944, only twenty-six graduated. We had others in the graduating class though, for we had been joined by a few who had been required to repeat a year, and also some who had transferred into our class. As a graduation present, Mother and Daddy gave us a check for \$1,000 which we needed so badly as we were about to embark on the next chapter in our history.

## CHAPTER 9

# Life in Minnesota

Shortly after my graduation from medical school, Dantzel and I packed all of our earthly belongings that could be transported in a lovely two-door blue Chevrolet that Mother and Daddy had purchased for us. In September 1947, we drove to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where I was to begin postgraduate medical education. I was successful in being awarded an internship at the University of Minnesota Hospitals with the internationally renowned surgeon Dr. Owen H. Wangensteen, who many regard as the outstanding surgical teacher alive today.

We arrived in Minneapolis in a rainstorm, knowing absolutely no one in that large city. There the two of us were alone, facing the world. Housing was virtually impossible to get. Staying in a hotel for the first few nights while we searched for apartments during the daytime, we felt as though we were auditioning, trying out for what few vacancies were available. We were very fortunate in finding a lovely little apartment, one unit in a four-plex located at 403 Seventh Avenue S.E. There were three other physicians in the four-plex, and



Packed to move to Minnesota, September 1947.



we became very close friends with them and their wives. They were Dr. and Mrs. E. Ford Crider, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Thompson, and Dr. and Mrs. Don Davis. Dr. Don Davis and his wife, Nettie, were a lovely Catholic couple with whom we became very close. Nettie suffered from rheumatic heart disease, and over the next few years we observed her gradual decline and ultimate demise. Her deterioration and death motivated me to want to help people with heart disease.

Dantzel was the main breadwinner. She became a teacher in a school situated in the south end of the city somewhat adjacent to the airport. Her income wasn't great, but we were able to live on it. It was somewhere around \$135 a month, and to that I contributed another \$15 a month, which was my pay as an intern at the University of Minnesota Hospitals.

One evening she asked me if I was paying tithing on my \$15 a month. Frankly, I had regarded that as just a token payment designed to keep my teeth clean, hair cut, and shoes polished. But when she confronted me with that question, I realized that she was right and I was wrong, and so our tithing was increased to include a tenth of that \$15 every month. I've been a full tithepayer ever since, but I often wonder what might have happened if she had not exerted her sweet influence at that moment.

Things were very lonesome for Dantzel, because my internship was literally that. I didn't get out to see her very much, and she traveled the cold, snowy, and icy streets of Minneapolis more than ten miles twice daily, only to return to an empty apartment. I remember one night when she said over the phone somewhat tearfully, "I've got to have something live around the house." I reasoned that this was a fair request, and so we bought a goldfish for her. However, this and other stimuli made us realize that, in spite of our poverty, it was now time to get on with a family. So shortly thereafter, we were blessed with the expectation of our first child.

Marsha arrived at 12:45 p.m. on July 29, 1948, near the close of the internship year. Dantzel shared hospital facilities with Muriel Humphrey, the wife of the mayor of Minneapolis, Hubert H. Humphrey. Mrs. Humphrey had just given birth to her child, and

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Surgical intern staff, University of Minnesota Hospitals, just after my internship began. *First row, from left:* William Schaeffer, Ralph McCauley, James Seifert, Richard Johnson, Robert Magoffin, Albert Sullivan. *Second row:* Robert Good, Robert Bolin, Russell Nelson, Edward Gordon, Robert Ginsberg. *Third row:* Adrian Jenson, Scott McIntire, Frank Furth, Louis Lick.



everybody was embarrassed because the mayor's wife was allowed to have a precipitous labor, culminating in childbirth before she got to the delivery room.

After Marsha's birth, Dantzel's mother came to Minneapolis and gave us the benefit of her experience and wisdom as well as her love and service for those first few days. We really appreciated her! My Mother and Daddy gave us a new crib, so Marsha had real comfort and style. That crib was subsequently passed along for the use of all ten of our children. I would say we maximized the use of that wonderful gift from Mother and Daddy.

There weren't many members of the Church in the Twin Cities at that time. Dr. Frank M. Whiting was asked to direct the play by Thornton Wilder entitled *Our Town*, which he graciously did in order to raise funds for building a chapel. He was so ably assisted by his petite and faithful wife, Josinette. Dantzel and I, cast as Dr. and Mrs. Gibb, had a great time preparing for that play. Sharing the stage with Dr. Whiting, who was stage manager, were Amy and Keith M. Engar as Mr. and Mrs. Webb, and Joann and Dr. Kenneth E. Johnson. The play was received graciously. We remember how successful it was deemed to be when more than a hundred people attended, which was more than had appeared for any Church activity prior to that. Our branch president thought it was successful too, since he was able to harvest enough money to begin a building program for a new chapel in Minneapolis.

Shortly after that I was asked to be the Sunday School superintendent for the Minneapolis branch. I was so delighted when the branch president approved my request to have Brother Keith M. Engar serve as the first assistant superintendent. We enjoyed that Sunday School assignment so very much. Our facilities were rented from the YMCA on Twelfth and Nicollet in Minneapolis. We had a wonderful staff of devoted teachers whose dedication I still remember with great gratitude. The branch president at that time was Al Danielson, and the district president was Marty Ostvig. We learned to love our leaders and sustained them wholeheartedly.

Meanwhile, back at the hospital, the internship year concluded, and I successfully competed for advanced surgical training as a resident at the University of Minnesota Hospitals. I wanted more than just the routine surgical training, however. I wanted to pursue studies leading to a Ph.D. degree, and I wanted to engage in research. So this meant double commitments. I remember how mercenary I felt the

university officials were in charging what I thought were exorbitant fees for tuition as I registered for postgraduate courses. My main emphasis was in physiology, working under Dr. Maurice Visscher. He was a very demanding and a highly critical scientist. In addition to this, the requirements for the Ph.D. degree included passing an examination in a foreign language. I had only had three years of French, two at Roosevelt Junior High and one at East High School. So in order to get a passing grade in French, I employed a tutor, a very nice elderly gentleman who had retired from the faculty at the University of Minnesota. I went all the way across town to his home for the private tutoring that enabled me ultimately to pass the examination, which consisted of reading at random from French books and then responding to questions about conjugation, tense, and other aspects of French grammar.

My interests in research were enhanced when I learned that Dr. Clarence Dennis had received the enormous grant of \$25,000 a year for five years to develop an artificial heart-lung machine. I made arrangements through Dr. Wangensteen and Dr. Dennis to begin work in his lab and went there in 1948. Being so young, I didn't realize that the job was "impossible," and so started out with the very naive assumption that it wouldn't be hard to build a heart-lung machine. How we struggled with that project! I worked with Dr. Clarence Dennis, Dr. Karl E. Karlson, Dr. W. Phil Eder, and others as we labored to make every piece of this machine ourselves. We had glass-blowing equipment, a lathe, a drillpress, and a machine shop. Every part for the machine had to be built by one of us. For me this was doubly difficult because I didn't know how to use any of the equipment, much less know what to make. I had not only to learn what we needed to make, but I also had to learn how to make what we needed. There were chemical challenges as well as the mechanical ones. For instance, it took us many months simply to work out the heparin-protamine titration by which we were able to render the blood incoagulable while it passed through the heart-lung machine, and then allow it to coagulate normally once the experimental animal was on his own again.

One by one we gradually worked out many of the problems until we were able to sustain a dog for brief periods of time on the heart-lung machine, taking over the function of his natural heart and lungs, which were temporarily put in a state of quiescent inactivity. All the animals later succumbed, however, of a mysterious ailment



that we did not understand.

Dr. Dennis was called out of the country for some work abroad, and he left me in charge of the lab for the period of his absence. When he returned I had the answer to the mystery as to why our animals failed to survive. I learned that they were dying from gram-negative bacterial toxins in the blood. I had designed experiments which proved that bacteria or toxins were not being eliminated from our heart-lung machine with the cleaning processes that were being employed. Once our purification process was perfected sufficiently to eliminate this variable, our experimental animals began to survive with regularity. It was on this work that my Ph.D. thesis was based; this degree was to be awarded three years later.

Mother and Daddy visited us in Minneapolis about at this time. This was their first trip to see us after we had been away for so long, and, of course, they anticipated with considerable expectation the accomplishments of their doctor son. Meanwhile, I, too, was excited about what we had been accomplishing and so invited Daddy over to the research laboratory on the fourth floor of Millard Hall. We went out under the eaves of this musty old building and found a dog whom we called Una. I brought the dog in, fed it, watered it, and petted it, proudly showing it off to Daddy, explaining that this was the first dog in medical history ever to survive a thirty-minute period with the circulation being maintained entirely by an artificial heart-lung machine.

As I was telling Daddy this story with excitement and enthusiasm, I found him with his back to me seeming to shed a few tears. I really didn't expect him to be moved to that degree, great as the achievement was in my own mind. Then as he expressed himself, I realized they weren't tears of joy at all:

"Your mother and I have sacrificed and worked all these years to have a doctor son of whom we could be proud," he said. "Now we find that you're just a dog doctor!"

We both laugh at this now, for little did he or I realize at *that* time what a historical event that really was. Nor did we realize what ultimate meaning it would have in changing the face of medical and surgical practice in the future.

This experience (the survival of Una) was reported to the American College of Surgeons at its Clinical Congress, October 16-23, 1949, in Chicago. This work was acclaimed as the significant event that it ultimately proved to be. Finally, as we were getting more and

more confident in our ability to do this work successfully with dogs, we were approaching the time when we were sufficiently prepared to move the work from the laboratory to humans in need.

However, there was an interesting obstacle in the way of our applying it in the human operating room. The heart-lung machine that we had built in our laboratory had become so large that there was no way we could get it out. Just like the ship built in a bottle, there was no way that it could be moved; so we had to start over on a smaller, more compact model which could be used for human surgery.

Dr. Richard L. Varco told us of a young lady he had operated on previously and found that she had a hole in her heart. With techniques that were then available to him, he was not able to repair her heart and merely closed the incision, hoping one day to repair her heart under direct vision. He said that if we could empty the heart long enough to allow surgical closure of the hole, this woman might be offered a chance for life which otherwise did not exist. So, in March of 1951, the very first open-heart operation on a human being was performed in Minneapolis by Dr. Varco and Dr. Dennis, using the heart-lung machine we had built. The heart-lung machine performed successfully. However, the patient failed to survive because what was thought to be a simple hole in the heart (atrial septal defect) turned out to be one of the most complicated congenital anomalies (complete atrioventricularis communis defect). The surgical repair of this defect was imperfect. Nonetheless, this work was presented at the American Surgical Association in Washington, D.C., in April of 1951. It marked the important transition point in surgical history between gaining access to the open, beating heart and knowing what to do once that access had been achieved. A whole new world of the possibility of surgical repair of the heart had been opened up.

So in the space of four years we had come a long way. While I was in medical school I was taught that one must never touch the beating heart for fear it would stop. Yet I was constantly encouraged by the passage in the Doctrine and Covenants which states: "Unto every kingdom is given a law; and unto every law there are certain bounds also and conditions." (D&C 88:38.) I also knew the Lord had said that there is no blessing given but what it is given by obedience to the law upon which that blessing is predicated. (See D&C 130:20-21.) Therefore, I knew that even the blessing of the heartbeat was predicated upon law. Our job as researchers was to find out what

some of these laws were, so that we might be able to harness the power contained in the understanding of those laws.

At about this time, my surgical training and exciting research work had to be interrupted because of the Korean War, for which doctors were needed.

The Surgeon General's Office in Washington, knowing of the work that I had done in research, as well as my clinical training with Dr. Wangenstein, thought I could make a particular contribution while fulfilling my obligation for military duty by coming to Washington, D.C., and forming a surgical research unit at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center, coordinating research activities in military and civilian institutions under army contracts. We had recently moved into a new home. This made it doubly difficult to leave the peaceful pursuit of surgical training for the prospects of military duty. Nevertheless, our eyes turned eastward to Washington, D.C., and we contemplated the next major chapter in our lives.

## CHAPTER 10

# Life in Washington, D.C., and in the Army

Because Dantzel was nearly at term, ready to deliver our second child, I preceded her to Washington, D.C., and found an apartment for us, making things ready for her and Marsha's travel by airplane to Washington. Just a few days after their safe arrival, Dantzel gave birth to our sweet daughter Wendy on April 5, 1951, at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center. Her labor room was the suite once occupied by General Pershing, so she was able to look at his lovely chandeliers while she was in labor.

We were alone in Washington. We had no family, no friends, and now two children. Just a few days after Wendy was born, the army changed its plans for me and issued orders for my immediate transfer to military duty in Korea. The war was intense there at that time, and my commanding officers sensed that the time was right for me to go to Korea to engage in surgical research there at the battlefield. This really came as a bombshell to us, of course. We would never have brought Dantzel to Washington to leave her alone with our two small children. So, prayerfully we supplicated the Lord that we might be able to be faithful to our obligations in the military while still being faithful to our family responsibilities.

On the *eve* of my projected departure for Korea, President Harry S Truman suddenly fired General Douglas MacArthur as the commander-in-chief of military operations in the Far East. It was through General MacArthur that all the arrangements for our work in Korea had been made, and so my travel orders were cancelled at once. They were later reissued for departure in June of 1951 after similar arrangements for our research mission had been approved by the new commander-in-chief. Our prayers had been answered, because this change in travel time enabled us to get Dantzel, Marsha, and our new baby in a more stable condition which would allow them to come to Utah to stay with relatives.

General Matthew Ridgeway succeeded General Douglas MacArthur as supreme commander of the Allied forces in Korea, and through him arrangements were again made by the Surgeon General's Office and Colonel William Stone of the Walter Reed Army



Medical Service Graduate School for our trip to Korea to investigate the causes of death among the wounded over there.

We left our apartment vacant, and in June of 1951 I flew to Salt Lake City with Dantzel, Marsha, and Wendy, leaving them with our parents; and then I bade adieu to my beloved family and went about my military duty.

At Travis Air Force Base we were processed for the long overseas flight. Our team consisted of Dr. Fiorindo A. Simeone, professor of surgery from Cleveland; Dr. (Captain) George E. Schreiner, internist from Georgetown University; Dr. (Major) Curtis P. Artz of the Brooke Army Medical Center; and me (a first lieutenant). As a four-man team we lived together for the entire summer of 1951. We flew from Travis Air Force Base to Honolulu. That was the first time I had ever been to Hawaii. We had about an hour stopover between planes, and I thought that would be a great opportunity to get some fresh pineapple, which I dearly loved. I went into the restaurant there and asked for some pineapple. What do you think I got? A slice of pineapple out of a can just as we would have gotten on the mainland. That was a great disappointment, but I remember how sweet the air smelled, how beautiful the weather was, and how lovely the people were, even in just a one-hour layover at the airport.

From Honolulu we traveled to Wake Island, where we saw remnants of the war fought there six years previously with Japan. Wake Island was nothing more than a coral reef with an airport on it and a few Quonset huts. It was so hot.

From Wake we flew to Tokyo for our briefings. The first night in Tokyo there was an earthquake. I was in the top bunk of a double bunk bed, and the first thing I knew, I was on the floor. The chandeliers were swinging and the dressers toppled over. That was a disquieting feeling. The tremors lasted very briefly, and then all was back to normal again.

We flew from Tokyo to Pusan, Korea. On this flight, which was entirely military, I was handed a rifle. I asked them why, and the reply was, "All lieutenants get rifles. Captains and above get pistols." Since I was a first lieutenant, I got a rifle.

I told them that I had never used a rifle before and didn't have any idea how to work it.

"Carry it anyway," was the response.

So I carried that rifle wherever I went. I remember one day while walking through the streets on the outskirts of a little Korean

village with my rifle in hand as ordered, I was fired upon by some North Korean Communist guerillas still hiding in the hills roundabout. I had no way of defending myself because I didn't know from where the shots were coming and I didn't know how to fire the rifle I had. I sensed that my rifle was more of a hazard to me than a protection.

Dr. Simeone, Captain Schreiner, Major Artz, and I visited every Mobile Army Surgical Hospital (M.A.S.H.) in Korea, several battalion aid stations, and went right up to the firing line where our artillery units were firing at the enemy. This seemed quite incongruous to me, for just a few days before I had enjoyed the peace and comfort of a family reunion in our back yard in Salt Lake City, and now here I was in the midst of a war being fired upon and caring for the wounded. There is a saying that there are no atheists in foxholes. I had a firsthand experience of knowing what that was like when one night in one of the Mobile Army Surgical Hospitals we were subjected to an air raid. Dr. Simeone and I shared a foxhole together for most of the night. He, a devout Catholic, and I, a devout Mormon, prayed unitedly in our foxhole that our mission might be a successful one and that our lives might be preserved.

In addition to visiting the vast majority of South Korea and all of the Allied medical institutions there, we visited the prison camp island of Koje-do. That was an eye-opening experience. Cereal for the prisoners' breakfast was cooked in large cauldrons, and the mush was dished out to these soldiers in a very primitive fashion. Their excrement was removed from their quarters down to the sea in what was called a "honey-bucket brigade." Buckets of excrement were placed on each end of a large beam carried across a prisoner's shoulders. Countless numbers of these men lined up in this fashion and walked from the camp to the sea. I can still remember the odor emanating from this honey-bucket brigade.

Our mission also included work at virtually all of our hospitals in Japan, all the way from Tokyo General Hospital on the main island of Honshu down to our hospital in Fukuoka on the southern tip of the small island of Kyushu. We spent a good deal of time in the Osaka General Hospital, where we examined the patients still maimed from cold injury from the preceding winter. Measurements made on these soldiers who had been subjected to frostbite indicated that the blood flow to their extremities was reduced even if cigarette smoke was inhaled secondhand. If a man smoking a cigarette entered

the room, measurable differences in the blood flow to the digits could be detected. I think this is the first time I really began to realize the harmful effects of cigarette smoking on the circulation. Prior to this the harmful effects of cigarettes on the lungs seemed to be general knowledge, but it was just about at this time that the effects of cigarette smoking on the circulatory system began to be evident.

At the conclusion of our work in Korea and Japan, we went back to Tokyo to prepare our report. I remember how shocked Dr. Simeone was one night, as we were working in the hotel, when one of the Japanese maids made the customary offer to bathe him. He said he didn't need that kind of help. I think he was somewhat frightened by the offer, which I'm sure she made in all manner of routine courtesy. The details of our report are probably not relevant to this book, but basically, we found that many of the major blood vessel injuries could be helped by the vascular surgical techniques that our team introduced, that the care of patients subjected to burns could be improved by what we call the "open treatment" rather than massive dressings, and that kidney shutdown or renal insufficiency could be helped by the establishment of an artificial kidney team in Korea. We also advised better hydration of the soldiers during the hot summer months, when already dehydrated men were subject to bleeding, blood transfusions, and further dehydration.

That summer in Korea was hot and uncomfortable, dusty and demanding. I lost about 25 pounds while over there, returning home weighing about 160 pounds. But it was a fabulous experience. I didn't get to meet the people of Korea as well as I would like to have done, since my work was almost entirely with our American and Allied medical forces and the wounded.

Well do I remember meeting one special wounded soldier in a Mobile Army Surgical Hospital. As we were visiting that facility, one of the doctors, knowing I was a Mormon, asked me if I would like to meet one of his patients. He said this boy was a seventeen-year-old boy from Idaho Falls, a priest in the Mormon Church. He thought that his patient would derive some comfort from meeting a fellow Mormon. On our way to the tent where the patient was, the doctor told me that this boy had received a gunshot wound in the spine, transecting the spinal cord, making him a permanent paraplegic. As we approached the bedside I wondered what I could say that would possibly be of comfort to this young man. After we were introduced, the perceptive young man could tell that I was compassionate and

concerned for his welfare. This fine young priest uttered words that I shall never forget. He said, "Don't worry about me, Brother Nelson, for I know why I was sent to the earth: to gain experiences and work out my salvation. I work out my salvation with my mind and not with my legs. I'll be all right!" The faith of that young man has motivated me ever since. He accepted the fact that he would never walk again as a challenge which would fortify his faith even further.

After a long, hot summer in Japan and Korea, Dr. Simeone, Captain Schreiner, Major Artz, and I returned to the United States via a short stay at Tripler Hospital in Hawaii. Of course, the best part of this whole experience was returning to Salt Lake City to find all well with Dantzel, Marsha, Wendy, and our families. After a brief reunion, the four of us returned to our permanent base in Washington, D.C., where we lived at 1902 Amherst Road, Apt. 202, in Hyattsville, Maryland. This was just about a twenty-minute drive from the Walter Reed Army Medical Center, where I worked.

Even though I was a physician of lowest military rank as a first lieutenant, my assignment in the hospital allowed me to direct the surgical work of men of higher rank and age. I was privileged to associate with Major General Wallace Graham, personal physician to President Harry S Truman. He was pursuing residency training in surgery at the hospital in addition to his duties at the White House. I worked closely with General Sam F. Seeley, Major Carl Hughes, Captain Ed Jahnke, Colonel Ed Pulaski, Captain John Howard, Lt. Lester Sauvage, Lieutenant David Sabiston, Captain Alton Ochsner, Jr., Lieutenant Tom B. Ferguson, and others. All of these young and capable men were destined to become great teachers and leaders in our profession, with whom it was a great privilege to serve. Dr. Robert Clarke was the civilian professor of physiology with whom we worked so closely in some of our research on shock.

During the course of those two years my responsibility was varied, including care for patients at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center, directing my surgical research program, and establishing a fluid and electrolyte laboratory which procured the first flame photometer for the determination of sodium and potassium levels in blood. In addition, I was part of the correlative effort in army contract research with civilian medical institutions, which took me to many of the fine medical schools and research centers in the nation. The work I did on bacterial toxinemia in shock was very favorably



received by Dr. Edward D. Churchill, professor of surgery at Harvard Medical School and chief of the surgical service at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. Dr. Churchill was kind enough to offer me a position with him at Massachusetts General Hospital upon completion of my tour of military duty. I told him that I had planned to return to the University of Minnesota, and he suggested that if I were to come there and spend a year to "add to the educational ferment in our institution" he would see that I was properly cared for. This opportunity opened the way for us to change our plans and look forward to a year in Boston after our tour of military duty was over. I'll never forget the kindness and the encouragement extended to me by Dr. Edward D. Churchill. He was truly one of the great giants in American surgical history.

Upon return from Korea, I was called as second counselor in the bishopric of the Washington Ward by Bishop L. Blaine Liljenquist. His first counselor was Brother George H. Bailey, Sr., and for nearly two years I labored with those sweet and celestial brethren in a relationship I shall always treasure. The call to serve was extended to me by our stake president, J. Willard Marriott, for whom we had great admiration and affection. He and his counselors, Samuel R. Carpenter and Frank Kimball, led the Washington Stake in such a wonderful manner. Elder George Q. Morris, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, ordained me a high priest and set me apart as a member of the bishopric on December 27, 1951. My line of ordination through his is as follows:

RUSSELL M. NELSON was ordained a high priest December 27, 1951, by George Q. Morris.

GEORGE Q. MORRIS was ordained a high priest March 8, 1908, by Rudger Clawson.

RUDGER CLAWSON was ordained an apostle October 10, 1898, by Lorenzo Snow.

LORENZO SNOW was ordained an apostle February 12, 1849, by Heber C. Kimball.

HEBER C. KIMBALL was ordained an apostle February 14, 1835, by Martin Harris.

MARTIN HARRIS was one of the Three Witnesses (Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris), who were called by revelation to choose the Twelve Apostles (see D&C 18:37) and on February 14, 1835, were "blessed by the laying on of the hands of the Presidency" (Joseph Smith, Jr., Sidney Rigdon, and Fred-

erick G. Williams) to ordain the Twelve Apostles (*History of the Church*, vol. 2, pp. 187-88).

JOSEPH SMITH, JR., and OLIVER COWDERY received the Melchizedek Priesthood in 1829 under the hands of Peter, James, and John.

PETER, JAMES, AND JOHN were chosen and ordained apostles by the Lord Jesus Christ.

We had so many wonderful responsibilities and opportunities while in the bishopric service. One of the special occasions was the opportunity of getting our patriarchal blessings on March 2, 1952, from the stake patriarch, Brother Joseph Stimpson, a dear and gentle soul who magnified his calling as a patriarch. He was truly special. The blessings he gave to Dantzel and me we shall always treasure. In our ward were many illustrious and important people, including Brother and Sister Edgar B. Brossard, who lived just across the street from the chapel on Columbia Road. Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve was on leave from his apostolic duties to serve as secretary of agriculture in the cabinet of President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

While we were in Washington our third daughter, Gloria, arrived amid prayerful circumstances. The expected date of confinement was September 21, 1952. I had a military assignment to go to New York City for a week on September 22. As the due date approached with no sign of labor apparent, we became very concerned, since I did not want to leave Dantzel alone to deliver that baby and care for our other two without the help I wanted to give. Sunday, September 21, came. Stake conference was being held. We went to the 10:00 a.m. session of stake conference together, and at the conclusion of that two-hour session we supplicated the Lord in mighty prayer that the baby might come.

Labor ensued rapidly thereafter, and our lovely, healthy baby girl arrived at 1:45 p.m., just prior to the commencement of the afternoon session of stake conference at 2:00 p.m. They announced at stake conference that the baby had safely come. We were so overwhelmed and so grateful for the beneficence of our Father in heaven in caring for our needs and answering our prayers that the only phrase we could think of was "Glory to God in the highest." So we named our daughter Gloria, that she and we might always remember our gratitude to and declaration of the glory of God in our lives. It is also symbolic of the fact that the Angel Moroni appeared to the Prophet



Joseph Smith on September 21, 1823.

Later during that year we left our children with Brother and Sister George H. Bailey and had the wonderful privilege of going to Miami, Florida, and Havana, Cuba, with my Mother and Daddy and my brother and sister, Marjory and Robert F. Rohlfing. Havana was an interesting place to visit. Never having studied Spanish, the language proved to be a bit of a problem for me. But more of a problem to us seemed to be their politics and their poverty. We couldn't reconcile the paradox of the poverty and squalor of the people on the streets and yet the elegant ornamentation of their cathedrals and churches. It was also my first experience with life in a nation governed by law significantly different from our own. One day we were being driven around town by our driver, George, an English-speaking guide. He was stopped by a traffic officer and given a ticket. We asked George why he was given a ticket, for we had not been aware of any offense. There had been no speeding, no running of a stop sign, or any other visible offense. George said, "There was no offense; no law was broken. We don't have a government of law and order such as you have. If they want to fine me a few dollars that's their privilege, and I must pay the fine or lose my opportunity to be a guide. I have no legal recourse." That was the first of many incidents that followed later in our lives to make us appreciate the divinely inspired Constitution and other safeguards that we enjoy in the United States of America which allow us liberty under the law. How we felt for George that day.

I was promoted to captain while we still had about three months of military service to render. That promotion came not from any merit or commendable performance, but simply because I had lived long enough to fulfill the requirement of twenty-one months in service as a first lieutenant, whereupon an automatic promotion was to follow.

We had come to love Washington, D.C., and had seized every opportunity to enjoy the museums and historical monuments available there. I shall never forget the opportunity of watching the inaugural ceremonies for President Dwight D. Eisenhower in January 1952. I started watching the proceedings on television while Dantzel was caring for our little ones. Then it suddenly dawned on me that



here I was in Washington, D.C., just a few miles away from where all this was going on. I left the apartment, went downtown as far as I could, parked the car, and then walked the rest of the way to the White House. I watched the rest of the festivities on Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House and was thoroughly inspired by the entire proceedings.

We had made many fast friends in the medical profession and in the Church. Those friendships have endured through the years and have become very choice and valuable enrichments to our lives. Brother Vernon B. Romney filled the vacancy created in the bishopric in the Washington Ward upon my release, so in his capable hands I left the worries, concerns, and spiritual rewards of that office.

On the Sunday night of my release from the bishopric prior to our departing for Boston in March of 1953, Dantzel and I were honored at sacrament meeting. Elder Benson and Bishop Liljenquist offered some very fine remarks. After the meeting was over, Elder Benson asked me if I would accept an assignment from him to be on the lookout for a young man from a fine Mormon family from Canada in whom he was interested. Of course I accepted that assignment, as I would any assignment given me by my leaders in the Church. With that challenge and blessing from an apostle, we looked forward to the next chapter in our lives in Boston, Massachusetts.

## CHAPTER 11

# We Move to Boston

Responding to the invitation from Dr. Edward D. Churchill to join the staff at Massachusetts General Hospital and Harvard Medical School was a privilege that I never dreamed could come to me, for this great man and these wonderful institutions are internationally known. So once again we embarked with our belongings into the unknown. We moved to Boston not knowing a single soul there. We were most fortunate in being able to find wonderful housing at 220 Blanchard Road in Belmont, Massachusetts, right on the dividing line between Belmont and Cambridge. We had the lower floor of a duplex, the upper floor of which was occupied by the owner, Raphael Lorusso, and his wife and family. This lovely unfurnished home was conveniently located near bus lines that I could use to travel to work, which would allow Dantzel to use the car.

Shortly after our arrival in Boston, we found ourselves in this empty apartment without our furniture. In fact, nearly a week elapsed before that van finally arrived. On the evening of our arrival two "angels" appeared at our door, John N. and Elizabeth Hinckley. Those dear folks saw to it that we had sleeping bags and bedrolls, pillows and food, and all that was needed to sustain life until our material goods had arrived. We still regard that as a miracle, for we were total strangers to each other. This also was the beginning of a treasured and enduring friendship which I'm sure will last eternally, for the love that we feel for the Hinckleys cannot be adequately expressed. They are true saints. We enjoyed doing so many things with them. John served as the district president in the Church, and we spent many hours with them.

My work schedule was very demanding, for I was on call at the hospital every other night and every other weekend. It meant that I would kiss Dantzel and the three children good-bye at 6:00 on the morning of my departure and greet them again around 10:00 or 11:00 on the evening of the following day. That usually meant about seven of each forty-eight hours at home, at which time the children were asleep. Almost single-handedly then, Dantzel cared for our loved ones during that year at Massachusetts General Hospital. Usually, however, I was able to make a trade either with my Jewish or my Seventh-Day Adventist friends at the hospital so that I might work

for them a couple of hours on Saturday if they would work for me a couple of hours on Sunday. That enabled me at least to get to Sunday School or sacrament meeting to renew my covenants and also to see my loved ones very briefly. On weekends off, though, we really enjoyed our time together, seeing the glorious sights of New England with all the historical import that this marvelous area has for the nation and for the Church.

Our Church meetings were held in a home across the street from the Longfellow House on Brattle Street. We worked hard to keep it looking nice. We labored, too, in plays, banquets, and other fundraising activities, in order that one day there might be a chapel there. Our Church assignments were to the Relief Society presidency of the branch for Dantzel and to the position of secretary of the adult Aaronic Priesthood in the branch for me. The spiritual welfare of a number of wonderful men became my concern, including Wilbur W. Cox, the husband of the branch Relief Society president, Nora, with whom Dantzel was associated.

Evenings in the home of Wilbur Cox were special. Getting to know this wonderful man and his gracious wife was such an enriching experience. He had developed quite a hobby with his ham radio interests. At first it was a bit hard to overlook the heavy smoke of his cigars in his radio room, but it didn't take long for me to see through that haze and find the wonderful spirit in that man as we learned to know and love him so well. During the course of the year, Brother Cox seemed to be losing some of his apathy toward the Church and gradually became more and more active. In later years, Brother Cox rose to be one of the great leaders in the Church, serving as the first president of the Boston Stake, and subsequently serving as a mission president, as president of the Manti Stake in Utah, and as president of the Manti Temple. This was one of the many fast friendships that we enjoyed in Boston.

Another started at Church one day when Dantzel and I were attracted to a young, hungry-looking couple we saw in Sunday School. We said to each other, "Wouldn't it be nice to invite them to our home for Sunday dinner?" Not knowing who they were, we extended an invitation which they quickly accepted. That was our first encounter with Truman G. and Ann Nicholls Madsen, which marked the starting of a lifelong friendship with this couple who in subsequent years returned to preside over the New England Mission. We

enjoyed many Sundays together. We sang quartet music for meetings at Church. I operated on her when she developed acute appendicitis, and even yielded to her rather insistent demands that on the third day postoperatively she be allowed to travel to Rindge, New Hampshire, for an outdoor Sunday program that was being put on by our church. As a matter of fact we sang there, and Ann didn't want to miss that. This proved to be just a token of the indomitable courage of both of them, for they always have and continue to put the Church first and their own personal comfort and convenience at a lower order of priority.

The tour of duty at the Massachusetts General Hospital was difficult for Dantzel, but very pleasant and challenging for me. As I took the bus every other day to Harvard Square and then took the subway from Harvard Square down to the Charles Street Station and walked the short distance to the Massachusetts General Hospital, I became very familiar with the public transportation system. I made many lifelong friends at the Massachusetts General Hospital and became acquainted with the great men of surgery, both past and present, who were also attracted to this great focus of learning. I think the thing I felt most strongly about this hospital was the conviction that the patient came first. Contrary to the selfish attitude that one so often senses in the world, here the patient really did come first. If others were on an elevator when a patient had to be transported, it was an unwritten rule that those in the elevator exited to allow the patient to be transported on the elevator first; then if there was room left over, others followed. I don't know that I have ever been in another institution where everyone had the kind of genuine feeling of compassion for the patient that they had there. The staff surgeons with whom I worked were Drs. Edward D. Churchill, Richard H. Sweet, Robert R. Linton, Joe V. Meigs, Howard Ulfelder, Arthur Allen, Gordon Donaldson, Leland McKittrick, Oliver Cope, Richard Warren, and others. Fellow residents grew to be the surgical greats of my generation, including George Nardi, Bill McDermott, Hardy Hendren, W. Gerald Austen, Hermes Grillo, and so many others. Dr. Marshall Bartlett was a very special friend in addition to being one of my esteemed surgical teachers. He and Mrs. Bartlett invited us to their home on Cape Cod for a lovely weekend, as did Dr. Henry Marble. There were so many wonderful and great surgeons there, each of whom gave so much to help me to be better than I otherwise might have been. How I love and appreciate those men.



It was in Boston that our fourth baby, Brenda, was born. This was quite a different experience from any of the others, for all of our other children had been born in the hospital where I was working, where I could be close at hand to encourage and sustain Dantzel in her periods of challenge. But there were no obstetrical patients at the Massachusetts General Hospital. She was to be confined in the Richardson House at the Boston Lying-in Hospital. All deliveries were done there by appointment. Women were brought in the night before labor was to be induced and then scheduled for the delivery of their children much as one would schedule an elective operation. My duties at the Massachusetts General Hospital were such that I could not be excused to be with my wife; so on February 3, 1954, that great moment was announced to me by the head nurse while I was in the operating room. She entered and said, "Doctor Nelson?"

I responded, "Yes."

She said, "We've just received word from the Richardson House that your wife has successfully delivered your new baby."

"Yes," I said, while being required to concentrate on the human life in my care at the moment.

"Would you like to know what it was?"

"Yes."

"It was your fourth baby girl!" she said. "She and your wife are doing well!"

Tears of joy filled my mask as the news for which I had been waiting arrived. All was well with Dantzel and our new daughter! Bad as I felt about not being with Dantzel, I think she felt that she was better cared for there than at any place previously. At least she commented on the lovely pink linens used for bed sheets in the hospital and the elegant service she received there. She didn't seem to feel deprived at all. Thus, our fourth daughter, Brenda, arrived.

Dantzel's dear sister Marjorie appeared as an angel from heaven shortly following Brenda's birth to care for Marsha, Wendy, and Gloria as well as Dantzel. Marjorie was accompanied by her daughter, Patricia. How we enjoyed their visit. We managed to find time to take them to the seashore and enjoy french-fried clams. We even bought some fresh lobsters. After we got home, Marsha wanted to have lobster races on the linoleum floor of our kitchen, which we did, using those lobsters as entertainment prior to their being used as our nourishment. We cooked them in Brenda's new diaper pail. We'll always be grateful to Marjorie for her desire to be with us at that time.

We truly enjoyed her helpful influence.

The Church provided a lot of great opportunities for fun. We went on New England clambakes together. I remember one on Ipswich Beach where we lined a deep pit with hot rocks and seaweed, and then piled in the lobsters, corn, and potatoes, and buried those under a tarp and sand while the entrapped heat cooked the meal. Our little baby Gloria crawled all over the sandy beach, having such a wonderful time and also providing a "pièce de résistance" for all the mosquitoes nearby. She was practically eaten alive and yet never did whine or cry, always showing that happy face that has become so characteristic of our sweet Gloria.

The assignment with the adult Aaronic Priesthood required our visiting rather extensively over long distances in those few evenings that were available, but by careful advance scheduling we were able to get those visits made.

With the arrival of our fourth child we felt further the pinch of poverty; but I can never remember any murmurings from my sweet wife, even though I felt that she was being imposed upon, as were the children. But the children didn't seem to know that it was not normal to sleep in sleeping bags on army cots. They just accepted that as a routine way of life. Our one luxury was an upright piano which we bought in Minneapolis for \$100 and transported to Washington and Boston. We had to leave it in Boston when we moved back to Minneapolis, because moving it was too expensive. We bought the piano so that our children might have music in the home and be accustomed to all the good that music could bring in life.

One night as Dantzel and I were walking down Boylston Street in Boston, we pressed our noses against the window pane of a furniture store and Dantzel wistfully asked, "Do you think we'll ever be able to afford a table and a lamp?" We had become accustomed to looking at the things others had without really feeling much remorse because we simply knew that we couldn't have them. That's the only time I ever heard her make any expression of the desire for any material possession that she did not have. It seems amazing to me that a woman could genuinely be as selfless as she has been, for all she ever wanted was enough to provide for the children that were so near and dear to us.

In spite of the very challenging and difficult dimensions of our work in Boston, the year seemed to fly by, and soon it became time for us to return to Minneapolis to complete the work I'd begun there

so many years ago. On the eve of our departure from Boston there was sadness in leaving such wonderful friends as the Hinckleys, the Madsens, the Coxes, and President and Sister J. Howard Maughan, the mission president, with whom I had worked so closely in giving him what help I could when missionaries became ill. We became very close friends and great admirers of President and Sister Maughan.

We had purchased a new Ford station wagon on February 1, 1954, just two days before Brenda arrived. We timed our journey so that we could motor all the way to Salt Lake City for family reunions prior to our returning to Minneapolis. With all the comfort and convenience of a brand new station wagon, I marveled at the Mormon pioneers making that trek with their children under the circumstances associated with their travel. We developed an even greater feeling of empathy and love for those pioneers as we made that transcontinental trek ourselves. Meanwhile, we looked forward to the next chapter in our lives.

## CHAPTER 12

# The Return to Minneapolis

In April of 1954 we returned to Minneapolis, Minnesota, after a three-year absence. We returned to our home at 848 Twentieth Avenue S.E., which had been built in 1950. We had obtained it for \$8,800 on a G.I. loan that required no down payment. Having but one child when we left that home, we returned with four and found that its two little bedrooms were now inadequate. So Dantzel and I, with the help of Bill Groesbeck, finished off the attic into a large, lovely room with knotty pine walls. Dantzel and I each became stiff in the arms from pounding nails, but we had a facility there second to none. It was a great study, recreation room, sewing room, and bedroom, and we enjoyed it so much. It was in this room that I wrote my thesis on gram negative bacterial toxinemia, the research work on which my Ph.D. degree was granted. As I spent many hours up there pounding on the typewriter, Marsha would frequently ask me, "Daddy, are you still working on your 'fecis'?" Sometimes I thought her question came very close to expressing how I felt about the work. I stood the examination on my thesis, completed my senior residency with my esteemed professors Dr. Clarence Dennis, Dr. Owen H. Wangenstein, and others, and was awarded the Ph.D. degree from the University of Minnesota at June commencement in 1954. The major was surgery, the minor was physiology. I don't think I ever worked so long and so hard for one piece of paper as I did for that one.

While I was senior resident in Minneapolis on Dr. Wangenstein's service, one of the junior residents assigned to work with me was a young man from the University of Utah, a fine Mormon doctor by the name of Conrad B. Jenson. I immediately became impressed with his devotion, his faith, his perseverance, and his skill. He was so dependable; whenever an assignment was given to him, the assignment was done and the report was given.

In those intervening years a chapel had been built on Fifty-second Street and Bryant in the southern part of Minneapolis. This gave us a great deal of joy; but that joy was mitigated somewhat by the fact that we were now in another branch and were to meet in a rented hall in the north end of Minneapolis, a hall owned by the Spiritualists. It didn't seem to matter much, though, for the faith and



activities of the members of the Church were undaunted. We had a marvelous branch choir. After the choir performed, they always moved from the seats in the choir loft and went down to become the congregation, for I believe the choir members outnumbered the non-choir members there.

Encouraged by the first successful open-heart operation, accomplished in 1953 by Dr. John H. Gibbon, Jr., in Philadelphia, the research work continued in the field of open-heart surgery at the University of Minnesota.

As the surgical residents who were engaged in this research were meeting one evening with their wives, an interesting thing happened. One of the wives, Mrs. Morley Cohen, was pregnant at the time. She was listening to the residents talk about research problems with surgery involving children with congenital heart defects. The chief problem with the heart-lung machine was that of aerating the blood artificially. The pumping seemed to be handled adequately. The process of oxygenation or aeration, however, seemed to be most damaging to the blood. Mrs. Cohen, without lifting her eyes from her knitting needles, made a very simple and provocative statement. She said, "Why don't you do just as I'm doing now? Let the mother breathe for the baby."

Everyone was in absolute silence, for they realized that she had made a profound statement that was to alter the direction of future research and subsequent practice. Preliminary research worked out the necessary details, and in the year 1954, open-heart surgery was performed by placing the child with the congenital heart defect on one table in the operating room while one of the parents, usually the mother, was placed on an adjoining table. Both were anesthetized and then connected with cannulas and tubing so that blood from the child could be pumped through the body and lungs of the parent for oxygenation. Then that purified blood was returned to the arterial system of the child. This technique, called "controlled cross-circulation," really enabled the field of open-heart surgery to become established. Using the best oxygenator ever devised, another human lung, it was shown that the human heart could be opened and defects repaired and the heart closed again with healing and restoration of health. Under the direction of my colleague, Dr. C. Walton Lillehei, many complex anomalies were proven to be operable by virtue of this technique. Of course, there was great concern that risk and injury might occur to the parent. Yet those parents demonstrated that their

greatest Christian ideal would be achieved in giving of self that life might continue for another. Challenged by this double risk, researchers accelerated their efforts to develop alternative oxygenators. One of the most promising prospects was the use of animal lungs to take the place of human lungs in controlled cross-circulation operations. Later in 1954 and early in 1955, lungs from monkeys were used to provide oxygenation during open-heart surgery while blood was diverted from the natural heart and lungs of the patient. This worked reasonably well, but it was a complicated procedure to get so many lungs of smaller animals to provide the oxygenating surface required. This and other problems turned our attention to oxygenation with nonbiologic oxygenators once again.

These thoughts were uppermost in my mind as we prepared to leave Minneapolis for Salt Lake City in March of 1955, at which time open-heart surgery was being done with the use of biologic lungs.

At the conclusion of my long period of advanced surgical training, it was a great feeling to have reached the stage at which I could open the chest or abdomen of a patient and know that my surgical skills were now adequate to handle whatever might be encountered there. I'm very grateful to Dr. Owen H. Wangenstein for masterminding my surgical training. He is a great surgical teacher, having produced a cadre of outstanding surgeons and surgical teachers who will provide continuing influence on the American surgical scene long after he is gone. To Dr. Clarence Dennis and Dr. Richard L. Varco, I also owe much for teaching me to be a surgeon with their high ideals and expertise.

As my residency was approaching its conclusion, the questions as to where to go and what to do became more pressing. I had a nice offer to return to the Massachusetts General Hospital to the gynecological surgical service which would have been professionally very gratifying and intellectually stimulating. Dr. Wangenstein was gracious enough to extend a genuinely sincere offer for my staying on the faculty there at the University of Minnesota. He offered me \$5,500 a year and an academic rank of instructor in the Department of Surgery. Still, Dantzel and I felt that the original commitment I had explained to him when we arrived in 1947 was the right one—that I wanted to get the very best of surgical training that was available and then return among my people and serve them.

So we rejected these fine offers and returned to Salt Lake City with no offer whatsoever and no arrangements made for work or

income. We sold our home for \$13,500, which retired our mortgage and gave us a little nest egg. We did have one important option. Earlier in the year my Mother and Daddy indicated that they had received an offer to buy their home at 974 Thirteenth East in Salt Lake City. Daddy said simply, "Shall I accept the offer or do you want our home." At that time I was undecided and told Daddy I didn't know; but with the thoughtful vision that only a parent may have, he declined the offer and held the home in the event that we might want it. Then he established a price that made it possible for us to buy the family home from them. Mother and Daddy then moved to an apartment on Thirteenth East just across the street from where Dantzel and I once lived. Thus, in March of 1955 we closed another chapter and moved again, this time to return to Utah and our beloved families.

## CHAPTER 13

# Return to Salt Lake City and the Garden Park Ward

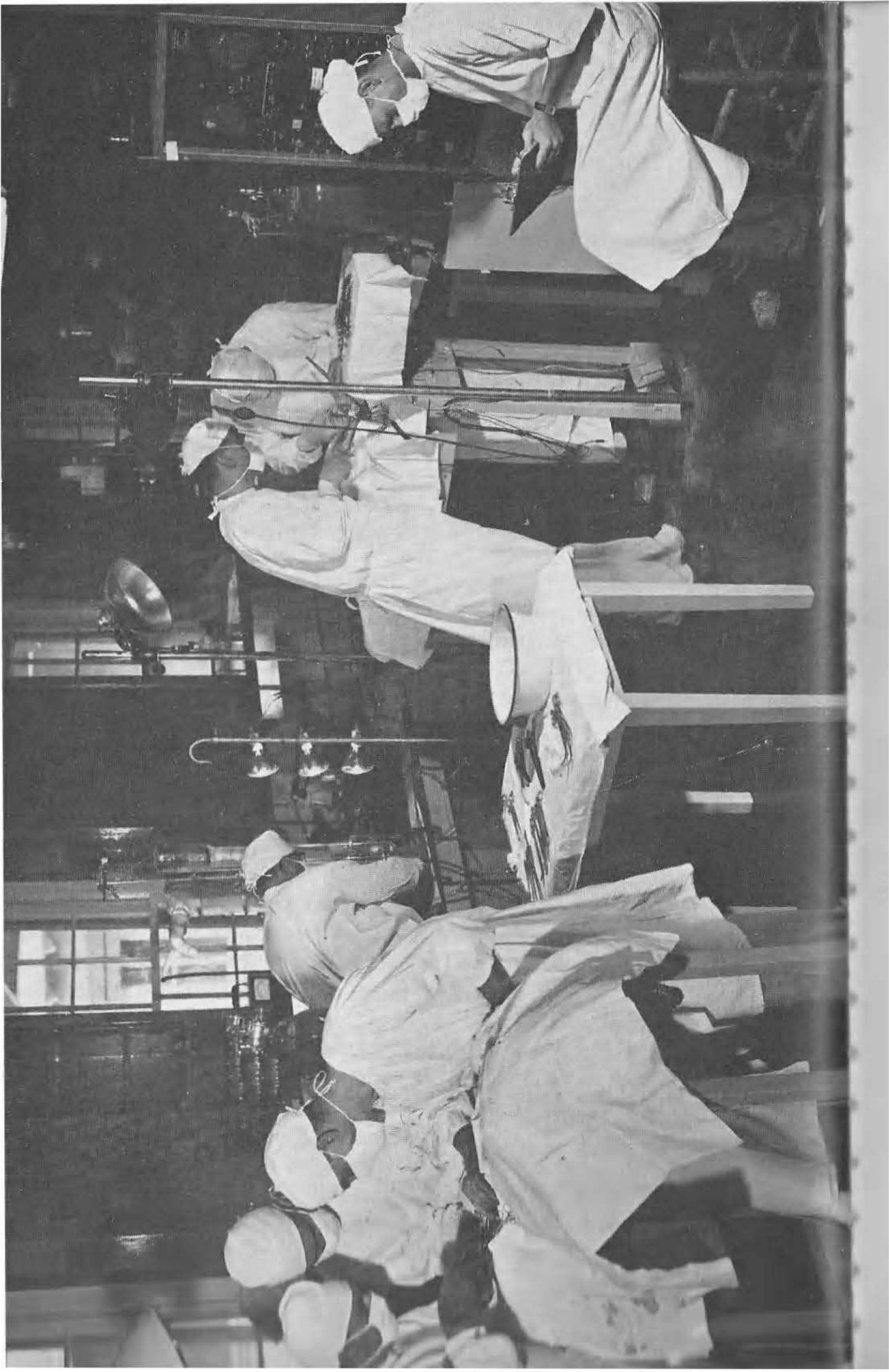
In March of 1955 we again packed up all of our earthly belongings, either into a van or into our car, and journeyed. This move was different, however. Previous moves had been to an unknown destination and a known professional opportunity. This time we were moving to a known destination with friends and family there to greet us, but to an entirely unknown professional opportunity. We had no job, no arrangements made for hospital privileges, and no office location.

Mother and Daddy moved out of the family home at 974 Thirteenth East and we moved in. For us it was a Cinderella transformation. To suddenly have adequate housing with five bedrooms and three bathrooms made us feel as though we were royalty.

I applied for hospital privileges at Holy Cross Hospital but was told that I was not wanted there. The fact that I was born in their institution didn't seem to influence them one way or another; I was given a very cold and unwelcome reception. Then I went to the LDS Hospital and was given an application form; but I don't remember completing it at that time, for upon learning that I had returned to town, Dr. Philip B. Price, professor of surgery at the University of Utah College of Medicine, extended an offer to me to become a full-time member of the faculty as an assistant professor of surgery. Temporary arrangements that I had made for office space in the Tribune-Telegram Building on Main Street were cancelled, and I cheerfully accepted his offer. I could see that this would give me an opportunity to pursue my research interests and teaching, which I loved so much, in addition to some modest surgical privileges. My office was established on the second floor of the Salt Lake County General Hospital on the corner of Twenty-first South and State. I became a full-time member of the faculty surgical staff there along with Dr. Price, Dr. William H. Moretz, and Dr. Ralph C. Richards, general surgeons, and with Dr. Petter A. Lindstrom, neurosurgeon.

At the time we moved from Minneapolis to Salt Lake City we were expecting our fifth child, and when she arrived on June 6, 1955, we named her Sylvia, a name we had loved for years. She came in





a hurry. I remember bringing Dantzel to the hospital around 7:00 in the morning. Knowing that there would be a few preliminaries at which I would not be particularly welcome or needed, I told her that I would go over to my office, make rounds briefly, and then return to be at her side. When I returned, Dantzel was in labor, and I just barely made it in time to sustain her at the time of Sylvia's arrival. Sylvia quickly grew to be an important member of our family.

Dr. Price provided space for my research in a laboratory in a temporary army barracks adjoining the medical school on the university campus. There I continued my research in the development of a pump oxygenator by which open-heart surgery might be performed without using human or monkey lungs as an oxygenator. I was anxious to eliminate the risk to the parent under the conditions of controlled cross-circulation. It seemed to me that oxygen could be introduced into the blood directly to accomplish this purpose. I was encouraged by a preliminary report from my former co-resident, Dr. Richard A. DeWall of Minneapolis, who had successfully used a bubble oxygenator in some human operations there after I left.

My wife, Dantzel, became a collaborating investigator at this time as one evening we talked seriously about the matter of how fine bubbles could be introduced into a column of blood gently enough to oxygenate it and yet not destroy the formed elements of the blood. We reasoned that the foamed blood could then be defoamed and collected in a settling chamber where it could be pumped back to the arterial system of the patient.

So we went to work. She and I snipped off the closed end of a rubber nursing nipple that we had used to feed our babies, and to that opening we tied an oxygen line. Then to the larger open end of that nursing nipple, we glued a rubber diaphragm which Dantzel had perforated about a hundred times with tiny pricks of her sewing machine needle. Then we screwed this modified nipple onto a glass column into which the venous blood flowed. By turning the oxygen gas on, tiny bubbles were created which ascended along with the blood up this oxygenating column. Then as this column of foamy blood erupted over the top of the oxygenating column, we provided a zone of contact so that that blood would pass over some copper

"chore-girls" which were originally made to scrub pots and pans. The "chore-girls" were daubed with a Dow-Corning compound known as silicone antifoam, which changed the surface tension of the bubbles so that they burst, allowing the gas to escape into the atmosphere. The liquid blood surrounding the bubbles cascaded down the walls of the outer receiving chamber and settled without bubbles, awaiting passage through a pump back to the heart.

This oxygenator worked extremely well. We tested it thoroughly on dogs and then were ready to try it on a human being. Our opportunity came in November of 1955. Dr. Hans H. Hecht, professor of medicine and my teacher in medical school, had watched my animal work with great and critical interest. He then referred a patient to me, knowing that this would be my first try at open-heart surgery with an oxygenator of my own design. I felt the weight of this responsibility heavily. I consulted my professor of surgery, Dr. Philip B. Price. I told him that we were ready to go, but that I wanted to counsel with him with respect to the ethics involved. Would it be wise to accept this patient for the operation, or should the patient be sent to Minnesota for the team of my former colleagues there to do the operation? Dr. Price's encouragement was clear and unmistakable. He said, "By all means, if you feel that you can do it, you should do it, and you will have my sustaining support."

The name of this first patient was Mrs. Vernell Worthen, from Price, Utah. She had an atrial septal defect. She knew that she would be the first patient to undergo open-heart surgery in Utah. She didn't seem to be particularly alarmed or frightened by that. She had great faith and confidence, and so we proceeded. Her operation went very well indeed; she recovered without complication and is still vivacious and well in 1978. In subsequent years her husband died. She remarried a fine man whom it was my privilege to meet.

Thus, Utah became the third state in the nation behind Pennsylvania and Minnesota where successful open-heart surgery was accomplished. Not only was this historical event shared by the collaborative work of my wife, but other colleagues as well. Dr. Richard W. Hardy was a medical student with me at the time, and he voluntarily associated himself with the work I was doing in the laboratory. He ran the heart-lung machine for me during that first operation. For the encouragement and excellent support that he gave, I will always be grateful.

After doing cardiac operations on a handful of patients success-



fully with our new pump-oxygenator, I presented a paper on this work at the annual meeting of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery at the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach in 1956. Wanting Dantzel to share in this important experience, I persuaded her to join me on that trip to Florida. The paper was well received. Also while in Florida, I took and passed the examination of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery. After these important experiences had been accomplished, we decided to celebrate just a bit, since the examination was the last hurdle of the many hurdles that we had outlined for ourselves. Together we had worked for the M.D. and Ph.D. degrees and had become certified by the American Board of Surgery in 1954 and the American Board of Thoracic Surgery in 1956. Euphoric in the realization that there would never be another important examination confronting us, we decided to fly to Nassau in the Bahamas for a vacation. We rented a little car, toured the island, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, staying at the Emerald Beach Hotel and getting badly sunburned on Paradise Beach. Nonetheless, we were truly grateful for our blessings and prayerfully and joyfully celebrated.

Those first days of open-heart surgery were like sailing an uncharted sea. Many tragic occurrences were endured. One I shall never forget. Brother and Sister H. had already lost one child from congenital heart disease prior to the advent of cardiac surgery. Their second died also of congenital heart disease, this time following my unsuccessful ministrations. Then in 1957 they brought their third child to me for repair of congenital heart disease. I operated on the child, but she died later that night. In my grief I felt totally inconsolable.

When I arrived home, I told the story to Dantzel and tearfully exclaimed, "I'm through. I'll never do another heart operation as long as I live!" I wept most of the night, not even going to our bedroom, but kneeling beside a chair in our living room. All I could think of were the faces of those two parents, now childless because my skills were inadequate to do what had to be done. I could still see those pathetic children in my mind, blue lipped and with clubbed fingers, yet with smiles of confidence and hope. Words cannot describe my feelings; pain, despair, grief, tragedy—these characterizations only scratch the surface of the torment raging in my soul, which caused me to determine that my failures and inadequacies would never be inflicted on another human family.

As dawn broke, a sleepless Dantzel finally spoke. She said, "If



you quit now, someone else will have to make your mistakes all over again. Isn't it better to keep trying than to quit now and require others to go through the same grief of learning what you already know?"

Her compassionate wisdom was not only for me but for those whom I might serve if I could just work a little harder, learn a little more, and strive further for the perfection that was demanded for consistent success.

I listened to her counsel. I returned to the laboratory and worked again to chart the uncharted sea.

In 1957, through the instigation of Dr. Price, the University of Utah College of Medicine nominated me for the coveted Markle Scholar in Medical Sciences Award, which took me to the competitive meeting in Colorado Springs, Colorado. I was delighted to be among the winners of this award, which included a prize of \$6,000 annually for five years, granted to the University of Utah for my support. This was really a tremendous boost to us, for not only did that income look mighty good, but the prestige associated with the award was and still is very meaningful.

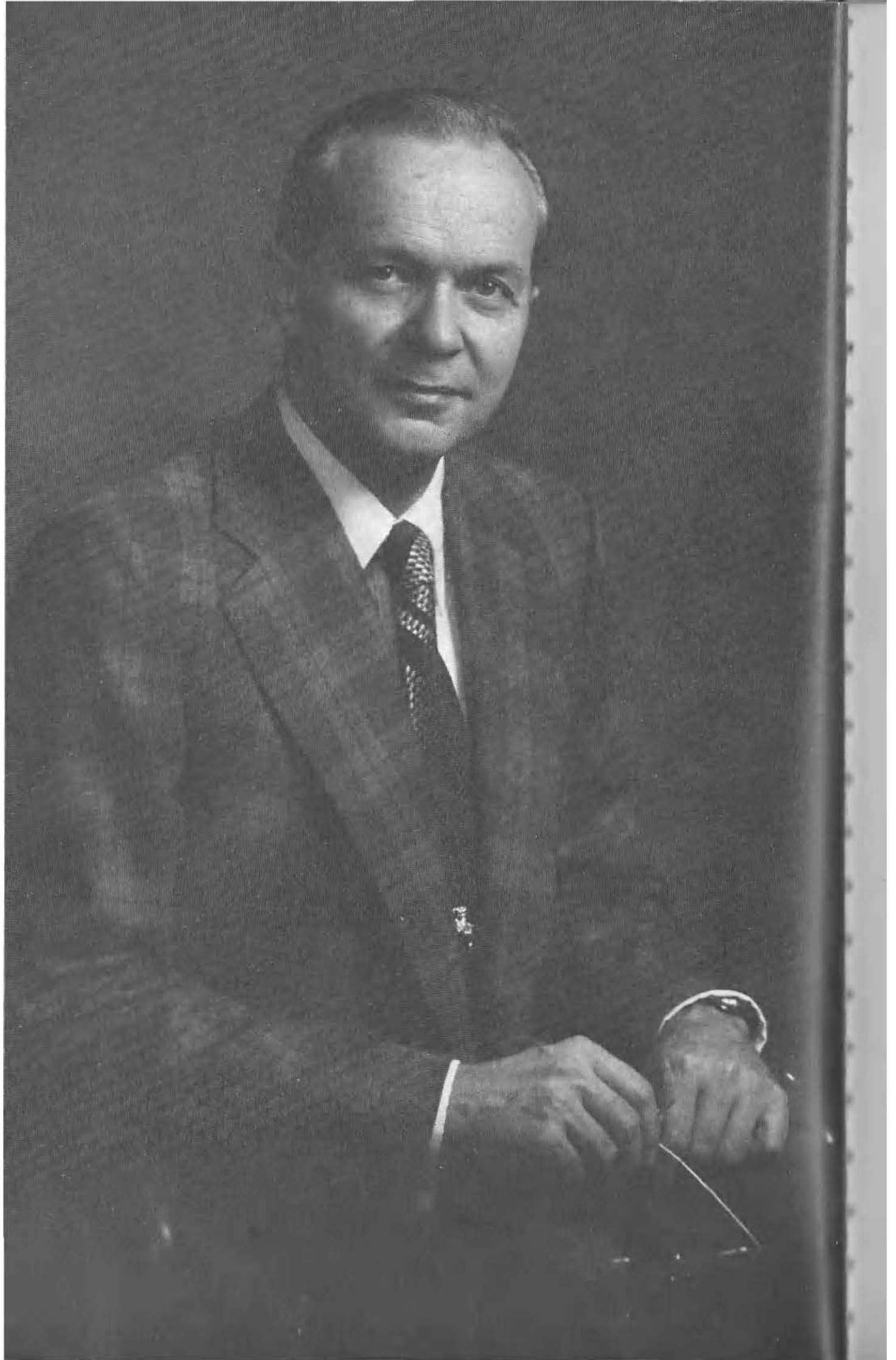
The dean of the University of Utah College of Medicine resigned about this time, and my dear friend and mentor, Dr. Philip B. Price, was persuaded to become the new dean. While I knew this meant that we would have a superb dean, it also meant that we would have a new professor of surgery, which could have a significant impact on the development of my career. Indeed it did, for the man chosen to be the new professor and head of the Department of Surgery was Dr. Walter J. Burdette. He made a very favorable impression on the search committee because of the work he had done in genetics and molecular biology. It soon became apparent that his long-range plans did not include my remaining in the department. I was somewhat oblivious to this for a while, but it became rather evident when the Markle Scholar money which had been awarded for my use began to be diverted by Dr. Burdette's direction to other uses. I felt he had confiscated the award that had been given to me; but in spite of Dr. Price's pleadings, both with Dr. Burdette and with the Markle Scholarship people themselves, Dr. Burdette's desires could not be changed. So after four wonderful years as a full-time member of the faculty at the University of Utah College of Medicine, I resigned from my position on the faculty and released the Markle Scholar award after having held it for only two years.

Meanwhile, I had completed that application for staff privileges at the LDS Hospital and was greatly encouraged by the administrator there, Mr. Clarence Wonnacott, and my good friend Dr. Homer R. Warner. Not only did they encourage me to come, they welcomed me with open arms and provided laboratory facilities in which my work could continue. In addition, I was given an offer to affiliate with the staff at the Salt Lake Clinic, this offer being tendered by my esteemed friend and colleague Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson. So in March of 1959 I moved my office to the Salt Lake Clinic, 105 East South Temple, across the street from the Alta Club just east of the Eagle Gate. My research laboratory was moved from the temporary barracks at the University of Utah to the seventh floor of the west wing of the LDS Hospital. Joining with me in the move was my laboratory associate and technician, James W. Henry. Thus, once again I made a move into the unknown based primarily on faith, but feeling considerably hurt that I had been treated so unfairly by one important member of the faculty at the medical school.

The years at the Salt Lake Clinic were most enjoyable. It was a delight to associate with such wonderful, well-trained, and skilled physicians there. During that period of time the Salt Lake Clinic moved to their new quarters at 333 South Ninth East. My office was on the second floor in the west wing of that building.

I had been there only about two years, with only a small practice, when I received a phone call on June 20, 1961, from my former surgical colleague and resident in Minneapolis, Dr. Conrad B. Jenson. He indicated that he was now completing his residency and was wondering about the possibility of associating with me. His father was a prominent physician in Ogden, and throughout our period of acquaintanceship I had always assumed that he would return to Ogden. We spent eight hours on the Fourth of July analyzing the pros and cons of possible association. Neither the Salt Lake Clinic nor I could offer him much in the way of specific encouragement, for my work had not built up to the point where I needed help; and yet I realized that he was a special individual who would come along only once in a lifetime. So I determined that I would take him as my associate and persuaded the Salt Lake Clinic to feel the same way.

It is interesting in retrospect to look back on important decisions that shape the future of a man's life and see how relatively effortless those decisions seem to be at the time. The decision to marry Dantzel, the decision to have Conrad as an associate—both seemed to





be so easy. Now, with the hindsight of these many years, it is apparent that I couldn't have been more blessed than I have been with such companions with whom I might share this life both at home and at work. They are truly special people.

After four wonderful years at the Salt Lake Clinic, it became evident that my peculiar goals and characteristics might best be served if the practice were more independent rather than clinic-oriented. I had interests in research and in teaching, and work in the Church as well; these interests and responsibilities would require that I spend considerable periods of time away from the practice of medicine at the clinic, while all the other members of the clinic pursued their medical work full time. Even though I was able to hold my own with them by producing a fair share of the income and extracting a fair share of the returns, I could see that inevitably there would be those who might resent the time I wanted to spend doing other things in life.

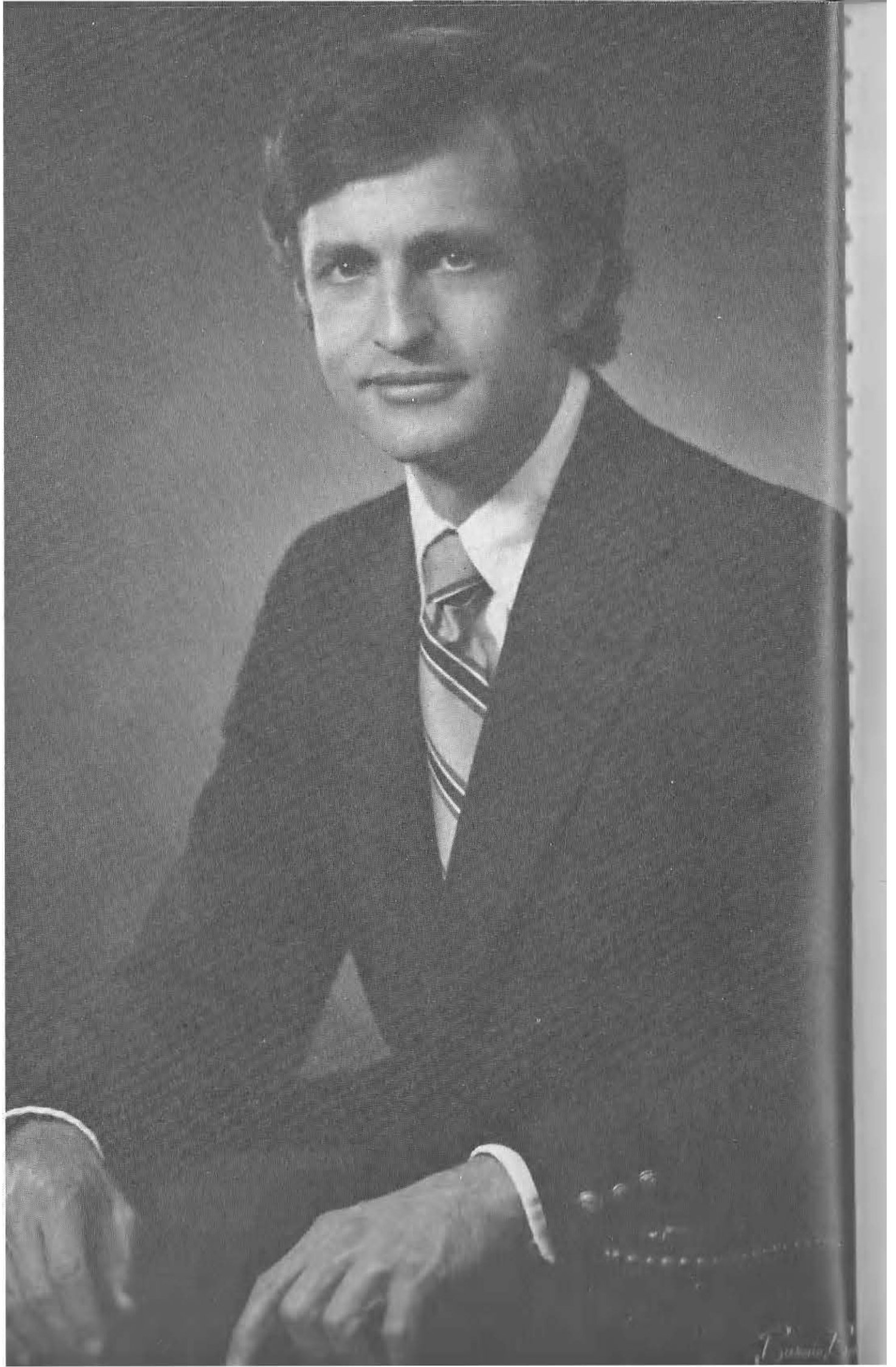
So by mutual agreement and common consent, I left the clinic in April of 1963 and was joined by Conrad in July of 1963 as we became partners and colleagues in an office at 508 East South Temple. We were fortunate in engaging the services of Mrs. Helen P. Kemp, who had left the Salt Lake Clinic as a receptionist just a short time before our decision. Our associations with her have been and still are of great worth to us. She has always been absolutely dependable, honest, and an indefatigable worker.

Dr. Jenson and I have enjoyed working together in Salt Lake City for more than seventeen years now. Never in that time has a cross word passed between us. It has been a genuine pleasure to work with such a choice soul, a noble saint, and a fantastic surgeon.

Although other younger surgeons were considered as possible associates over the years, we became a trio only in July of 1977 when Dr. Kent W. Jones joined us. He had worked with us when he was a medical student. We had watched him carefully for a decade, then agreed that he was such an outstanding individual that we would like to have him as our associate. He and his lovely wife, Kirsten, have brought special enrichment to our lives and to our community.

Meanwhile, our activity in the Church continued in the Garden Park Ward. Hoyt W. Brewster, my former priests quorum adviser, was now the bishop; and he invited me to be the adviser to the priests





quorum, which, with more than fifty young men, was reported to be the largest priests quorum in the world at that time. This was a marvelous assignment which I enjoyed so very much, for it was my privilege to teach some men in that quorum who have become great and responsible people in the community, both locally and beyond. That assignment was terminated when I was asked to be first assistant to John Matheson in the superintendency of the Bonneville Stake YMMIA. Gary Wilmarth was the second assistant superintendent. We worked closely with Belle M. Oswald, who was president of the YWMIA in the Bonneville Stake. We enjoyed that service so much. Then when Dr. Melvin A. Cook was released from the bishopric of the Garden Park Ward in 1958, Bishop Brewster called me to serve as his second counselor. The first counselor was Brother Paul W. Cox, and together we labored for about five and a half years in this very choice relationship. We had more than a thousand members in the ward, all very near and dear, including President Joseph Fielding Smith, President Hugh B. Brown, Elder Richard L. Evans, Elder Sterling W. Sill, and their wives.

## CHAPTER 14

# Special Experiences (1956-57)

Our neighbor at 960 South Thirteenth East was Charles F. Solomon, who was in his eighties when he came to speak at our home on April 15, 1956. He had close contact with those who knew the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon. I recorded several parts of his presentation, knowing that this information would be valuable in years to come.

Brother Solomon referred to the prophecies in the book of Ether 5:1-4 and 2 Nephi 24. Brother Solomon's grandfather was given \$5,000 by Joseph Smith to purchase the temple site at Independence, Missouri—a sixty-three acre tract, some owned by Hedrikites and some by Reorganites.

"On his deathbed, Oliver Cowdery testified to William Biggerton that he saw the angel," Brother Solomon said. He learned of this testimony from William Biggerton himself.

"Oliver Cowdery was excommunicated from the Church and later practiced law in Minnesota. In court there once, many years after his excommunication, he reaffirmed his testimony that he had seen the angel, and spoke words to the effect that 'he can't deny, dare not deny' the actuality of that experience.

"David Whitmer died in Richmond, Missouri, in 1888. Angus M. Cannon [Brother Solomon's friend] was with David Whitmer at his deathbed, and heard a strong testimony borne by David Whitmer at that time. The day after David Whitmer's death, President Cannon got the story that some men had gotten Brother Whitmer drunk at one time, but even then he bore strong witness that his experiences concerning the Book of Mormon were true. David Whitmer never admitted the loss of membership in the Church."

Regarding Martin Harris: Edward Stevenson, who traveled in the mission field with Brother Solomon, raised money to bring Martin Harris to Utah. Brother Harris's grave is in Clarkston, Utah.

William Horton told Brother Solomon that he heard Martin Harris testify that he saw the angel and the plates. Martin Harris, Jr., did temple work for his father while a member of Charles F. Solomon's congregation.

President John Taylor called for Brother Solomon once and showed him the bullet mark on his left arm that he sustained at the

time of the murder of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

These experiences are recorded here because they represent records of those who personally knew the Prophet and the Three Witnesses.

Honors began to come to me during these years.

At the annual banquet of the Salt Lake Junior Chamber of Commerce on January 24, 1957, I was completely surprised by being named "Outstanding Young Man of the Year for Salt Lake City." The award was given by Governor George D. Clyde. Also in attendance were Mayor Stewart and—best of all—Dantzel, Mother, and Daddy, who were all appropriately recognized. It was a humbling and startling experience. I received a key, a plaque, and a framed certificate.

This entry from my diary of February 17, 1957, is self-explanatory: "(Dantzel's 31st birthday). We again were invited by the Junior Chamber of Commerce to attend a banquet at the Newhouse Hotel—this time to be one of three selected as outstanding young men of the State. Eggert of American Fork and Meyers of Ogden were the other two. I was glad Dantzel, Mother, and Daddy were there. Certainly they have been responsible for any good that I may have done.

"So in the space of six short weeks, five major recognitions have come: (1) Markle candidate from Utah Medical School, with trip to Colorado; (2) election to Society of University Surgeons; (3) Salt Lake City JC award; (4) Utah State JC award; (5) Markle Scholarship was awarded.

"Naturally, this is both flattering and challenging. It is an evidence to me of the truthfulness of the gospel. Particularly in these Markle meetings where the competition was so keen, with very bright scientists from all over the United States and Canada, I owe the victory to the teachings of the Lord revealed through his prophets in the Church. I know that I alone am not that worthy. Many were smarter and much more outstanding scientists than I. But they were judging on motivations and values. Where could one get better instruction on these than I have had in my studies of the gospel? Among such competition, this was one of the few ways I could be different. By being a member of the Church, I was at once stamped as different. I not only tried to emulate the teachings, but I actively advocated the principles of the gospel as applied to each topic that came up for debate. They watched me carefully to see if I'd stand by my convic-



tions, I'm sure. To think of my numerous blessings, all these plus those of my faithful wife, Dantzel, my angel daughters, my ever-helping parents, the priesthood, our eternal marriage in the temple—I am sure that I am blessed far beyond my capacity or worthiness—but I here express my gratitude.”

## CHAPTER 15

# Life Anew at Normandie Circle

When Sylvia was only two and a half, she wandered away from home to follow her sisters to the Douglas School. She ended up in the arms of a police officer, who sang her to sleep and then brought her safely home—but not until he had her picture taken for the newspaper. As I recall, this was in the *Deseret News* and it was really a beautiful picture of such a sweet little soul who loved her sisters so much that she wanted to follow them to school.

Meanwhile, traffic on Thirteenth East was increasing, and an anxiety lurking in Dantzel's mind became overt one day when our little toddler Rosalie wandered out into the street. A passing motorist quickly parked his car, rescued Rosalie from the middle of the thoroughfare, and brought her to the front door of our home and greeted Dantzel with that story. It was then, I think, that she determined that we were to move from Thirteenth East. On May 31, 1963, when we were having a picnic in Liberty Park, she said, "Honey, I'm sorry, but we're going to have to leave the picnic a little early. I've made an appointment with a realtor to look at a home for us at 7:30 p.m."

With shock and surprise, I acquiesced to her request and appeared with her at 1347 Normandie Circle to meet the realtor. As we pulled up to the house, I thought, "What a ridiculous appointment this is. It's obvious that this little home wouldn't accommodate our large family."

But when we were shown inside by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Carleson, and saw the great potential that was there, we were impressed that this could be a choice place to rear our family. As Fred Carleson showed us down around the canyon behind the home, we walked through the heavily wooded, impenetrable jungle. I had the remarkable vision that one day we could have a cabin down there on that stream that would fulfill a yearning we'd had for some time for a canyon cabin. (We had realized the inadvisability of ever owning a cabin in the mountains, for being a thoracic surgeon meant that I had to be close to my patients, who were usually so very, very ill.)

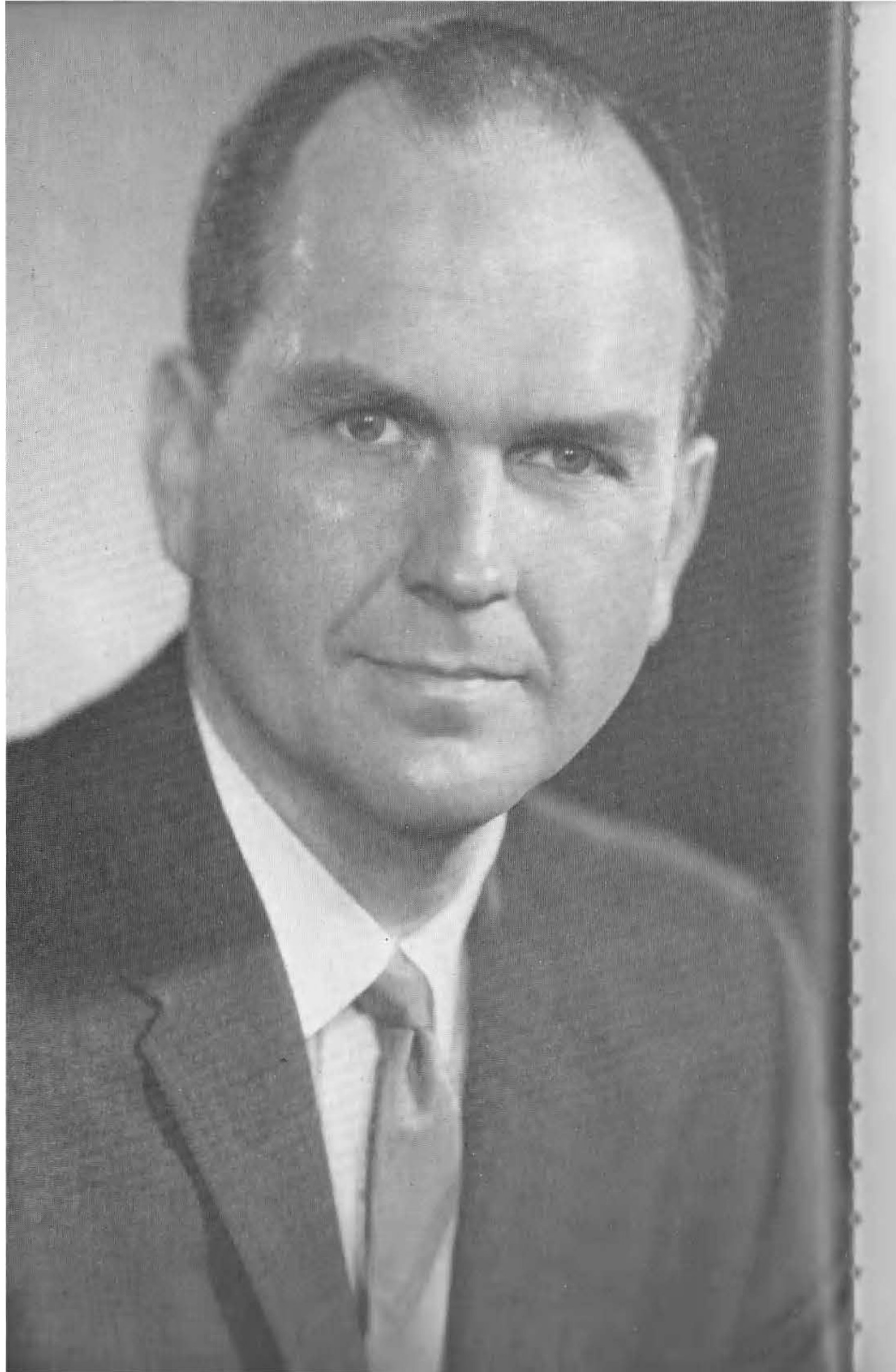
Two hours after first meeting the Carlesons in this home, we had agreed to purchase it. We deposited earnest money and then faced



the prospects of returning to our children to let them know what we had done. They were shocked! No one wanted to move. No one supported the idea. They wept and we wept; yet somehow we felt it was right, and the children ultimately sustained us in that decision. I know how bad I felt, too, in the realization that we had our mortgage reduced on the home on Thirteenth East to the point where in the foreseeable future the home could be entirely paid for; and then suddenly to go into deep debt again with an even larger mortgage made me feel most uncomfortable. But the thoughts of little Rosalie toddling out into the middle of Thirteenth East and the possibility of moving our family to a quiet circle where a large number of children could be raised without the fears engendered by traffic on a busy street prompted us to think that the price would be worth it.

We had tears of separation again at the time of leaving the Garden Park Ward, where I had served in the bishopric for about five and a half years. We moved from 974 Thirteenth East to 1347 Normandie Circle on November 11, 1963. Shortly thereafter, on December 8, 1963, the stake president, Frank B. Bowers, called me to be an alternate high councilor. I was overwhelmed and surprised by this call; but I couldn't have been more highly complimented, for I honored President Bowers and loved him and his counselors, President Ira B. Sharp and President Ferdinand E. Peterson, so very much. It was a choice privilege to work closely with them and the other members of the high council. I did not remain the junior man for long, though. Shortly thereafter, Bishop Joseph B. Wirthlin was called to the circle of the high council, having been released as bishop of the Bonneville Ward, where he had served so long and so well. I became very impressed with Bishop Wirthlin and enjoyed the privilege of sitting beside him in our high council meetings.





## CHAPTER 16

### Service as Stake President (1964-71)

Elder Spencer W. Kimball and Elder LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve were appointed to come to the Bonneville Stake in December 1964 to release the stake presidency and install a new one. Frankly, I didn't give the matter a lot of thought other than to lament the end of a very pleasant relationship with President Frank B. Bowers, President Ira B. Sharp, and President Ferdinand E. Peterson.

On the Wednesday evening prior to that stake conference I was shocked by the statement of my fellow high councilor, Judge Joseph G. Jeppson, who said, "It has been revealed to me that you will be our new stake president."

This upset me tremendously. I had so much admiration and esteem for Brother Jeppson that I was surprised that his information and propriety had faulted him so. The next night, however, I had a similar impression—not clearly that I would be the stake president, but that I would somehow be involved in the change.

I remember how poorly I did in my interview with Elder Kimball. He showed me a figure and asked if that represented all the tithing that I had paid in the preceding year. I said I didn't know anything about that particular figure, but I knew I was a full tithe payer.

He said, "Well, I thought you were a little more prosperous than this figure might indicate."

I said, "I don't know how much money I paid in tithing last year. All I know is that I was a full tithe payer."

Then I went home and consulted my records and found that he had record of the tithing for the one month that we resided in the Yale Second Ward during the preceding year. He didn't have record of the tithing I had paid for the eleven previous months of the year while residing in the Garden Park Ward. I thought, "Well, how stupid can I be to not have an idea as to how much tithing I had paid."

That Friday evening our family had been asked to sing for the annual stake leadership party. Dantzel accompanied our eight lovely

daughters as they sang. They did such a lovely job. I'm sure the Brethren must have been impressed by our choice girls.

The following Saturday afternoon as we were involved in stake conference meetings, I was called out of the meeting to meet with Elder Richards and Elder Kimball. Elder Kimball said, "We feel that the Lord wants you to preside over this stake. During our many interviews, whenever your name has come up the response has been rather routine: 'Oh, he wouldn't be very good,' or 'He doesn't have time,' or both. Nonetheless, we feel that the Lord wants you. Now if you feel that you are too busy and shouldn't accept the call, then that's your privilege. But we have to remain true to the inspiration given to us to extend you the call to be the president of Bonneville Stake."

I simply answered that that decision was made August 31, 1945, when Sister Nelson and I were married in the temple. We made a commitment then to "seek...first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," feeling confident that everything else would be added unto us, as the Lord promised. (See Matt. 6:33.) The Lord had been so good to us that there was nothing we desired more than to serve where he wanted us to serve, in whatever capacity we were called to serve.

They said, "Do you want to call Sister Nelson and get her permission?"

"I would like to call her," I said, "but not to get permission, for I know the answer she will give. I have just given it to you, but I think that she would appreciate such a call as a courtesy."

We phoned her and she said what I thought she would say. In other words, she sustained me wholeheartedly. This upset her plans a bit too, because she had just accepted a personal request from Brother Richard P. Condie to be a member of the Tabernacle Choir. But Elder Kimball and Elder Richards counseled her to decline that assignment, at least for the present, and lend her full support to me in this new calling instead.

Then the Brethren said, "Let us know whom you would like to call for your counselors."

"May I pray about it?" I asked.

They said, "Yes. We'll be back in twenty minutes."

So I consulted with the Lord about it in prayer and had a clear vision as to who should be called. I had already answered the



Brethren the day before when they asked who I thought would be the best stake president: unequivocally I had said, "Joseph B. Wirthlin." I could not be inconsistent now, but simply redeclare the feeling that he would be the best leader in the stake. It was also clear to me that Albert R. Bowen should be the other counselor. Because he was older, Albert became the first counselor, and Joseph became the second counselor. That marked the beginning of nearly seven wonderful years serving together in the presidency of the Bonneville Stake. We were set apart under the hands of Elder Kimball and Elder Richards on December 6, 1964. Elder Spencer W. Kimball's priesthood lineage is as follows:

SPENCER W. KIMBALL was ordained an apostle October 7, 1943, by Heber J. Grant.

HEBER J. GRANT was ordained an apostle October 16, 1882, by George Q. Cannon.

GEORGE Q. CANNON was ordained an apostle August 26, 1860, by Brigham Young.

BRIGHAM YOUNG was ordained an apostle February 14, 1835, under the hands of the Three Witnesses (Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris).

The THREE WITNESSES were called by revelation to choose the Twelve Apostles, and on February 14, 1835, were "blessed by the laying on of the hands of the Presidency," Joseph Smith, Jr., Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams, to ordain the Twelve Apostles. (*History of the Church*, vol. 2, pp. 187-88.)

JOSEPH SMITH, JR., and OLIVER COWDERY received the Melchizedek Priesthood in 1829 under the hands of Peter, James, and John.

PETER, JAMES, and JOHN were ordained apostles by the Lord Jesus Christ. (John 15:16.)

Prior to that blessing I had indicated to them that one of the most serious problems confronting me as a cardiac surgeon was the surgical procedure of aortic valve replacement. We had been into that work for about two years, and for each year our mortality rate was about 21 percent. Not only that, but each time I embarked on that course, subjecting a patient to such a high-risk operation, it meant not only a high risk for the patient, but usually an entire night of my commitment to follow-up care as we tried to get the patient through



the rigors of that operation. In setting me apart, Elder Kimball blessed me that the quality of my professional work would be increased so that I would have time to complete my work as stake president without jeopardizing the care that was required by my seriously ill patients; moreover, that my ability to perform cardiac operations would increase, and that the mortality rates would decrease to a more acceptable range. Dantzel and I were so moved by his blessing to us. We never forgot it—indeed, we remembered it vividly during the subsequent years as the tally of my surgical results indicated that the mortality rate from then on fell from over 21 percent to less than 5 percent each year.

The blessing he gave me in 1964 ultimately inured not only to the benefit of those patients who followed but to Elder Kimball himself, for in the year 1972 the open-heart operation that I was to perform on him included aortic valve replacement! Through the priesthood blessing offered to me by an apostle of the Lord, I had been able to reduce the surgical mortality rate in aortic valve replacement to one of the most favorable in the entire world. Having been invited to Russia in 1971 to detail the results of aortic valve replacement in patients over sixty years of age, I was able to report only a single death in fifty-five patients from that age category. I mention this not to tout any achievement of mine, but to acknowledge my gratitude to the Lord and to the power of his priesthood for blessing me with the ability to do the professional work demanded of me with less risk to my patients than ever before, and for giving me the time necessary to serve in my new calling.

Later, on January 13, 1965, a special meeting of the stake presidents in the Salt Lake Valley was called by Elder Kimball for another matter, and when I appeared in that meeting he embraced me warmly and said, "Brother Nelson, are you still the president of the Bonneville Stake?"

I said, "Oh yes."

He laughed and said, "After you were called to be stake president, I had all sorts of people tell me they thought you wouldn't last more than two weeks. It delights me to see that you're still serving."

That was rather typical of Elder Kimball's marvelous sense of humor.

Seven years later, I prepared a summary of the historical events that transpired during my years as president of the Bonneville Stake.

This history lists dates and events, but it doesn't convey the feelings associated with these important occasions.

I recall, for example, the process of dividing the Garden Park Ward. I had served about five and a half years in the bishopric of that ward, as counselor to Bishop Hoyt W. Brewster. One of the things that Elder Kimball pointed out in his eight- or nine-page summary of advice to me on my becoming stake president was that I might want to look into the advisability of dividing the Garden Park Ward because of its large size (more than 1,100 members). Having worked with Bishop Brewster so closely over those years, I knew that he was very anxious to keep the ward intact, for he loved all of those people so very much. The thought of dividing the ward was not attractive to him at all. But, obedient to the counsel given to me by Elder Kimball, I caused that a study be done, and then I counseled thoroughly with the General Authorities living in the area, including President Joseph Fielding Smith, who resided in the Garden Park Ward for a long time. President Smith put the final capstone on my research when he said, "That ward should be divided; let's do it."

For me to go into the home of my beloved bishop, Hoyt W. Brewster, and advise him that the time had come for him to be released as bishop and that the ward should be divided brought me to a confrontation I had dreaded. But Bishop Brewster was magnificent in receiving the news. He sustained me one hundred percent and made it relatively easy for me and the people of the ward to adjust to this change, which was accomplished on June 5, 1966. How I love that man and appreciate his greatness. Naturally, I wanted him to be a high councilor, which call he graciously accepted. Subsequently, when I was called to be general president of the Sunday School, he accepted a call to come with me as a member of the general board. I appreciated his wisdom and experience so much, for in addition to his service as bishop of the Garden Park Ward for fourteen years, he previously served on the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association and so brought a dimension of experience to the general board that I badly needed at that time.

Our deep and enduring friendship was brought to other dimensions of richness as well, for it was my privilege when serving as an officer in the Utah State Medical Association to convince my colleagues there, and Hoyt Brewster, too, that it would be to everyone's mutual advantage if he would leave his present employment in the printing and advertising business to become employed

as executive director of the association. This affiliation has proved to be a great blessing for the doctors and citizens of the state as well as to the directors of medical associations throughout the nation. To have had a hand in this happy union of Bishop Brewster to the benefit and blessing of all the doctors in the state and the people we serve was indeed one of the joyous additions to our friendship.

Our associations together took on a more somber note in April of 1972, however, when we found he had dangerous occlusive disease of his coronary arteries which would require open-heart surgery for relief. So on successive days in the second week of April 1972, I did cardiac surgery on Hoyt W. Brewster, the man who had called me to serve as counselor to him in the bishopric of the Garden Park Ward, and on Elder Spencer W. Kimball, who had called me to serve as stake president.



Hoyt W. Brewster and his wife, Naomi S. Brewster.



The highlights of the history of my service as stake president have been completed in a document on file in my home. I gave a copy of this history to President Francis M. Gibbons, who collected many documents in order to prepare a concise history of the Salt Lake Bonneville Stake. The resulting publication, a book entitled *A Tradition of Excellence*, was published in 1977. It is an outstanding publication, reviewing all that transpired there from 1935 to 1977.

During the period of my presidency, from 1964 to 1971, the membership of the Bonneville Stake fluctuated around the 6,000 mark most of the time. When the Garden Park Ward was divided, the number of wards in the stake was raised from nine to ten. A dependent branch was created, the Friendship Manor Branch, as part of the Douglas Ward. Bishoprics were chosen for eight of the ten wards at least once during this period of time. Only two wards enjoyed the continuing service of the same bishop through this six-and-a-half-year period: the Bonneville Ward, led by Bishop Douglas A. Smith, and the Douglas Ward, led by Bishop Reed L. Reeve.

The continuity of the stake presidency during this period was uninterrupted. For this, I am particularly grateful to President Albert R. Bowen and President Joseph B. Wirthlin, whose remarkable devotion and loyalty constitute one of the most significant aspects of the history of the Bonneville Stake. Not only did they carry out their assignments faithfully and fulfill their goals even beyond expectation, they always sought additional ways to lighten my load. To them and to all of the other men with whom I was so closely associated on the high council, in the bishoprics, and in the leadership of the priesthood quorums I acknowledge my sense of deep gratitude and profound admiration and affection.

The missionary work was well supported by the Saints during this period. Not only did they send their sons and daughters and many mature couples on missions, but through the fine activities of the priesthood quorums they also developed a fund that provided financial support for literally hundreds of other missionaries throughout the world.

There was a striking increase in genealogical accomplishment, with a high percentage of the members of the stake fulfilling their assignment to complete their four-generation group sheets. A significant increase in the number of temple endowments was also accomplished.



Priesthood home teaching was consistently reported above the 90 percent level, associated with a steadily increasing awareness of the full intent and import of the responsibility borne by each home teacher.

Welfare assistance was rendered to an increasing number of people within our stake. While it was a time of relative prosperity, there were many who required and received necessary assistance through their bishops. A substantial welfare fund was inherited from the fine work of President Frank B. Bowers. This fund was then very successfully invested to provide the healthy increase in cash value that we were able to turn over to President Gibbons, awaiting the day when the proper inspiration and decision might come regarding the disposition of these funds for welfare purposes. The healthy increase in the value of this fund was noteworthy, especially in view of the general downward trend in the investment market during those years. All regional welfare assessments were promptly paid each year.

The work of the auxiliaries flourished. The Sunday School attendance usually stood in the 45 percent area, which was well above the Church average. The activities of the Relief Society sisters were well conceived and much appreciated. Their attendance rose sharply during this period. The work of the sisters in the Primary has always been a bright light in the Bonneville Stake, with the percentage of attendance usually ranging between 85 and 95 percent. What more can be said of such outstanding service? The work of the Mutual Improvement Associations was outstanding amidst the trials that many of the youth of the world were experiencing. The attendance at our MIA held steady. Rather substantial assessments were levied to the Bonneville Stake to support the Scouting funds in the area, and these assessments we always met promptly and in full.

The buildings of the stake were well cared for. Significant additions were made to the Garden Park Ward, and major renovations were provided for the Thirty-third Ward and Yale Ward chapels. The Yalecrest Ward chapel had already been significantly remodeled. A substantial capital improvement fund was also set aside for the future remodeling and necessary maintenance of the Bonneville Ward chapel and stake center.

Considerable time and study had been invested in the possible acquisition of land in the mountains as a recreational area for our members, but no purchase was made.

Finally, the overall spiritual health of the members of the stake was felt to be in fine condition. The sacrifices made willingly by the Saints seemed countless. The donations, tithes, and offerings continued to increase each year, not only in absolute numbers but also in the percentage of those participating. The level of accomplishment of music in the stake was a source of great satisfaction, with the Bonneville Strings under the direction of Brother David A. Shand, and with the good work of each ward choir director. There was a choir in every ward and a feeling of real reverence and worship resulting from the music they provided.

Most of all, there was a feeling of faith, unity, and love—love



Bonneville Stake presidency and wives on a summer outing, 1965. *From left:* Russell M. Nelson, Dantzel W. Nelson, Elisa R. Wirthlin, Joseph B. Wirthlin, Margret J. Bowen, Albert R. Bowen.

for one another, love for the leadership in the Church, and love of the Lord. That same love was shared by me for the wonderful Saints whom I was privileged to serve, and this same love I feel for the great leader, President Francis M. Gibbons, who now presides as our stake president.

## CHAPTER 17

# Missionary Memories

At age nineteen, when I might otherwise have been able to merit a mission call, our nation was at war. I was in medical school, so there was no official mission for me. However, I've had some very interesting missionary opportunities.

Jane S. Poole was a nurse with whom I worked at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, D. C., in 1951. She seemed to have been attracted to certain aspects of my behavior that she deemed to be different from that of other surgeons. One day she asked me what the Mormons believe. In a cursory fashion, I explained some of the differences. She was just like a sponge craving water. She wanted to know more and more, so I gradually introduced more of the doctrine and concepts of the Church and suggested reading materials for her. It wasn't long before she had converted herself and I had the privilege of baptizing her. She, a divorced mother of one, had a little son, George. Later he grew to be a fine missionary. He served in Australia, bringing a number of people into the Church. The Pooles have been true and faithful ever since.

Two other professional colleagues at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center, Dr. and Mrs. Derwin Ashcraft, also asked me about the Mormons. I gave them a preliminary overview and lent them my Book of Mormon. After about a week they returned the book to me and said, "Thanks a lot."

I said, "What do you mean, 'Thanks a lot'? That is a totally inappropriate response for one who has read this book. You didn't read the book. Please take it back and read it; and then when you have read it, return it to me with a much more appropriate reply."

Somewhat red-faced and embarrassed by my challenge and confrontation, they retrieved the book, acknowledging that they had only thumbed the pages.

About three weeks later they came back with tears in their eyes and said, "We know this book is true. How can we learn more?"

Then I said, "Now I know you've read the book. Now we can proceed."

In due course they were baptized by me, and they were so grateful for the blessings that had come into their lives. Ultimately, Dr.



Ashcraft met with a tragic accident that took his life, and from that point I did not see Beverley until 1977, some twenty-six years later, when I was in a Sunday School leadership meeting in Weston, Massachusetts. After I had addressed the congregation, she came up to me and said, "Russell, do you remember me?"

I looked at her strikingly beautiful countenance and replied, "Yes, Beverley, I do. Tell me what has happened to you in all these years."

She said that she had married a wonderful man named Harold L. Zitting. They had several children, I think five. He had become a bishop, and they were happily and busily engaged in the work of the Lord. She wanted me to know of her gratitude for my baptizing her those many years before.

I had the great privilege also of baptizing Greg and Candace Osborn, the brother and sister-in-law of Dr. Anne G. Osborn, a member of the general board of the Sunday School. These opportunities for missionary work have been very special to me.

Never having had an official missionary call, I was particularly honored early in 1955, shortly after we returned to Salt Lake City, by a call from Elder Richard L. Evans asking me to serve as a missionary on Temple Square. There I served each Thursday afternoon from 4:00 to 5:00 p.m. guiding tourists through the grounds and explaining to them, in an introductory fashion, some of the basic principles and doctrines of the Church. It was my privilege to serve on this assignment for ten years, being released early in 1965 after I became stake president. When Elder Evans learned that I had been called to be a stake president, he felt it was time for me to be released from that missionary activity. But I never asked for that release; I was willing to serve as long as the Brethren would have wanted. Those meetings with Elder Evans and Elder Marion D. Hanks of the Temple Square Mission presidency were very stimulating and inspiring. I really don't know how much good I may have done through those efforts on Temple Square. But introducing the gospel to between 25 and 50 people a week, 52 weeks a year, for 10 years meant that thousands could have been introduced to the gospel message. Hopefully those seeds will have been planted in fertile soil, to inure to the benefit of those whom I do not know.

## CHAPTER 18

# Service as General President of the Sunday School

On Friday, June 4, 1971, I arrived at my professional office late in the afternoon, having been detained longer than usual because of a difficult open-heart operation. The phone rang. Mrs. Kemp, our lovely receptionist, indicated that it was President N. Eldon Tanner on the phone. He said, "Do you think you could meet with us next Monday around 3:00 in the afternoon?"

I replied that my schedule called for me to be in Hawaii that day for a medical meeting. But I indicated that if he wanted me to alter my plans to meet his request, I would be glad to do so.

He said, "Do you think you could come right now?"

Of course I went at once.

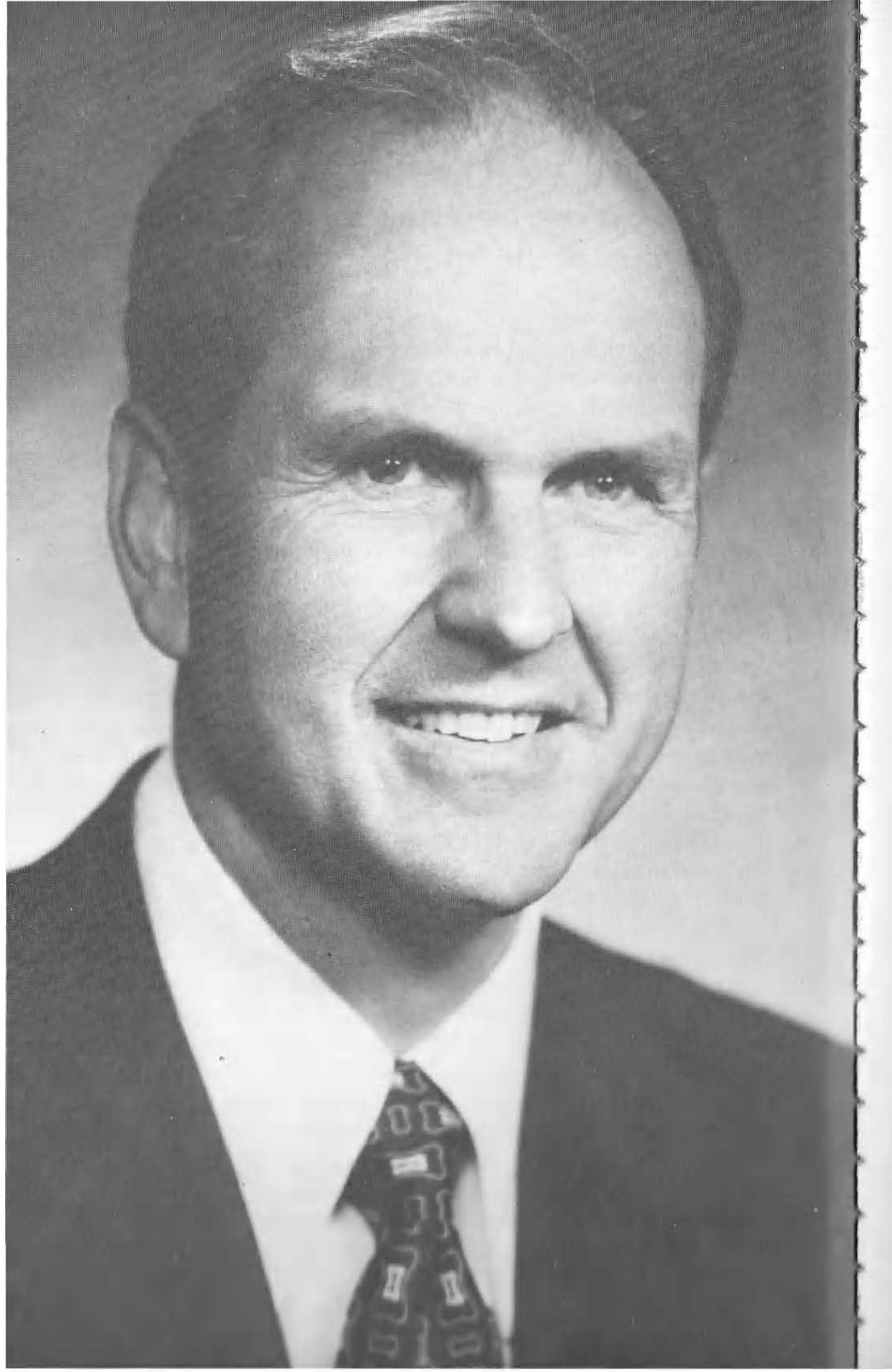
When I walked into President Tanner's office, I found that President Lee was also there. (President Joseph Fielding Smith, president of the Church, was not well that day and was therefore absent.) After we exchanged greetings, President Lee and President Tanner indicated that Brother David Lawrence McKay, who had served more than five years as general superintendent of the Sunday School, was being released to become a mission president. They said they would like me to serve in this high and important office of the Church, provided that it would not take me away from my medical work, which they did not want to disturb.

I was absolutely shocked! I had no idea they were considering such a thing. Not only that, I hadn't even realized that Brother McKay was to be released. But without hesitation I replied that my work didn't matter, that if it were necessary for me to sell furniture or take up some other occupation in order to be obedient to the call they were impressed to give, that I would do.

But again they stated that they wanted me to accept the call only if it meant that I could continue in my profession.

I assured them of my faith that the Lord could do anything and that if I would depend on him, this new challenge could be met.

So, after a phone call and a brief visit in the office of the First Presidency, the nature of my life was certainly changed. President Tanner was kind enough to say that he was only sorry that this call



would mean the termination of my service as his stake president. But I sense that it was through President Tanner's very generous and gracious assessment of my meager talents that consideration was given to me for this new call.

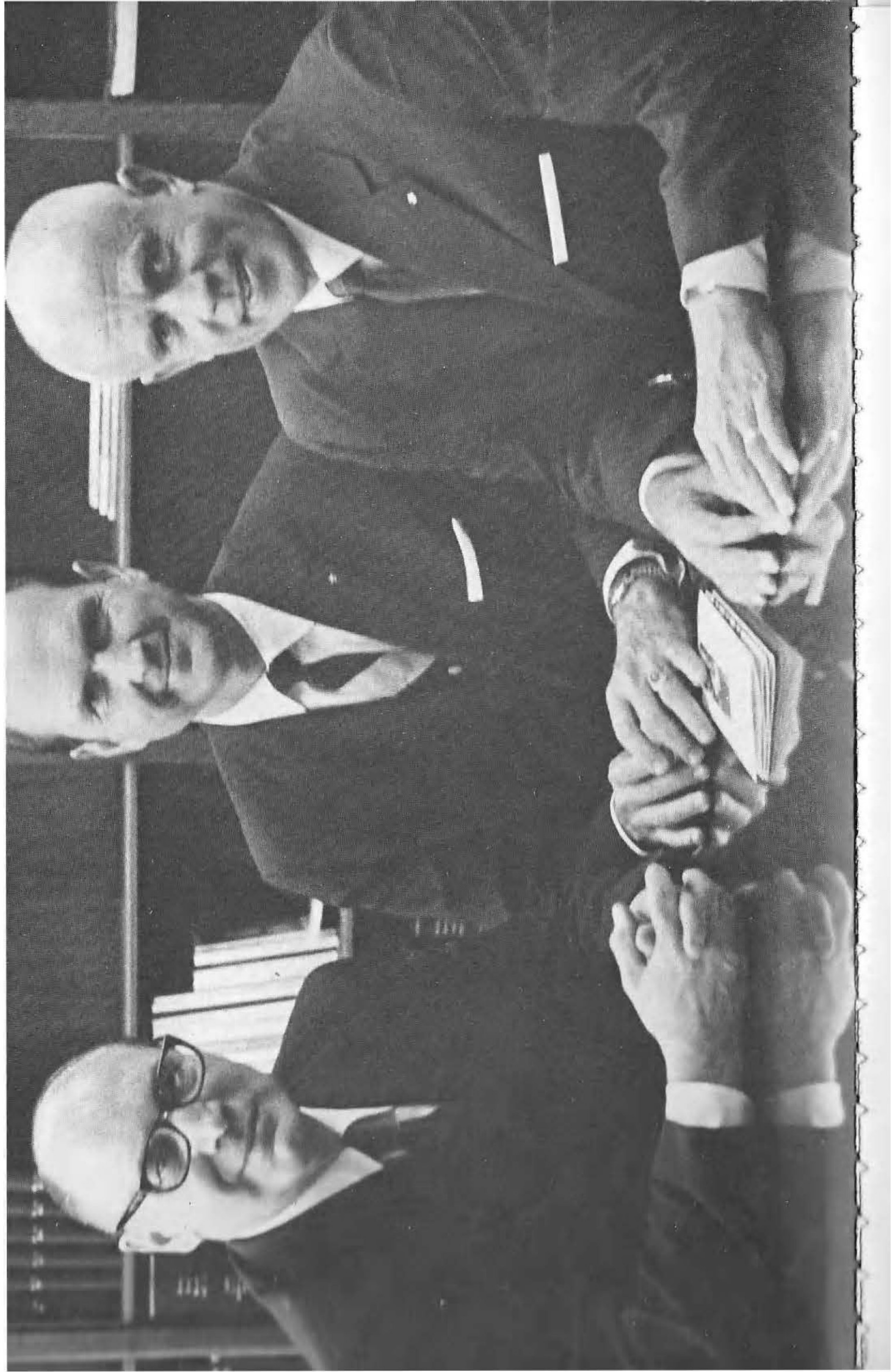
A few months before, after the resignation of President Ernest L. Wilkinson as president of Brigham Young University was announced, the Brethren conducted a series of interviews in which they were kind enough to consider me as one among many who might be capable of handling that important assignment. Fortunately for Brigham Young University, for the Church, and for the thousands of people affected for good through the brilliant preparation and life of Dallin Oaks, he received the call to serve as president of Brigham Young University. Shortly thereafter, the Brethren called me to serve as general president of the Sunday School. It becomes clear now why the Brethren emphasized that they did not want my professional work to be disturbed. For subsequent to that date, it was my responsibility to operate on President Spencer W. Kimball, on a brother and sisters of President Marion G. Romney, a son-in-law of President N. Eldon Tanner, Elder Richard L. Evans, Elder Boyd K. Packer, Elder Paul H. Dunn, Elder Milton R. Hunter, Elder Robert L. Simpson, several of the wives of the Brethren, many mission presidents, and other people whose contributions to the development of the kingdom of God upon the earth have been so vital.

My counselors, Joseph B. Wirthlin and Richard L. Warner, and I were set apart by the First Presidency on July 2, 1971. Our families were invited to attend.

It is truly a humbling experience to serve where needed and to feel that through the preparation of many years of hard study and tireless effort one is able to render service of worth to those who are in need. Not only that, but it is also a truly wonderful feeling to know that you're serving where you know the Lord wants you to serve, and doing what he wants you to do.

Shortly after the call to serve as general president of the Sunday School, I received a very generous and gracious letter from the First Presidency inviting Sister Nelson and me to attend the first area conference of the Church, to be held in Manchester, England. Joyfully I accepted and then realized that this was in conflict with a commitment I had previously made, with the approval of the First Presi-



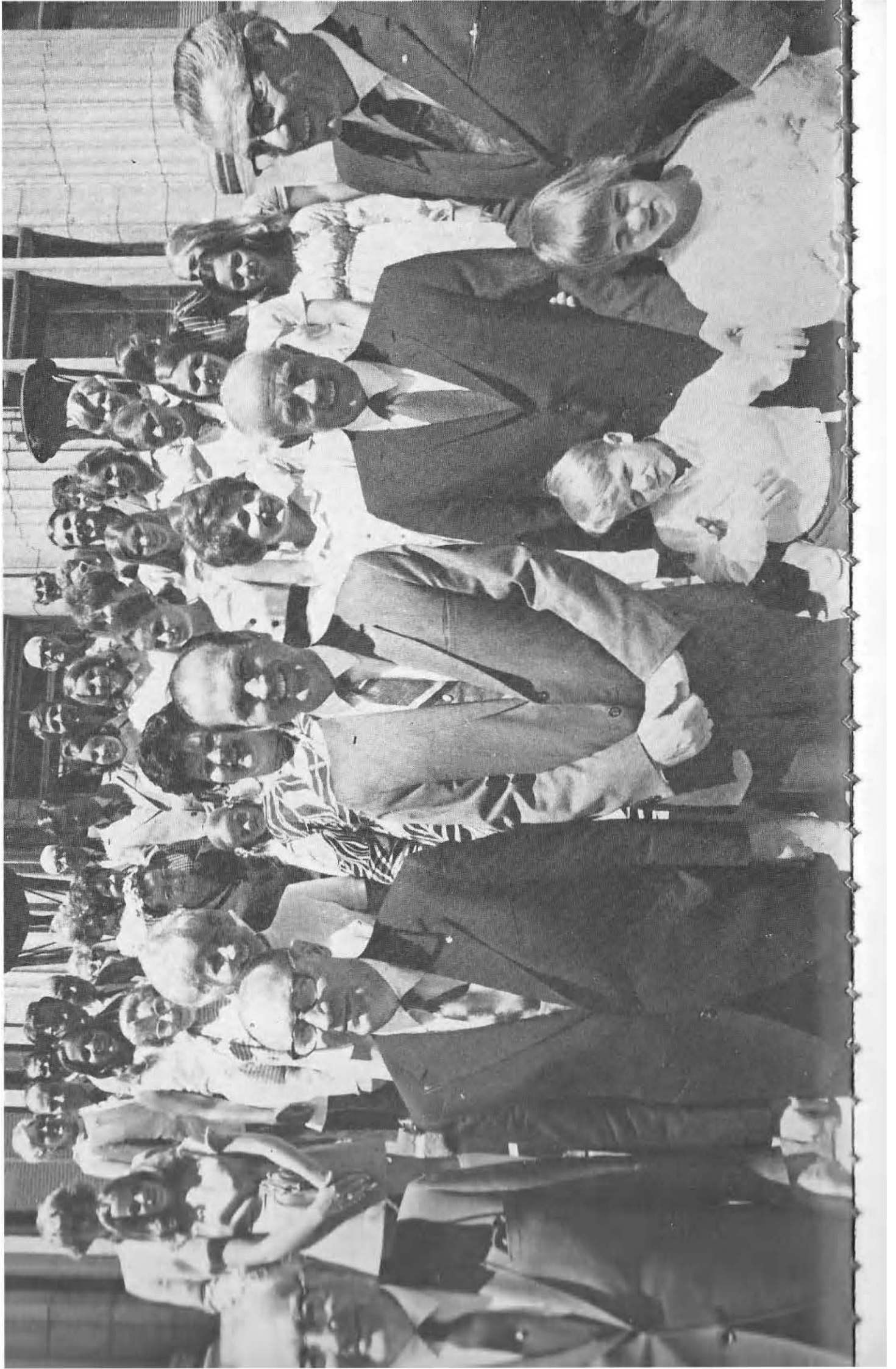


dency, to present a scientific paper in Moscow, Russia, concerning aortic valve replacement in patients over sixty years of age. When I counseled with President Tanner about this conflict and asked what I should do, he just said, "You'll be able to do both. Don't worry, it will work out." That was an interesting challenge, because the Manchester meetings were right in the middle of the meetings of the International Surgical Society and the International Cardiovascular Society to be held in Russia; so it would mean commuting from Moscow to Manchester and then back to Moscow in order to be faithful to all concerned.

We had been to Russia once before and knew that they gave a visa with two parts: one part they tear out when you enter the country, and the other part they keep when you leave. So there would be no way of coming back in again without another visa. I asked in Washington, D.C., if such a reentry visa could be obtained. They replied that there wasn't time and said to try in either Stockholm, Sweden, or Helsinki, Finland. En route to Moscow, I spent an afternoon at the Russian embassy in Stockholm, only to find out that they couldn't do it for me either. Then I spent another afternoon doing the same thing and getting the same negative reply in Helsinki. So that meant that we got to Moscow without the necessary reentry visas. I tried to negotiate in Russian, in French, in English, and in every way possible to get them to let Dantzel and me leave Russia to go to Manchester and then reenter Russia to be faithful to my obligations there. Finally, they said the only way that this kind of an exception could be granted would be for me to go to the office of foreign minister Andrei Gromyko. With the aid of the United States embassy, Gromyko's office was contacted and I made my plea. Four hours prior to our flight to England, Gromyko's office delivered that unusual visa for the two of us, which permitted us to go to Manchester, participate in that great area conference there, and then return to Russia for the conclusion of our meetings! It was truly an inspiring and faith-promoting experience for us to see the fulfillment of President Tanner's prophetic utterance: "Don't worry, it will work out."

Memories of the Manchester Area Conference appear in Chapter 19 in the section entitled "President Joseph Fielding Smith."





After we returned to Russia and completed the professional commitments we had in Moscow, Dantzel and I then went to Yalta on the Black Sea, to Kiev, and then to Leningrad. We returned to the Hotel Leningrad at 6:00 one evening for a brief change of clothing before going out to dinner. The phone rang. It was my brother-in-law, Bob Rohlfing, who had gotten through on a very poor trans-oceanic connection. All I could hear from the conversation was, "Your mother...serious stroke...not expected to live...come home."

Dantzel and I were shocked and saddened by this news, and of course had to abandon our plans for remaining longer in Russia.

Within the hour we were packed and on our way on a plane that went from Leningrad to Moscow and then back to Leningrad, then back to Moscow, and then back to Leningrad and finally to Moscow. Weather problems in Moscow had prohibited our landing on the first two attempts, forcing us to shuttle back and forth. Finally, we landed in Moscow at the Sheremetyevo Airport at about 3:00 in the morning. There were no taxis and no rooms, so once again the Russian that I had learned through the tutelage of Andre Anastasion came in handy. We were finally able to persuade someone to take us to a nearby hotel. For \$32 we got a room and about three hours of sleep. A Pan Am flight left the following morning for New York. To us, not knowing whether my dear mother was living or not, it was a very long flight.

Once we got to New York we phoned and found that she was living, and on arriving home learned that my dear counselor, President Joseph B. Wirthlin, had asked President N. Eldon Tanner to join him in giving my precious mother a blessing. After they had given her their blessing, she seemed to hold her own and was still alive when we reached her bedside. Mother had been in a coma for several days; but when I came into her room she manifested an awareness of who I was, which was the first glimmer of hope that she might continue to live.

Her recovery reminded me of my gratitude to the Lord, and it was with gladness that I returned to his service as leader of the Sunday Schools of the Church.

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The new general presidency of the Sunday School, with their families, accompanied by President Harold B. Lee (*left*) and President N. Eldon Tanner (*right*) of the First Presidency. Photo taken on the steps of the Church Administration Building, July 3, 1971, shortly after the new members of the general presidency were set apart.



As mentioned previously, this call came as a complete surprise to me. To share my experiences in the Sunday School presidency with my beloved associates Joseph B. Wirthlin and Richard L. Warner made that service so memorable and successful. For four years we labored side by side, diligently and dutifully doing our best. There was so much to be done and it seemed as though there was always so little time in which to do it. Joseph ran a large meat business, and Rick had a huge responsibility in running an automotive distributorship for the Ford Motor Company. Nevertheless, hardly a day passed without an offer from one or both of them to do more to help me. Truly they gave everything they had to elevate me and to magnify their callings as well.

When April conference of 1975 came, Joseph was called as a General Authority (the last man to be called as an Assistant to the Twelve) and Rick was called as a Regional Representative. Just a week prior to that, we had mused in reflection on the choice nature of our callings and service together in the Church. This taught me again to savor service and servants as they now are, for change will come and the moments we cherish soon will become memories. I owe Joseph and Rick real debts of gratitude, for they are largely responsible for any success our presidency may have enjoyed.

B. Lloyd Poelman and Joe J. Christensen were called to be my new counselors. To their new assignments each brought his own special preparation, brilliance, humility, and talent.

Lloyd is a multifaceted genius. He excelled as a lawyer, author, poet, musician, composer, and scripturist. This versatile power he compacted into a humble delivery that was received by those he led and counseled as soft and gentle persuasion. Many of the important changes that our administration effected in the Sunday School were molded by him as the sculptor.

Lloyd labored with me for about seven years—four as a member of the board, and three as a counselor. When that relationship was terminated as he was called to preside over the Tennessee Nashville Mission, my feelings were ambivalent. I would miss him very much; yet growth and opportunities for even greater service were ahead for him in his new calling.

Joe J. Christensen stepped into the presidency on tiptoes. He was so careful not to intrude or to cause reaction. In his very humble way, he powerfully put his arms around the assignments that were given him, and pressed them into the shape he designed. To know

him is to love him. His talents blended in so smoothly. The transition from second counselor to first counselor he took in stride. This occurred in April 1978. Bearing enormous responsibilities in the Church Educational System as associate commissioner, he assumed his added presidential duties so graciously and competently.

William D. Oswald was called as second counselor in April 1978. He was a veteran of three years on the board, having received one of our first appointments in 1971. He served on the board with unusual distinction until 1974, when his release was necessitated by his call to serve as bishop of the Monument Park Second Ward, where President Kimball resided.

When the vacancy in the presidency was to be filled, I consulted President Kimball. The Spirit affirmed to each of us that Bishop Oswald should be called. That was a thrilling experience for me.

Bill continues to serve with distinction. A soft-spoken man, his touch is light as well. Yet his highly analytical, very thorough and incisive mind produces counsel that is truly priceless and precious.

In my Sunday School assignment, I have been greatly blessed with these five counselors, all great and gifted men, filled with devotion and desire and the ability to do the work of the Lord. I love them. My gratitude to them is profound and everlasting.

The vision, inspiration, and wisdom of the General Authorities have been felt keenly as I have had the honor and privilege of receiving their direction. In addition to the counsel received in periodic reviews with the First Presidency, more detailed attention has been provided by those assigned by the Brethren to serve as advisers to the Sunday School. From 1971 to 1978, the following have rotated through that assignment: Elders Mark E. Petersen, Gordon B. Hinckley, Thomas S. Monson, Boyd K. Packer, Marvin J. Ashton, Bruce R. McConkie, L. Tom Perry, and David B. Haight of the Council of the Twelve. From the First Quorum of the Seventy we have served directly under the able guidance of Elders Marion D. Hanks, Robert D. Hales, Dean L. Larsen, Joseph B. Wirthlin, Robert L. Backman, and George P. Lee.

Others who have influenced our work greatly include Elder J. Thomas Fyans, Brothers Daniel H. Ludlow, Wayne Lynn, Roy Doxey, and innumerable experts who have selflessly fused their time and talents anonymously to provide the members of the Church with instructional materials of great quality. To these many leaders I express my love and gratitude.







Many important things have been accomplished in the Sunday School during these many years, due to the efforts of these outstanding leaders and a productive, powerful general board. A historical account of that progress is beyond the scope of this review. However, portions of it have been cited in a remarkable letter prepared on March 22, 1978, by President B. Lloyd Poelman, which I am entering into this record. It is a special summary and a significant tribute from a real giant in the kingdom:

Dear President Nelson:

The privilege of working under your leadership these past seven years, receiving your gentle guidance, observing your example, and feeling your friendship and love, are blessings beyond my capacity to express gratitude. My own growth during this time is largely a reflection of the opportunities you have extended to me, your high expectations, and your constant support and encouragement.

From 1971 to the present I have had a rather unique vantage point from which to view your great contributions to Sunday Schools and to the Church. I was privileged to serve on the executive committee and as chairman of the Administrative and Planning Committee of the general board of the Sunday School from mid-1971 through March 1975, and then as your first counselor in the General Presidency from April 1975 into March 1978. In addition, my work from August 1976 to the present in the Priesthood Department has provided additional perspective. Because of these special opportunities for insight, I would like to summarize for you what I believe to be some of your most significant contributions during this period. If this narrative seems long, it is only because the scope of your influence has been so broad and your innovative improvements so numerous.

I believe you have led Sunday School in giant strides toward President Harold B. Lee's vision of auxiliary organizations becoming an integrated, Priesthood-directed part of the worldwide, unified Church organization. Upon assuming the office of Sunday School General President in 1971, you immediately brought Sunday School into harmonious working relationships with Correlation and Internal Communications. Your shared vision with President Lee of Sunday School's integrated and international roles was epitomized







by your recommendation for a name change from Deseret Sunday School Union to Sunday School. This was a formal recognition that Sunday School's incubation period as a confederation of autonomous local Sunday School units (mostly in the Mountain West) was past, and that it was now mature enough to assume its destined function as an effective, coordinated tool in the hands of the General Authorities to bless all members everywhere.

By your supportive leadership you have smoothed the transitions toward centralized curriculum writing and coordinated curriculum planning, substituting Sunday School Bulletins and special correspondence for general correspondence to local Sunday School leaders, elimination of Sunday School General Conference, and reduced frequency of regional meeting visits. You have opened new channels of joint efforts with other auxiliary organizations as evidenced by such projects as the jointly sponsored nursery program, flannelboard figures, and by Sunday School assuming responsibility for presenting the Teacher Development basic course for the benefit of all Church teaching organizations.

For the first time you defined the purposes of Sunday School: to teach the gospel of Jesus Christ, to build faith, and to strengthen the family. Not only have these purposes endured further program refinements, but they foreshadowed by six years the strong family emphasis that recently has become the focal point for all Priesthood Department programs and the standard by which their effectiveness is measured.

Your emphasis has consistently been on consolidation and simplification of materials and programs, coupled with improved effectiveness. A few examples would include merging various handbooks and guidebooks into a single Sunday School Handbook and a Junior Sunday School Guidebook, reducing the size of stake boards and ward Sunday School faculties, and simplifying reporting relationships. You have led the way by reducing the frequency of training meetings from monthly to quarterly, and in establishing accountability of ward Sunday School officers to their ward priesthood leaders rather than to stake auxiliary leaders. You directed both administrative and curriculum inservice training away from specified subjects regularly prescribed and intermittently distributed from Church headquarters, toward permanent resource documents for selective use as determined by local need, such as the new inservice resource, *Teaching: No Greater Call*. You pioneered the



field of self-instruction materials, permitting convenience and uniformity in training new Sunday School leaders—a model now used as an example for training all priesthood and auxiliary officers.

You inaugurated the eight year cycle of scripture study in the Gospel Doctrine course, with the scriptures themselves becoming the student manual. The obvious result is that today more members than ever before are carrying their scriptures with them to Sunday School and are using them regularly. Virtually every Sunday School course of study has been revised under your presidency, with greatly improved quality.

The Worship Service has been strengthened by substituting Worship Through Music for the previous "song practice"; by replacing less effective concert recitations with remarkably successful Family Spiritual Presentations on Fast Sunday; and by improving terminology, such as reference to the Worship Service (rather than "opening exercises") and Inspirational Talks (rather than 2½ minute talks). Junior Sunday School has been strengthened by a new Junior Sunday School Guidebook and by wonderfully improved training and curriculum materials.

During this time Sunday School attendance has increased each year, both by number and by percentage of attendance in a rapidly growing Church. Sunday School annual budgets have shown consistent reductions in budget requests and the organization has consistently spent less than amounts budgeted. The full time Sunday School staff has been rather drastically reduced in number, with staff personnel functioning at optimum efficiency made possible through the use of suitable word processing equipment and through selecting loyal and devoted personnel.

The number serving on the Sunday School general board has also been significantly reduced, but each member has had fulfilling responsibilities. For those of us who have served on the general board, one of the most appreciated aspects of your leadership has been your focus on our family members, making them feel part of our callings, inviting them to attend regular meetings and participate in special events, and making family involvement in our general board parties something each of them anxiously anticipated. Each member of the general board has felt strengthened by your personal interest in helping him function with personal initiative, while being guided to grow in preparation for other callings that will follow. I have never been part of any organization where I sensed greater loyalty and love for a leader than is evidenced by all who are now serving or who have served under you in this Sunday School work.

There are many other contributions, and I am sure I have failed to mention several significant ones. But in all of this, Sunday School has led the way and has been an example for other individuals and organizations.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable features of all is that the Brethren tend to point to Sunday School as a model of a "stable program"! It is my opinion that during the past seven years no program of the Church has undergone greater refinement and improvement than has Sunday School. It is to your great credit that this has been accomplished quietly, by evolutionary rather than revolutionary approaches, and with highly visible results obtained from nearly invisible processes that have avoided any unsettling effect upon the Church.

This period from 1971 to 1978 has been a dynamic one for the Church as a whole. The Church has grown from 575 stakes to 888. In 1971 only 4% on the stakes were outside the United States; today, 24% are outside the United States. You have served during the transition of Presidency from President Lee to President Kimball, with your special personal and professional relationships with each. You have participated in the first Area Conferences held abroad. You have witnessed at Church headquarters the division between ecclesiastical and temporal functions; reestablishment of the First Quorum of the Seventy; and coordination of geographical boundaries for all Church programs and functions into zones, areas, regions, stakes and missions. You have been part of the newly created Priesthood Department which for the first time has united all quorum and auxiliary functions under the same departmental leadership. You have seen the Twelve dissolve their executive committees and commence functioning in all major matters as a quorum of the whole.

I thank both you and my Heavenly Father for the great blessing of being close to you during these momentous days. All that you have accomplished has been done only in a setting of love and support for each of us who has been privileged to assist and participate.

Perhaps the most impressive realization in my mind and heart at the present time is that by knowing you I feel infinitely better acquainted with our Savior Jesus Christ and sense more keenly the power and beauty of His love.

I want you to know of my deep love for you and of my great gratitude for all you mean to me. I pray earnestly that you will be blessed to continue making the great contributions to the Church and to the world of which you are so capable.

As a new assignment now changes our daily working relationship, I pray that our sense of closeness will not be diminished by



distance or time. I hope my life will always reflect the good you have taught me and the confidence in me that you have demonstrated.

Catherine joins fully in this expression of love and gratitude.

Faithfully yours,  
B. Lloyd Poelman  
March 22, 1978

Among the many privileges associated with the call to serve as general president of the Sunday School has been the opportunity of close association with the outstanding men and women of the Church who were called to service on the general board of the Sunday School. The General Authorities were very gracious in letting me have the help for which I asked. (I'm sure they knew of my need for all the help I could get.) As with any Church service assignment, the length of their service in this assignment was varied. Some seemed to be there such a short season, while others persisted with me all the way. I'd like to give special tribute to the selflessness, the deep devotion, and the dedication that went into the work rendered by each of these noble souls. It isn't possible in this publication to indicate in detail what each of them accomplished, but the great work of the Sunday School went on by virtue of their willingness to give their all for the Lord, for his Church, and for their leaders. So, this simple table must suffice as an expression of my gratitude to these wonderful Saints. Behind it exists the memory of countless hours, continuous effort, and courageous commitment to do the work they had been called to do. I am also proud of the work that each went on to do after being released from the general board of the Sunday School.

#### Sunday School General Board Members July 1971 to December 1978

	Date Called	Date Released	Position Held after Release
Allred, Ruel A.	Jul. 1971	Apr. 1975	Mission president (Belgium Antwerp)
Anderson, Aldon J.	Jan. 1973	Apr. 1975	Federal judge
Anderson, Thomas C.	Aug. 1971		

Baird, J. Hugh	Aug. 1971		
Bell, Terrel H.	Sep. 1972	Apr. 1975	U.S. commissioner of education
Beesley, Kenneth H.	Jul. 1971		
Bergin, Allen E.	Sep. 1973		
Bishop, Joseph L.	Dec. 1973	Dec. 1975	Mission president (Argentina Buenos Aires North)
Bowen, Norman R.	Aug. 1971	Apr. 1975	Church Public Communications Department
Brewster, Hoyt W.	Aug. 1971	Dec. 1973	Executive vice- president, Utah State Medical Association
Brooks, Harry V.	Sep. 1972		
Brown, Joyce P.	Dec. 1973		
Cahoon, Owen W.	Dec. 1971	Apr. 1975	Faculty, Brigham Young University
Christensen, Don L.	Aug. 1971	Jun. 1972	Regional Representative
Christensen, Joe J.	Apr. 1975		
Craven, Rulon G.	Aug. 1971	Jun. 1972	Regional Representative; executive secretary, Council of the Twelve
Curtis, Lindsay R.	Sep. 1973	Jul. 1976	Mission president (California Oakland)
Davey, C. Leland	Sep. 1972	Nov. 1974	Stake patriarch
Durham, G. Homer	Jul. 1971	Jan. 1973	General authority
Flandro, Marian B.	Dec. 1973		
Gibbons, Rendol L.	Aug. 1971		
Gillespie, John E., Jr.	May 1973		
Goodman, A. Harold	Jul. 1971	Feb. 1974	Chairman, Church Music Committee
Haglund, Elizabeth	Dec. 1973		

Halliday, John R.	Aug. 1971	Apr. 1975	Mission president (Italy Milan)
Harward, Vermont C.	Aug. 1971	Apr. 1975	
Johns, Richard S. II	Feb. 1973		
Jolley, Mary E.	Aug. 1971		
Kerr, William Rolfe	Aug. 1971	Dec. 1975	Dixie College president
Knapp, Arnold R.	Aug. 1971	June 1973	Mission president (England Southwest)
Lambert, Neal E.	Apr. 1977	Apr. 1978	Counselor, stake presidency
Landau, Elliott D.	Jul. 1971		
Lewis, Ben E.	Jul. 1971	Apr. 1972	Regional Representative
Lloyd, Lewis H.	Aug. 1971	Apr. 1975	Stake Sunday School president
Longhurst, John T.	Sep. 1972	Jun. 1973	Tabernacle Organist
Madsen, Truman G.	Aug. 1971		
Mitchener, Charles E.	Apr. 1977		
Mitton, Jay W.	Jul. 1971		
Monson, Darrell J.	Aug. 1972	Dec. 1975	Passed away
Nelson, J. Fielding	Jul. 1971	Aug. 1972	
Osborn, Anne G.	Dec. 1973		
Oswald, William D.	Aug. 1971 Apr. 1978	Mar. 1974	Bishop; counselor in Sunday School general presidency
Poelman, B. Lloyd	Jul. 1971	Feb. 1978	Mission president (Tennessee Nashville)
Puckett, Eldon J.	Sep. 1972		
Quealy, Jay A., Jr.	Sep. 1972	Apr. 1975	
Richards, Wayne F.	Aug. 1971		
Schwendiman, Fred. A.	Apr. 1972		

Schwendiman, Mark A.	Aug. 1971	Jun. 1974	Regional Representative
Shute, R. Wayne	Aug. 1971	Jun. 1972	Regional Representative
Smart, William B.	Jul. 1971		
Smith, Milton E.	Aug. 1971	Jun. 1972	Regional Representative
Stay, Jesse E.	Oct. 1976		
Sucher, Floyd	Aug. 1971		
Van Mondfrans, Adrian P.	Nov. 1972	Jul. 1976	Language Training Mission
Wadsworth, Milton E.	Sep. 1971	Jun. 1972	Associate dean of College of Mines and Mineral Industries, Univer- sity of Utah
Warner, Richard L.	Jul. 1971	Apr. 1975	Regional Representative
West, Brian K.	Dec. 1974		
Whitaker, Scott M.	Aug. 1971	Jun. 1976	Passed away
Whittenburg, Raymond W.	Aug. 1971		
Wilson, James G.	Aug. 1971	Jun. 1972	
Wirthlin, Joseph B.	Jul. 1971	Apr. 1975	General Authority
Wolsey, Heber G.	Jun. 1972	Jun. 1978	Managing director, Public Communi- cations Department
Woodward, H. Ralph	Aug. 1971	Jun. 1973	Faculty, Brigham Young University
Workman, Dan Jay	Sep. 1972	Mar. 1974	Church Correlation Committee





Part B

## **Relationships with the Brethren**



## CHAPTER 19

# Presidents Heber J. Grant George Albert Smith David O. McKay, Joseph Fielding Smith

## President Heber J. Grant

President Heber J. Grant was president of the Church when I was born and remained so until his death on May 14, 1945, when I was twenty years of age. Through all of that time, with only one president of the Church, there was great stability as well as uninterrupted admiration and awe for the prophet. I shook his hand on a number of occasions and remember particularly well those times when he appeared in the twenty-fourth of July parade in downtown Salt Lake City. After the parade was over, I would manage to locate myself where he would be as the parade disassembled. After shaking his hand, I always felt as though that hand shouldn't be washed for fear of losing some of the special privilege that had just been received.

Many of President Grant's grandchildren later became some of my best friends, including Truman G. Madsen and his brothers Grant and Gordon; Florence Smith Jacobsen, who was president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association for many years; H. Stanley Cannon; Wallace G. Bennett; Edna Clawson, whose husband, Bill, served on the high council with me; and many others.

The contribution of this family to my life has been a most important and significant one. Some of this influence came via my parents and grandparents. On May 17, 1896, my Grandfather Nelson was set apart as first assistant superintendent of Sunday Schools for Sanpete Stake by Heber J. Grant, who was then a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles.

While my father was president of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce and the Salt Lake Rotary Club, Heber J. Grant was president of the Church and was vitally concerned with civic affairs. Thus they were frequently associated in service projects. Through these contacts, my father developed a great love and admiration for President Grant.

Although many of President Grant's statements reveal his pro-



found wisdom, I suppose I remember best one that he often repeated: "When we persist in doing that which is difficult, it becomes easier for us to do. Not that the nature of the task has changed, but that our ability to perform it has increased." This statement has given me a good deal of help and inspiration, particularly in my early years of heart surgery when each new experience brought new difficulties and challenges. Often it was only through repeated persistence that what was once an insurmountable challenge became a daily routine.

I remember that when the war in Europe ended on May 8, 1945, President Grant, in a gesture of rejoicing, turned on the exterior floodlights of the Salt Lake Temple, which had been darkened during the war.

### **President George Albert Smith**

President Smith lived in our neighborhood on the corner of Thirteenth East and Yale Avenue, in a large home with that lovely canyon and stream in the backyard. The Yale Ward was his home ward. I remember President Smith as a very delicate and frail man of advanced age, but one who was so kind to me and other young people.

Just a week and a half before Dantzel and I were married, Japan surrendered to the Allied forces, thus terminating World War II on August 14, 1945. While we were on our honeymoon, President George Albert Smith called upon people of all faiths to meet together on September 4 in the Salt Lake Tabernacle to give thanks for the return of peace to the earth. For the war to terminate on the eve of our honeymoon brought a ray of light to us, since I was wearing the uniform of the United States Navy at the time of our marriage and was feeling the uncertainty that a man in the military in time of war must necessarily feel. We were in Washington, D.C., when President Smith died on April 4, 1951, which was the evening before our sweet Wendy was born.

### **President David O. McKay**

When David O. McKay became president of the Church in 1951, he was seventy-seven years of age. President McKay had long been idolized by us as well as by others in the world. We had been very close to some of his children, especially Robert R. McKay and

Edward R. McKay. We also knew his daughter, Emma Ray McKay Ashton, very well and esteemed his eldest son, David Lawrence McKay, as a distinguished leader of the Sunday School in the Church. His son Llewelyn lived in the Yale Ward.

It was our privilege to be close enough to President McKay to enjoy his direct influence on some of our most important decisions. For example, about a year after I became president of the Bonneville Stake, I received a very generous offer to become professor of surgery at the University of Chicago. I made a number of trips to Chicago to look over the position and brought Dantzel with me on the last visit. This offer not only included the professorship of surgery and chairmanship of the Division of Cardiovascular and Thoracic Surgery at the University of Chicago, it also made resources available to me in the way of financial support, research laboratory, and staff support that would fulfill the dream of any academician. As a further inducement, the offer included four years of college for all of our nine children at the institution of their choice, with all the bills to be paid by the University of Chicago. I remember well my conversation with the dean, who was most aggressive in the recruitment process:

"One of the reasons we want you is that we know you are a good Mormon," he said. "We want you on our faculty. We need you here to bring the influence to this University that a Mormon could bring."

I thought what a contrast this was to the attitudes of one or two in the hierarchy of the University of Utah College of Medicine who felt that my religious convictions were a handicap to them rather than an asset.

At any rate, Dantzel and I were very much attracted to this offer and had even picked out a home in one of the suburbs of Chicago where we might raise our family. We remember with fondness the very gracious gesture of a young professor of law at the University of Chicago, Professor Dallin Oaks, who with his wife, June, invited us to their home on November 21, 1965, for a Sunday dinner. Professor Oaks served as a member of the stake presidency in Chicago, and we discussed details of the Church in that area. To meet the Oaks family was one of the highlights of that trip to Chicago; it was a memorable experience to be with this talented and faithful family of such great ability.

The secretary to the First Presidency at that time was Joseph Anderson, who also served as a member of the high council of the

Bonneville Stake. When we returned to Salt Lake City, I told Brother Anderson of my offer and of my desire to counsel with the Lord and His prophet about this important decision. Through the gracious influence of Brother Anderson, an appointment was made for Dantzel and me to meet President McKay.

Our meeting place was at his apartment home in the Hotel Utah. The date was December 14, 1965. At this time he was ninety-two years of age, and when he greeted us at the front door he was using an aluminum walker to steady his gait. Smilingly he said, "You'll have to pardon my use of this walker. Sometimes my legs are a bit disobedient!"

He invited us into his study, and there we reviewed the nature of the offer extended by the University of Chicago.

After hearing our story he closed his eyes, leaned his head back, and pondered the matter for a while. Then he asked, "And what would you want to do this for? To get fame? You are already famous. I know who you are!" He laughed as he said this, and then continued: "How many children do you have?"

"Nine daughters," we replied.

And then he asked, "Where is it you live in Salt Lake?"

We told him on Normandie Circle, just opposite the canyon where his son Llewelyn lived on Yale Avenue above Thirteenth East.

Then he laid his head back on his chair, closed his eyes, communed and collaborated with the Lord in supplicating an answer that would be a guide for us. Actually, he was nonresponsive to us for such a long time that I began to wonder if he was still alive. But then, with that keen, sharp intellect and piercing eye, he looked at me directly and said, "Brother Nelson, if I were you I wouldn't be in a hurry to change neighborhoods. It doesn't feel good to me. Nine daughters in the heart of the trouble district in Chicago. No. You already live in the best city in the whole world. You have a way of life that can't be equalled anywhere in the world. Here your daughters will be accorded the very best environment that they can be given. They are more important to you than any fame or fortune that could come to you in any university. No, Brother Nelson, your place is here in Salt Lake City. People will come from all over the world to you because you are here. I don't think you should go to Chicago."

That was it. In a meeting lasting seventy-five minutes with President David O. McKay, the decision had been made. I called the officials in Chicago and indicated to them that we were declining

their gracious offer and were going to stay in Salt Lake City. My friends in academic surgery and elsewhere thought that I had made a serious mistake. But our faith was very secure; we had been privileged to have a prophetic pronouncement, and we were going to be totally obedient. Here again, we simply reflected on the commitment we made in 1945 when we were married—to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and trust that all else would be added unto us. So, when a prophet spoke and had a definite feeling about the matter, we felt so very good about following the course that he was inspired to recommend.

President McKay touched our lives in a number of other ways as well. I remember one occasion when he was in the hospital with congestive heart failure at an advanced age and was not expected to survive. I went into the room with Dr. Edward R. McKay, who was President McKay's son and my good friend, and the president looked up and said, "I will get better, and I will preside at the next session of conference. You mark my words." This statement was uttered while he was taking oxygen and receiving other treatment for his congestive heart failure; but indeed his prophetic utterance was fulfilled, for at the next general conference he presided and conducted as he had promised.

I learned of his death on January 18, 1970, when I was making a routine call to Dantzel to let her know where I was (I was in the Red Carpet Room at the Stapleton Airport in Denver, Colorado). She gave me the news that President McKay had died at ninety-six years of age. How we loved this magnificent man—a chosen prophet of God.

## **President Joseph Fielding Smith**

Joseph Fielding Smith became president of the Church on January 23, 1970, at age ninety-three. My acquaintance with him dated back many years. When I was a young boy growing up at our family home at 974 South Thirteenth East, he lived half a block away at 998 Douglas Street. Two of his sons, Douglas A. Smith and Milton E. Smith, were among my closest friends and classmates. I used to play marbles with them at Douglas School. Often I would go into their home and meet President Smith. We used to sit at his feet and partake of his remarkable wisdom and kindness. (Both Douglas and Milton subsequently became great mission presidents for the Church.)



In 1957, President Joseph Fielding Smith set me apart as counselor to Bishop Hoyt W. Brewster in the bishopric of the Garden Park Ward. Dantzel and I went to his apartment home in the Eagle Gate Apartments on the corner of South Temple and State Street for this occasion. His gracious wife, Jessie Evans Smith, was so kind to us, as was President Smith. Bishop Brewster, son-in-law of President Smith, had arranged this for us because he knew that we would be forever pleased and complimented by the special privilege of being set apart by President Smith.

These memories were all brought into focus when I became stake president and Elder Spencer W. Kimball advised me to consider dividing the Garden Park Ward, which had a membership of approximately 1,100 people. As I studied this matter in great detail, I felt that one of the factors I would want to assess would be the reaction of President Joseph Fielding Smith, who was then president of the Council of the Twelve. He had lived for many years in the Garden Park Ward, and I knew that dividing the ward would disturb the tenure of his son-in-law, Hoyt W. Brewster, who had served as bishop with great distinction for about fourteen years. On March 28, 1966, as I laid the background information and my thoughts before President Smith, he could see that my heart was troubled over the matter; but he simply looked up and said, "That ward should be divided; let's do it." As he gave me that direction I thought to myself how typical this was of this great leader of the Church, whose first and foremost concern was what was good for the Church and kingdom of God on the earth, and whatever was right for the Church would be right for the people, and vice versa.

Joseph Fielding Smith was president of the Church when I was called to be general president of the Sunday School in May 1971. His counselors then were President Harold B. Lee and President Nathan Eldon Tanner, who spoke on behalf of the prophet in extending that call to me.

In July 1971 his beloved wife, Jessie Evans Smith, passed away. We all felt so compassionate and sympathetic toward President Smith because "Aunt Jessie" had brought so much youthful vigor and joy into his life. This caused us all great concern as we contemplated his next major assignment as president of the Church, that of presiding over the first area conference of the Church, to be held in Manchester, England, in August 1971.

On August 26, 1971, shortly after our arrival in Manchester, we were invited to join with President Smith and the other General Authorities in a special meeting called in a hotel room. As far as I know, this was the first meeting of the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve and other General Authorities to be held in England. What a privilege it was to be in attendance. I'll never forget the powerful lessons in leadership taught indirectly by President Smith as he asked for the reports of each of the Brethren in the room. When it was his turn to speak, he stood in presidential majesty. With the wisdom of being perhaps the most prolific writer on doctrinal subjects in the Church, and with the experience of his ninety-four years, he simply said, "Brethren, I want you to know of my great love for you! All my life, I've tried to prepare to be able to be of assistance to you in your great ministry. So, if I can be of help to you in any way in the great responsibilities that you carry, that is what I want to do." The thought struck me that I really was in the presence not only of a prophet but of a great leader as well, for there was nothing authoritarian about his approach at all. He dignified each individual by asking them to self-assess their needs, rather than presuming to give them dictatorial direction. Then his expression of love and desire to help was so sincere. This lesson in leadership I shall always remember.

President Smith was a man of directness and commitment. I remember that Dantzel and I were somewhat concerned about the address he was to give at the area conference because we knew of his great bereavement in the loss of his beloved Jessie. In addition, his ninety-four years of age made us uncertain of his ability to physically withstand the rigors of a long trip and the demands of speaking before such large congregations. But he delivered a profound address at the Manchester Area Conference. That evening, as we were privileged to spend an intimate moment with him at the hotel, we said, "President Smith, congratulations on your excellent talk. It was truly a masterpiece. We were so pleased." He simply replied, "I didn't come here to fail."

Later, through the gracious invitation of Joseph Fielding Smith, we were privileged to be in attendance as he dedicated the Ogden and Provo temples.

The end of President Smith's life came very quietly in July 1972 as he sat in a chair at the home of his daughter Amelia and her husband, Elder Bruce R. McConkie. Thereby came the close of an era,

for President McKay and President Smith seemed to us to be the last link with the original leadership of the Church, and now it would pass to a new generation.

## CHAPTER 20

# President Harold B. Lee

Harold B. Lee became president of the Church on July 7, 1972. I had the privilege of many cherished associations with President Lee. He gave me a great deal of encouragement as stake president. I remember checking with him about calling Elliott D. Landau as a member of the Bonneville Stake high council. I asked President Lee because I knew that he was personally fond of Brother Landau and was very much interested in his life in the Church and otherwise. He encouraged me to appoint Brother Landau to the high council, saying, "Under your direction, I'm sure he will do well."

Prior to his becoming president of the Church and my becoming general president of the Sunday School, Elder Lee interviewed me at great length at the time the Brethren were selecting the new president for Brigham Young University. He was spokesman for the First Presidency in May of 1971 when I was called to be general president of the Sunday School. He emphasized that as the Brethren were extending that call to me, they wanted me to take it only if I thought I could still continue my profession as a cardiovascular-thoracic surgeon. They did not want to interfere with that.

It was President Lee who, at my request, gave me a blessing on the eve of my operating on Elder Spencer W. Kimball, for I did not want any human frailty or fallibility of mine to stand in the way of Elder Kimball's receiving the physical blessing that the Lord had in store for him. Dantzel accompanied me on that occasion. As we went into the First Presidency's office, President Lee, in a somewhat conversational and relaxed tone, said to Dantzel, "So, how does it feel to be the wife of a man who's away from home so much, busy being president of the Sunday School and having a large and demanding surgical practice, in addition to having a large family?"

She simply replied, "When he's home, he's home!"

President Lee was so impressed with her brief but profound answer that he quoted Dantzel's statement repeatedly throughout the Church, as did President Tanner.

I especially appreciated his counsel in my early efforts to organize the Sunday School presidency and board. I consulted with him about my counselors. He felt good, of course, about calling Joseph B. Wirthlin as first counselor and Richard L. Warner as second coun-



selor. I presented to him my plan for greatly reducing the size of the general board of the Sunday School: there would be nine committees, each consisting of approximately three members, a chairman and two associates. The chairmen of the committees would be joined with the presidency of the Sunday School to comprise an executive committee. President Lee said, "Now it's beginning to become apparent why the Lord wanted you to be president of the Sunday School. These are the changes for which we've been waiting." So he applauded the concept. I believe the general board prior to that time had been comprised of fifty to sixty members; but I knew that with the limited time I had



Greeting President and Sister Harold B. Lee at a Utah State Medical Association reception.

available, I could not deal with so many individuals. I would have to have a different method of reporting. So I decided upon an organization patterned after that of a stake president with his high council. I knew I could manage that.

I talked with President Lee extensively about family involvement for the board members. Out on assignment about every other weekend, it didn't seem right to me for general leaders of the Church to visit stake conferences or regional meetings without their wives and wives without their husbands. I thought this imparted a nonverbal communication to the Church that was counterproductive. To my view, the Church with its priesthood, its principles, and its programs all existed for the ultimate objective of exaltation of family groups. I even wondered if calls to the board should be limited to those couples where both the husband and the wife could be called to the board. President Lee thought there was some merit in the idea, but could see difficulties with that kind of an arrangement. So he suggested, "Why don't you call just the husband or the wife to the board, but as you make those calls, indicate that the family should be involved to the extent to which the father and mother think that the family can be involved. Issue the call to one, but involve both without taking the other away from his or her regular Church assignment." That inspired direction provided the policy I needed to involve, but not to call, the partners and families of those to be called to the board.

I visited President Lee's home one Sunday evening when we had another matter to discuss. He greeted me so warmly and cordially. Then with almost a sudden and abrupt change of mood, he was very stern and he shook his finger at me and said, "Brother Nelson, I don't want you ever to approve deviation from the prescribed curriculum and courses in Sunday School."

Somewhat startled by his abrupt announcement, I waited for the amplification of what he had on his mind, and he told me. He said, "Today I was in Sunday School in my own home ward. There, a distinguished teacher at the university served as my Sunday School teacher. That was just fine, but he proceeded to give a lesson which bore no resemblance to the approved curriculum as developed by the Church. Never, never give approval to these deviations!"

Although I wondered at the time why he dealt with me in such a firm manner, I have long since understood the wisdom in his doing so, because I've received so many questions in the succeeding years

with regard to deviation from the approved curriculum. There's never been any doubt in my mind as to what should be the correct answer. Of course, President Lee knew all this.

One of my first meetings with President Lee after I was called to preside over the Sunday School was at my request, and I brought along a newspaper clipping that announced my new appointment. Over my picture was the heading "New Union Head Selected." When I first saw that headline I thought of labor unions, and I was somewhat startled, for I had never been a union man. When I showed this to President Lee, I said, "Don't you think the time has come when we could change the name from Deseret Sunday School Union to Sunday School?" He agreed enthusiastically, and so that change was effected virtually immediately.

About a year later I talked to him about the nomenclature of the leadership of the Sunday School, both at the general level and in the stakes, wards, and branches. The presiding authority of priesthood quorums, Relief Society, Primary, and the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association consisted of a president with two counselors, whereas the Sunday School and Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association leaders were called superintendents with their assistants. I asked the reason for this designation, which seemed to me to be anomalous. He agreed that it was an inconsistency that should be changed. Therefore, at conference on June 25, 1972, the titles given the leaders of the Sunday School and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association at all levels in the Church were changed from superintendent to president. Such was President Lee's great desire and interest in correlation and consistency.

In 1972 President Lee indicated that the visits of general board members to the Church should be modified. In a personal interview with me, he said, "The Church is becoming large enough now that it is no longer reasonable to send members of the general board out to so many regional meetings and other such meetings. Instead, you can go everywhere throughout the world as the general president of the Sunday School through the medium of a movie. Say what you'd say were you there, do what you'd do were you there, involve your families as you would if you could go to every stake in the Church. Make a movie embracing these changes."

I asked him if he would be willing to participate in that movie, because as the general presidency of the Sunday School, we served

only to assist the First Presidency of the Church in carrying out that responsibility.

He said, "I'll do whatever you want me to do, including joining with you in making that movie."

The movie *Thanks for the Sabbath School* was thus produced, and it became an integral part of the regional meetings the following year. That movie served not only to give the message of the First Presidency and the general presidency of the Sunday School to the Sunday Schools of the world that year, but it also proved to be a historical document, for President Lee's death occurred before many people had seen it. He was taken from us so soon and so unexpectedly that this opportunity to meet and become acquainted with him through indirect means was a special privilege indeed.

On Friday, December 23, 1973, I took Dr. Anne G. Osborn in to meet President Lee, she having been newly appointed to the general board of the Sunday School. I wanted the two of them to know one another. Graciously, he reached for two copies of his new book, *Decisions for Successful Living*. He personally inscribed a copy to Sister Osborn, and then he inscribed a copy to me for my family. What a thoughtful and generous thing for him to do. I suppose those were two of the very last books he inscribed and gave away, for his death came suddenly three days later on December 26, 1973.

I learned about his passing while I was home playing games with the children, still full of the festive spirit remaining from Christmas the day before. The announcement came on the television that President Harold B. Lee had suddenly become stricken and had died at the LDS Hospital. Shocked and struck with grief, I had an overpowering urge to leave home and go at once to the LDS Hospital. As I rushed there to the side of President Kimball, I quietly mourned for the loss of this giant in the kingdom, my beloved and esteemed friend, President Harold B. Lee.

Since the passing of President Lee, I have had two very special dreams involving him. The first was in April of 1975. The substance of that message is too sacred to mention here, but it was a very reassuring and humbling experience.

The second occurred on September 16, 1978. In the dream there were two vivid messages: first, that if President Lee had gone on living, a very severe affliction would have developed in his body which, if allowed to progress, would have given him great pain,



suffering, and incapacity. The medical details of this were dreadful and distressing. He said his sudden death in December 1973 was brought about as an act of love and mercy, for the Lord wished to spare him and the Church the misery that otherwise would have ensued. His second message was that the revelations received and the actions subsequently taken by President Kimball were the very same as would have been received and performed by President Lee had he remained as the prophet. President Lee exclaimed that the Lord gives His will to His living prophet regardless of who the prophet is at the time, for the Lord indeed is directing His Church.

These two dreams were just as real as anything can be, and I cherish the privilege of these relationships with President Lee, extending as they do beyond this mortal sphere.

## CHAPTER 21

# President Spencer W. Kimball—I

## Experiences from 1964 to 1974

Although I had a number of meetings and associations with President Kimball in prior years, our first contact of real substance came when he and Elder LeGrand Richards were assigned to attend the conference of the Bonneville Stake in December of 1964, when Frank B. Bowers was to be released as stake president. Elder Kimball and Elder Richards interviewed the leadership in the stake for two days and then summoned me to a meeting with them and said, "The Lord has called you to be president of the stake." That moment, of course, was a pivotal one in my life. The call to become stake president opened up to me a wonderful opportunity to serve the Lord under the close supervision of his chosen servants in the Quorum of the Twelve.

At that time I was given a blessing by Elder Kimball that not only would I receive the blessings I would need to perform my duties well as stake president and as a father and husband, but also that certain problems that had troubled me in my surgical career would be eased and that my patients would be blessed for my service. Specifically, I was promised that my mortality rates and morbidity rates in aortic valve replacement operations would be lessened as a result of my accepting this call.

This was a staggering blessing. Nevertheless, in the following year, the mortality rate of that operation fell from over 20 percent to less than 5 percent, where it has been every year since. Interestingly enough, this is the very operation that Elder Kimball was required to undergo at my hands eight years later.

Frequently during my seven years as stake president I sought his counsel whenever there was a matter that was particularly troublesome to me. I remember well one problem that I had concerning a couple whose marriage was being brought to an end because of the husband's homosexuality. The husband was so deranged that he was almost maniacal. Seeking advice from me, the wife began by saying, "You are in danger by virtue of my being here, for if he finds out that I am revealing the nature of his problem by coming to you for help, he will kill you."

I really had not had any experience with this kind of difficulty before, so I thought that counsel from Elder Kimball might be helpful to me in handling the problem. As I presented the matter to him, his concern was not immediately for the problem itself, but for my own welfare. He said, "President Nelson, if you would like me to handle this case, I'd be glad to, because I'm an old man and my life is largely spent and of little value. But your life is ahead of you and is a very valuable life. We can't take any chances with you."

Tears came to my eyes, for he sincerely and genuinely wanted to take the risks that were involved with this problem. I assured him that I was not there for that purpose, but that I earnestly solicited his guidance as to what might be done to save this couple's marriage. Needless to say, the threats were not borne out, and the husband and wife went their separate ways without the calamities that had been predicted. I mention this example only to show the selflessness and the deep character of this man who was willing to put my welfare ahead of his.

It was in Manchester, England, in August of 1971 that Elder Kimball (who was then acting president of the Quorum of the Twelve) first confided in me that he was having difficulty with his heart, and that when we got back to Salt Lake City he would be seeking my counsel about it. When we returned to Salt Lake, he called me in and indicated that he was getting short of breath and was having more anginal pain. I referred him to Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson, for I felt that Dr. Wilkinson could give him the continuing medical care that is best given by a medical cardiologist. He found some recurrent cancer in the larynx, and together we referred President Kimball to Dr. Henry Plenk at the LDS Hospital for radiation therapy. Fortunately, the radiation therapy cleared up the recurrence in the small portion of the larynx that remained. (Years before, one and a half vocal cords had been surgically removed.) Meanwhile, his cardiac deterioration continued, and we were forced to study President Kimball carefully to see what the exact nature of the problem was. On October 9, 1971, I performed a selective coronary arteriogram on him. We found that he had not only severe aortic valve disease, but also a high-grade obstruction in the left anterior descending coronary artery, the most important branch in the circulation to the heart. His heart was being overworked because of the valve disease, and the overworked heart was being undersupplied with blood due to the obstruction in the main arterial supply line to the cardiac

muscle. Indeed, this would be analogous to asking soldiers to fight a war with increasing opposition while decreasing the supplies to the troops.

Five months later, the hour of our decision approached. Neither Dr. Wilkinson nor I recommended or urged a surgical approach because of the complex nature of the heart operation that would be needed, and because of President Kimball's being in congestive heart failure at seventy-seven years of age. So President Kimball called a special meeting with the First Presidency. Invited to the meeting, in addition to the First Presidency and Sister Kimball, were Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson and I. President Kimball began the meeting by saying, "I am a dying man. I can feel my life slipping. At the present rate of deterioration, it is my belief that I can live only about two more months. Now I'd like my medical cardiologist, Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson, to present his views about my health."

Dr. Wilkinson then reaffirmed President Kimball's statement. He said that because of congestive failure, occasioned by the extra workload on a heart strained with an incompetent aortic valve and a high-grade obstruction in the most important artery in the heart, spontaneous recovery would be unlikely and death would ensue in the not too distant future.

Then President Kimball called on me to speak as a cardiac surgeon and said, "What can cardiac surgery offer?"

I indicated that the operation, if it were to be done, would be a compound surgical procedure consisting of two independent components. First, the defective aortic valve would require removal and replacement with a prosthetic aortic valve. Second, the left anterior descending coronary artery would have to be revascularized with a bypass graft.

President Lee asked, "What would the risks be with such a procedure?"

"I don't know," I replied. "The risks of an aortic valve replacement alone in a man aged seventy-seven are high. The risks of a coronary graft operation alone in a man aged seventy-seven are high. To combine them would more than double the risk of either one alone. We have no experience doing both operations on patients in this age group. Therefore, I cannot give you any risk data based on experience. All I can say is, it would entail extremely high risk."

Then a weary President Kimball said, "I'm an old man and ready to die. It is well for a younger man to come to the Quorum



and do the work I can no longer do.”

At that point President Harold B. Lee, speaking for the First Presidency, rose to his feet, pounded his fist to the desk, and said, “Spencer, you have been called! You are not to die! You are to do everything that you need to do in order to care for yourself and continue to live.”

President Kimball responded, “Then I will have the operation performed.”

Sister Kimball wept. When he spoke those words, my heart sank, for the weight of this decision seemed suddenly to pass to me. But this was a remarkable event. This momentous decision, which shaped the history of the Church, was not based on medical recommendation. It was based strictly on the desire of an apostle of the Lord to be obedient to the counsel of his file leaders in the Church. It was based on the inspired direction of the First Presidency of the Church in answer to his request.

The meeting concluded with a brief discussion on the best timing for the operation, for this was now March of 1972. I said, “Let’s postpone the operation until general conference is over.” The decision was made to have the operation done in the second week of April.

President Kimball attended only one of the seven sessions of general conference in April 1972. His breathlessness and inability to exert himself because of his congestive heart failure forced him to listen to the other sessions from his bed.

On the eve of the operation, April 11, 1972, I received a blessing, at my request, from the First Presidency under the hands of President Harold B. Lee and President Nathan Eldon Tanner. They blessed me that the operation would be performed without error, that all would go well, and that I need not fear for my own inadequacies, for I had been raised up by the Lord to perform this operation.

On April 12, 1972, the operation was performed. As the skin incision was made, my resident exclaimed, “He doesn’t bleed!” From that very first maneuver until the last one, everything went as planned. There was not one broken stitch, not one instrument had fallen from the table, not one technical flaw had occurred in a series of thousands of intricate manipulations. I suppose my feelings at that time may have been like those of a concert pianist rendering a concerto without ever hitting a wrong note, or a baseball player who had

pitched a perfect game—no hits, no runs, no errors, and no walks; for a long and difficult operation had been performed exactly in accordance with the blessing invoked by the power of the priesthood.

But even more special than that was the overpowering feeling that came upon me as we shocked his heart, and it resumed its beating immediately with power and vigor. The Spirit told me that I had just operated upon a man who would become president of the Church!

I knew that President Kimball was a prophet. I knew that he was an apostle, but now it was revealed to me that he would preside over the Church! This feeling was so strong that I could hardly contain myself as we performed the routine maneuvers to conclude the operation. Later on in the week as he convalesced, I shared this news with him, and he and I both wept. I know that he did not take this feeling as seriously as I did because he knew that President Harold B. Lee, who stood before him in the Quorum, was younger and more healthy than he. Nonetheless, he honored my expression of the feelings as I had accurately and honestly reported them to him.

We became very close during that period of convalescence. Our son, Russell, had just been born. I counseled with him regarding the name that should be chosen. Should he be called Russell Marion Nelson, Jr., or Russell Marion Nelson II? President Kimball indicated that it should be Russell Marion Nelson, Jr. This reaffirmed the message that I had received in January of 1972, three months prior to his birth.

The convalescence from his operation was totally uncomplicated and just as smooth as it possibly could be. That's not to minimize the burden of pain and anxiety that I knew he was experiencing. Frequently I would visit his home and find that he was quite discouraged, as are all patients. The thing that he feared most was disability. He didn't fear death, but he didn't want to be a drain on the Brethren, the Church, or his beloved Camilla. He was concerned that although his life might have been prolonged, he might not be able to return to full service in the Church. This bothered him greatly.

Later on, he and Sister Kimball went to California for a few days of rest and convalescence, and while they were there trouble developed, characterized by paralysis of part of his face. They called a local doctor, who called us on the phone to indicate that President Kimball had sustained a stroke and that he was being sent home immediately. Dr. Wilkinson met him at the airport and checked him over. He found that it was not indeed a stroke, but a recurrence of Bell's palsy. Pres-

ident and Sister Kimball were somewhat relieved with that news, because he'd had Bell's palsy once before in his life, and he knew he could recover from that. Nonetheless, this augmented all his concerns that his life had been prolonged only to live without being of service in the kingdom.

In the midst of the understandable discouragement and depression following an open-heart operation, plus an attack of facial weakness due to Bell's palsy, came the death of President Joseph Fielding Smith in July of 1972. President Kimball would now become president of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, not just acting president, as he had hitherto been. I went immediately to his home upon learning of the death of President Smith, and on that Monday morning Sister Kimball and I helped him get dressed and get to the meeting of the Council of the Twelve where the leadership of the Church was to be reorganized. I even sat down at his typewriter and wrote a medical report on President Kimball that I hoped would be of some value to President Harold B. Lee as he, the new president of the Church, considered the reorganization.

From that time forward President Kimball began to gain power and strength. As more was asked of him in the Church, and as more was expected from him, his ability to perform increased remarkably.

On November 1, 1972, Sister Kimball became ill. She was in Relief Society and became distressed, but not wanting to disturb the teacher, she stayed until the meeting was over. Then, not wanting to disturb her husband, she went directly to Dr. Wilkinson, who made the diagnosis of acute appendicitis, sent her to the hospital, and called for my help. President Kimball and I arrived at the hospital about the same time, and of course we knew that an emergency appendectomy was required. They wanted me to do it.

President Kimball was so upset with the illness and imminent operation that he was somewhat beside himself. I said to him, "President Kimball, we'd have time for you to give Sister Kimball a blessing before her operation, if you'd like to do that."

With tears in his eyes, he looked up at me and said, "Will you do it for me, Brother Nelson?"

Thus I had the great privilege of giving Sister Kimball a blessing, aided by her beloved husband, the president of the Council of the Twelve. After that an acutely inflamed appendix was removed. There was already some purulent material spreading beyond the area of the appendix. She developed a deep pelvic abscess later on, which

prolonged her convalescence. This complication, miserable as it was for all concerned, brought me the sacred privilege and blessing of coming into their home on nearly a daily basis to monitor Sister Kimball's progress. She responded to the blessings of the priesthood and the assistance that antibiotic therapy provided.

In November 1973, President Kimball sustained what we initially thought may have been a small stroke. We admitted him to the hospital, did a cerebral arteriographic examination, and found the anatomy of the circulation to the brain to be perfect. There was no evidence of a stroke. President Kimball pledged me to secrecy about this study. He did not want the Brethren to know that he'd been in the hospital again, for above all, he did not want to be a drain on them or the Church. I assured him that I did not discuss the affairs of my patients even with my wife and that he need not worry.

It was not long, though, before I received a phone call from President Harold B. Lee, who in his commanding tone said, "I want you to tell me about Spencer. I want to know why he was in the hospital, what you did, and how ill he is, for he has assigned himself to go to Great Britain and South Africa, and I just don't want him to go on such a long journey if it would constitute risk to his life. Therefore, I need to know what's going on." President Lee was truly concerned for the welfare of President Kimball.

I was torn by two very profound loyalties: one, the loyalty of a doctor to his patient, which is always one of great confidence and privilege, and which in this case had been reinforced by my word to President Kimball that nothing would be said to the Brethren. On the other hand, I was now speaking with the president of the Church, the prophet for whom I prayed daily, who was asking for help that only I could give. I knew that the request of the president of the Church, the prophet of God, had to take higher priority than any other loyalties. I told him all that I knew about President Kimball's illness.

Immediately after that conversation, I telephoned President Kimball and confessed to him that I had been required to break a trust. Contrary to his request, I had revealed the nature of his illness to President Lee. President Kimball was most gracious; he understood the dilemma in which I had been placed and supported me fully.

President Kimball then went on to his assignments in England and Africa, rededicating Africa to the preaching of the gospel and



prophesying that stakes would dot that land. He returned just before Christmas of 1973.

Then that fateful night of December 26, 1973, arrived. I heard on television that President Lee had died and that President Romney and President Kimball were at the hospital. I immediately left home, knowing that my place was beside President Kimball. I went into the board of director's room at the LDS Hospital and there found President Kimball and President Romney. We embraced each other and wept, and I said, "I thought maybe you needed me." And he said, "I surely do. Thanks for coming." I shared a very special hour with President Kimball.

Over the next day or two, though, I began to sense a mood of anxiety, not only among President Kimball and the other Brethren, but in the whole community, for three presidents of the Church had been buried in the three-year period from 1970 to 1973, and now the mantle was to fall to President Spencer W. Kimball, a man known to have cancer controlled with surgery and radiation, heart disease mended with open-heart surgery, and another illness for which he had just been hospitalized in the preceding month. As I sensed these anxieties, I was impressed to write a letter to President Kimball on the Sunday he was ordained president of the Church. President Kimball read excerpts from my letter to the Brethren in the temple and then at his first press conference. It gave him a great deal of fortification, particularly with the press as they questioned him pointedly, for he was then able to refer to a letter from his surgeon which reassured him that in accepting this new assignment he needn't have any fear because of his health. A copy of that letter follows:

My beloved President Kimball,

On the eve of your elevation to become the President of the Church I have been prompted during the night to share with you some thoughts which are on my mind.

The circumstances which have brought you to this sacred responsibility are many. Those best known to me are those associated with your health which are of remarkable importance. You will recall it was President Lee who encouraged you to proceed with the operation on your heart, even though he (and you) knew the risks were exceedingly great. Again, it was President Lee (assisted by President Tanner) who so willingly and powerfully responded to my request for special Divine guidance in the

performance of that critical operation done April 12, 1972, for I was keenly aware of your apostolic calling, and of my own human frailties, in anticipation of one of the riskiest, most complex operations ever done. As this operation turned out to be technically perfect in every detail, I acknowledge the help of the Lord and the power of the holy priesthood, for rarely does a surgeon have this unique experience. Even more special is the fact that as that operation was nearly completed it was made known to me that one day you would be the President of the Church.

Then last month, for us to have the occasion to hospitalize you again and study your body in depth, seems to be another circumstance not to be provided by chance alone for we thereby secured proof, not only of the success of the artificial valve operation, and of the graft to the coronary artery, but we obtained a thorough inventory of every artery to the brain as well as complete assessment of your general medical status. All of our findings were indicative of superb structure and function of your body. No individual has ever been called to preside over the Church with such a thorough medical preparation and examination prior to his ordination.

Your surgeon wants you to know that your body is strong, your heart is better than it has been for years, and that by all of our finite ability to predict, you may consider this new assignment without undue anxiety about your health.

Now may I presume to add a word of caution (which you did for me as you set me apart as stake president in 1964), not to tax your capacity with excessive demands. Just as any fine instrument can be misused, so the fine equipment you bring to this office can be overloaded. You must delegate and then trust to your beloved and capable associates everything that need not be done by you. Accurate medication, periodic checkups, proper rest and pacing will be as important to your total productivity as will your work.

Finally, I want you to know what a privilege I deem it to be to act as your servant, for I know you have been sent, prepared, spared and blessed by the Lord to lead his Church with the special power that is uniquely yours.

I love and sustain you always.

Devotedly,  
Russell M. Nelson, M.D.  
December 30, 1973



A few months later, on a Saturday afternoon, President Kimball called me to his home because of a rhythm disturbance in his heart. I noted a number of ectopic beats. This concerned me a great deal, so I drove him to the hospital to get an electrocardiogram. This revealed an alarming number of premature ventricular contractions. I inquired in great detail whether or not he had been taking any medication that might have an influence. He had only been taking his digitalis preparation as he had been doing for over twenty years. I suggested that he discontinue taking the medication and let me check him in two or three days. When that interval had elapsed, I examined him again and found the abnormal rhythm to have ceased! I saw the amazing phenomenon of the Lord's blessing his Prophet with increasing strength and improvement; the digitalis, which had been required for over twenty years, was no longer necessary.

One characteristic of President Kimball that stands out is his genuine concern for individuals. While some people only talk about it, it is part of his way of life. In June of 1974, when Dantzel and I were scheduled to go to Argentina on a regional meeting assignment for the Church, an incident occurred that illustrates this observation about his character.

President Kimball knew that I was going to Argentina, for I always cleared with him before leaving on any trip that would separate us by a great distance. As we were checking in at the counter in the Salt Lake airport, I noted Richard Johns, the executive secretary of the Sunday School, running headlong down the corridor waving an envelope in the air. I could hear him shout, "Wait!" and so we did. Breathless, he handed us the envelope and said, "This is from President Kimball. Don't miss your plane; read it later." It was a handwritten note from President Kimball asking if it would be possible for us, while we were in Argentina, to check on a particular brother for whom he had concern; he would appreciate it very much if we could. We couldn't quite get over that. With over three and a half million people in the Church at that time, he was concerned for one soul in Mendoza, Argentina. When we got to Mendoza, we spoke to the wife of this brother, who was temporarily out of the city. We

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President Spencer W. Kimball and his wife, Camilla, are hosted by the general presidency and board of the Sunday School at a party given in honor of President Kimball's eightieth birthday, March 28, 1975.







learned that when President Kimball was there the last time, this man had lost his job and there was some concern about his ability to provide for his wife and children. But since then, he had found good employment and the children had progressed nicely, with two of them marrying in the temple. So there was nothing but good news to report to President Kimball when I returned.

Another example occurred on an evening when he called me out to his home because he was not feeling well. Everything checked out well. I couldn't find anything organically wrong, yet he was visibly disturbed. I asked him if anything had occurred that day at his office that had upset him a great deal, and if so, could he tell me about it? Then he told me that he had received the news that two fine young missionaries had been murdered in Texas by a prospective investigator who turned out to be a lunatic. His concern for those missionaries and their families had made him literally ill.

There was another occasion we will always remember. It was the Sunday morning of general conference in October of 1976. Dantzel answered the phone around 7:00 a.m. and summoned me. "President Kimball wants to speak with you," she said.

My immediate reaction was one of fear, for I knew that I wouldn't hear from President Kimball on Sunday morning of general conference unless it was a matter of great urgency. I was afraid that some illness had supervened.

As I said good morning to him, he greeted me warmly and then said, "In the near future you are going to perform open-heart surgery on a man from Arizona named Lawrence Maloy. My thoughts are with him today, and I'd like to give him a call to tell him of my concern and affection. Do you think you could help me locate him?"

I asked him how long he was going to be at home, for it would take me a little while to find his phone number.

He said, "I'll be here for another thirty minutes or so."

So immediately I made a few phone calls, learned where Brother Maloy might be reached, and returned the phone call to President Kimball with that message. But reflecting on my own experience as stake president, knowing how concerned I was on the Sunday mornings of stake conferences, any concern I had for any one individual would likely be subverted until stake conference had been termi-

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President Kimball never misses an opportunity to congratulate, to thank, or to encourage. This is but one of the many thoughtful letters he has been kind enough to send me over the years.

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS  
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84111

ERIK W. KIMBALL, PRESIDENT

November 19, 1976

Dr. Russell M. Nelson  
1347 Normandie Circle  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Brother Russell:

How pleased we are to learn of the honor that has come to you in your election as chairman of the American Heart Association's Council on Cardiovascular Surgery. We extend our sincere commendation to you.

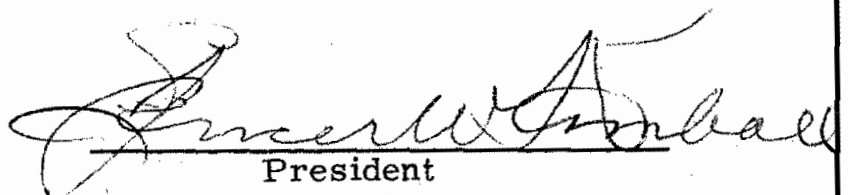
We are proud of you and of the well deserved recognition you have received in the field of thoracic surgery, not only in the State of Utah and throughout the nation, but internationally as well.

We esteem and commend you also, Brother Russell, for the wonderful influence for good you continue to be as a worthy emissary of the Church and for your effective efforts in your leadership of the Sunday School.

I am, personally, so grateful to you for the special courtesies and services you have extended to me and for our association as we travel together.

May our Heavenly Father's choicest blessings be with you, and with your lovely Dantzel and your family, as you continue to meet the opportunities, challenges and responsibilities which come to you.

Faithfully yours,

  
President

nated. But not so with President Kimball. With a whole world hanging on every word that he would soon say in general conference, there he was, taking about a thirty-minute period of his time for his concern for one man. Subsequently, Brother Maloy did receive a blessing from President Kimball and got along well with his open-heart operation.

The general presidency and board of the Sunday School had the great privilege of hosting a party for President Kimball's eightieth birthday. This event, held on the twenty-sixth floor of the new Church Office Building, took place March 28, 1975. We invited all the General Authorities and their wives, and all of President Kimball's family. It was truly a lovely affair. We heard from each of President Kimball's children. The grandchildren performed. We had prepared a movie of the highlights of his life which I think he enjoyed so much. We felt especially privileged as a Sunday School to be able to host a party for the prophet on this significant occasion. We gave him a digital clock that indicated the time in all the twenty-four time zones of the world.

He favored us with his attendance at our Sunday School General Board Christmas parties when he could. I remember having our family in the car when we picked up President and Sister Kimball to take them to the Christmas party in December of 1976. Little Russell was four years of age at the time, and I thought that President Kimball would be interested in knowing that a picture of the Salt Lake Temple was hanging on the wall in Russell's room, a procedure which President Kimball has advocated for all young children in the Church. So with a little fatherly prompting, Russell said to President Kimball, "I have a picture of the temple hanging on the wall of my room."

President Kimball's reply was, "Which temple do you have pictured? We have a lot of them, you know."

Russell, with the limited perspective of a four-year-old who knew of only one temple, said, "The marriage temple, of course!"

We all laughed and thought it was a very appropriate response.

At Christmastime, President Kimball would visit our home simply to bring a box of candy and a greeting of love. Whenever a book of his was published, he would inscribe it personally and see that we had a complimentary copy.

## CHAPTER 22

# President Spencer W. Kimball—II

## South Pacific Area Conferences, February and March 1976

Dantzel and I felt so privileged to be invited to accompany President Kimball and the other Brethren to the nine area conferences that were held in the South Pacific in February and March of 1976. It gave us the unique opportunity of being immediately beside him day and night for a period of three weeks. We'd always known him to be a man of modesty and simplicity, but that became more evident as we observed him at close range. For instance, if he was given a blanket on the airplane, when he was through with it he neatly folded it to save the flight attendant that trouble. And rather than overeat or indulge in all of the marvelous dishes that were offered him, either in the airplane or the hotel, when he could do so without offending anyone he would simply break up some bread in a bowl of milk and enjoy that simple repast.

In a grand ceremony at the Polynesian Cultural Center in Laie, Hawaii, he was presented with a very elegant lei that we were told was reserved only for royalty. As he stood up to receive this gracious offering, we noted a rubber-tipped pencil emerging from a shirt pocket. This seemed very symbolic to us, and so very typical of President Kimball; for even as the honors of men were being accorded to him, it was not forgotten that the purpose of his being there was strictly to get the work done. As soon as he was alone and had a chance, out came the papers and the rubber-tipped pencils and he would be writing and working once more.

During a pause between the affairs at the Polynesian Cultural Center and a later ceremony where he was to lay the cornerstone for the new library at the Brigham Young University—Hawaii Campus, we were invited into the home of the president of the university, Brother Dan Anderson. While all of us were assembled in the front room, President Kimball drifted off for a very well deserved ten-minute nap. Sister Kimball made the observation, "That's what saves him." President Kimball could drop off and catch a few winks to preserve his strength while other people were engaged in trivial conversation. He's a man in complete control of his body, with spiritual



domination always apparent.

From Hawaii we went to Pago Pago, American Samoa. On Sunday morning we all attended priesthood meeting together at the Mapasaga Ward. I remember my great surprise as the meeting closed and Sunday School was about to be convened. President Kimball turned to me and said, "President Tanner and I have decided that you should conduct the meeting of Sunday School."

I looked at the clock and found that Sunday School would begin in thirty seconds. I said, "Yes sir, I'd be glad to."

At their request, and with the very helpful aid of the ward Sunday School president, who was thoroughly prepared, Sunday School was conducted as they directed. The area conference was held that Sunday afternoon to bless the lives of all those Saints.

From there we went to Apia, Western Samoa. As the airplane touched down, we could see that many people were there to greet President Kimball. A band played, governmental hosts were in attendance, and the streets were lined with waving crowds, signs, and flowers all the way from the airport to downtown Apia, a distance of ten or twelve miles. A national holiday had been declared for the visit of the prophet.

A kava ceremony was held later, hosted by the governmental and Church dignitaries of Western Samoa. During the course of that activity the Samoan Saints sang a song in Samoan, about ten verses, concerning their need for a temple in the Samoan Islands. Very thoughtfully, they had prepared a translation of the song and presented it to President Kimball so that he might follow it along and know the substance of their message. When it came time for his reply, his sense of humor shone forth as he said, "Now, if I understand your Samoan well, I get the impression that you are interested in having a temple here." This brought waves of laughter from the assembled Saints. Then he said, "I'll have more to say about that at our area conference tomorrow." When the area conference time came, he did indeed have more to say about that. He said, "Before you shall have a temple here, you need to convert your genealogical information from memorized recollections to a form that can be used in the temple. You also need to get more convert baptisms, for it takes a lot of people to run a temple. So, in essence, when you have done your part, the Lord will do his part and you shall have a temple here." (We were so delighted with the announcement in 1977 that a temple was to be built in Samoa.)

In Samoa, President Kimball gave blessings to many people who sought his aid, including the mission president, President Peters, who became quite ill with a high fever on the final day of the area conference. President Kimball very selflessly exposed himself to all manner of sickness in order to respond to such requests. Then, while flying from Apia back to Pago Pago, he himself was stricken with a similar febrile illness that came with great suddenness. Right in the middle of that forty-five minute flight, I felt his temperature rise and had to assist him to the rest room. After we landed in Pago Pago, we had to stop along the highway to accommodate his distressing nausea. When we arrived at the hotel, I found his temperature to be 104 degrees. Both he and Sister Kimball were coughing, febrile, and most miserable. Arthur Haycock and I responded to the request of President and Sister Kimball to give them blessings, and administered to them. Before doing so, Brother Haycock reminded President Kimball that he and President Tanner were to appear on Samoan television that evening. President Kimball simply instructed Brother Haycock, "Have President Nelson take my place." With that pronouncement, I was given the assignment to be interviewed on Samoan television with President Tanner in a thirty-minute program. In spite of our great concern for our president's illness, I think the program went very well, particularly President Tanner's part. He was brilliant.

We had a 5:00 a.m. departure planned from Pago Pago the following morning, which meant we had to leave the hotel at about 3:30. It was merciless to do so, since President and Sister Kimball were so ill. In fact, President Kimball was gray and ashen as Brother Haycock and I assisted him onto the airplane. I remember how upset one of the officials was with me for allowing President Kimball to get on the plane. He said, "Anyone can see that he's too sick to get on an airplane and fly to New Zealand. You should leave him here in Pago Pago where he can go to the hospital and get the aid that he needs." Nonetheless, we got President and Sister Kimball on the airplane and settled with blankets. Their fevers raged between 102 and 104 degrees. Once we were in flight, I went to Elder Robert L. Simpson and Brother Wendell J. Ashton with the observation that President Kimball was so ill that I thought it would be well for them to give thought to alternate options for the agenda that had been planned for the remainder of the day. I was aware of the plans for a nationwide television program to be held at 12:00 noon in Auck-

land, followed by a luncheon meeting with New Zealand's Prime Minister Muldoon. I felt quite certain that President Kimball would not be able to carry out these assignments.

As the long hours of that flight from Pago Pago to Auckland elapsed, President and Sister Kimball slumbered and later awakened as the instructions were given to fasten seat belts and prepare for the descent. President Kimball had perspired a great deal, which indicated to me that his temperature had fallen; and indeed it had, for it was now 98.8 degrees. He began to button his shirt and cinch his tie, and he asked Sister Kimball to brush his hair. She jokingly responded, "Which hair do you want me to brush, Spencer?" So their preparations continued for the commitments that awaited him.

When the plane landed, President and Sister Kimball were the first ones through the door. Together they marched like generals inspecting the troops, shaking hands with the people who were lined up to greet them.

More amazing than that was his performance on television. Brother Haycock and I sat in the rear of the room with fear and trembling as this man whom we had assisted onto the airplane just a few hours before stood before the cameras. President Kimball proceeded to give a twenty-five minute dissertation on the Church, its history, its mission, and its programs. It was the finest presentation I have ever heard—thoroughly organized, comprehensive, and humbly and powerfully delivered. Brother Haycock and I looked at each other in utter amazement; we could hardly believe what we were seeing and hearing. His accomplishment was simply brilliant.

Following this, President Kimball went into the luncheon meeting with Prime Minister Muldoon. This seemed to be an enjoyable affair for both of them as each gained quick admiration and affection for the other. We found Prime Minister Muldoon to be a man of great character and courage. When dessert was being served, President Kimball motioned to me and said, "Brother Nelson, I think I'd better join Sister Kimball in the room." So we excused ourselves from Prime Minister Muldoon's company and went to Sister Kimball's room, where she had been since our arrival. President Kimball's illness again became evident, so I took his temperature and found it to be 102 degrees. I couldn't believe the miracle I had just seen. A man so ill had received the blessing of a two-hour remission, which allowed him to perform his duties faithfully and well, as

though his spirit had the power to drive the illness, at least temporarily, from his body.

We drove by motor car from Auckland to Temple View, near Hamilton, New Zealand. President and Sister Kimball were given rooms in the home of the temple president, whereupon they went immediately to bed. President Kimball had asked President Tanner to handle the reception with the Maori queen, since he, President Kimball, was too ill to do so. Moreover, President Kimball said, "Sister Kimball and I will not make it to the cultural activities planned for this evening (Saturday) because of our illness. The doctor thinks we should not attend. Therefore, will you please excuse us and begin the meeting on time. Express our regrets to the congregation. We will try to conserve our strength in order to make it to the general sessions of the area conference on Sunday morning." President Tanner agreed and departed.

When the time arrived for the evening cultural activities, Dantzel went to the stadium at the Church College of New Zealand with President and Sister Tanner and the other Brethren and their wives, while Arthur Haycock and I remained with President and Sister Kimball at the temple president's home. I was reading in President Kimball's room when he awakened with a start.

He said, "Brother Nelson, what time was that program to begin this evening?"

I said, "At seven o'clock, President Kimball."

He said, "What time is it now?"

I replied, "It's almost seven." Noting that he was soaked in perspiration, I thought his fever may have broken, which indeed it had. His temperature was now 98.6 degrees.

He said, "Tell Sister Kimball we're going!"

Several thoughts flashed through my mind in that instant, culminating in a decision that it would be inadvisable for me to say anything about it being medically inadvisable for him to go. So I quickly went in and said to Sister Kimball, "We're going." They each hurriedly prepared and went to the car that had been made available.

So President and Sister Kimball, Brother Haycock, and I drove the short distance from the temple president's home to the Church College stadium where the activities were being held. As the car entered the stadium, there was a very loud shout that erupted spontaneously. It was so sudden and so deafening that I wondered if it might



have been a clap of thunder. The car was driven around the track to the place where President and Sister Kimball could be ushered to their seats; Brother Haycock and I took our seats beside our companions as well. I asked Dantzel what was the cause of that enormous shout. I got the story from her point of view.

She said that President Tanner had called the meeting to order at 7:00 p.m. and had explained that President and Sister Kimball were unable to attend because of illness. They were to proceed without them in order that their strength might be preserved to join with the Saints the following day. Then one of the young New Zealanders was called upon to pray. With a faith typical of these Saints in the islands, this young New Zealander gave what Dantzel described as a rather lengthy prayer. During the course of his prayer, he supplicated the Lord thusly: "We are three thousand New Zealand youth. We are assembled here, having prepared for six months to sing and to dance for thy prophet. Wilt thou heal him and deliver him here." Then, as the "Amen" was pronounced, the car entered carrying President and Sister Kimball. They were immediately identified by the assembled throng of thousands, who all spontaneously issued that shout for joy on having their prayer answered so directly.

This ability of President Kimball to receive and respond to revelation is one that I've observed on many occasions. I suppose he would regard this as rather an incidental revelation, but to me it was very meaningful because I was there, and I saw it happen.

The following day, on Sunday morning, as I checked President Kimball I made a passing comment that I felt a bit of regret about coming all the way to New Zealand and being this close to the temple and not being able to enjoy the blessing of going to the temple.

He said, "Haven't you been to that temple?"

I said, "No sir, I haven't. This is the first time I've ever been to New Zealand."

He said, "Well, I'm going over there soon; why don't you get Sister Nelson and join me?"

Like a rocket I sped to the neighboring motel to get Dantzel. Then we had the glorious privilege of going into the temple with the prophet as he prayerfully consulted with the Lord in preparation for the area conference which was to begin in about an hour.

The area conference was to be held outdoors, for there was not an auditorium in New Zealand large enough for the crowd. About

fifteen thousand people were expected. This was the rainy season in New Zealand, and it had rained every day for at least two weeks. In fact, there was so much concern about the weather that a national day of fasting and prayer had been declared by the government officials the Sunday before the visit of the prophet, to ask for good weather during the conference session the following week. Not only Latter-day Saints, but the entire nation was united in fasting and prayer that this might happen.

On that Sunday morning the weather was perfect. We were blessed with a great outpouring of the Spirit in the sermons that were delivered. Only after the meetings were over did the moisture return, and as we monitored the television newscast later that evening, the announcer indicated with some degree of personal pride how the prayers of the New Zealanders had been answered as the weather turned out to be perfect for the area conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the visit of the prophet of God, President Spencer W. Kimball.

From New Zealand we went to Fiji for the area conference in Suva. The auditorium was so hot! I'm sure it was over 100 degrees. Sister Kimball was really very ill, and yet she sat on the front row like a soldier in spite of her fever and misery. She was anxious to give visible, tangible evidence of support for her husband and for the cause. More than a thousand people were present, many of whom had come from the remote islands of the Fijian group and from island chains even beyond, such as the Gilbert Islands.

After the meeting was over, Brother Haycock and I approached President Kimball with the intention of ushering him immediately to the car that was waiting outside to transport him and Sister Kimball to the hotel as expeditiously as possible. But with the power of Samson, President Kimball pushed Brother Haycock and me aside and broke into the crowd of a thousand people who were there, and he proceeded to shake hands with every one of them. He seemed to sense my concern for his physical well-being, but he replied later that those people had come by boat and canoe to be in that meeting and see the prophet, and he wasn't going to let a single one of them leave without shaking hands with him if it was their desire to do so. This is just one more example of President Kimball's habit of placing his thoughtful concern for the Saints above any personal considerations.

From Fiji we went to Tonga. There we stayed in the mission home, and it was such a relief for me to see Sister Kimball get some

well-deserved rest, for she had really been so ill.

The conferences in Tonga were a moving experience. As we arrived there for the main meeting, I looked behind me in the choir section and found about 225 young Tongans all in white. Much to my surprise, however, they were not the choir. When President Tanner announced that the choir would sing the opening number, the entire center section of the congregation arose, all dressed immaculately in white. I don't know how many were in the choir; there were hundreds. They sang as only the Tongans can. Then I learned that the 225 Tongans on the stand were not the choir at all, but all native missionaries. Later President Kimball was to prophesy that Tonga would be one of the very first nations of the earth to prepare more missionaries than could be used in their own country. At the conclusion of the meeting, there was not a dry eye. No one moved. The Tongans sang song after song as their means of expressing gratitude to God and to his prophet for the spiritual experience they had enjoyed. Without any warning, President Kimball had called on me to speak during that meeting. In my remarks I indicated that the singing of the Tongan Saints, which I was privileged to observe in a regional meeting assignment three years previously, had led to a change in the format of the Sunday School program for the whole world. We were inspired to change the "Hymn Practice" to "Worship through Music" because of what I'd seen there in Tonga. The power of their supplication in musical prayer had set an example that I hoped would be caught by the whole world.

From Tonga we returned to Auckland for a brief interval and then went on to Australia for regional meetings in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane. My heart was full of compassion for President and Sister Kimball, who were still struggling with their influenza-like illness. There was simply no time for them to get the rest and regeneration that would have been ideal. Clearly, one of the high points of the trip was the area conference in the Sydney Opera House, where a choir of Australian members performed so beautifully. The Saints from Australia as well as the General Authorities spoke so eloquently in a program that was carried nationwide and taped for subsequent replay to provide even more extensive coverage.

From Australia we went to Tahiti, where the ninth and final conference was to be held. Our arrival in Tahiti was a little different, for in all the other countries we had been accorded receptions that included governmental officials. But in Tahiti, being French and

Catholic in background, the reception was a little less warm. In fact, I was with President Kimball as he met the governor of Tahiti, who spoke in French and through interpreters indicated wonderment as to why we were there. He said he didn't want any trouble. But President Kimball won him over in a very short time and invited the governor to come to the area conference, which he did. Elder Bruce R. McConkie gave a talk at that meeting which visibly moved the governor. Elder McConkie was inspired to set aside the text that had been prepared for the translators and gave instead an extemporaneous address on the Church, its divine origin, the apostasy, and the restoration. It was one of the best talks I've ever heard.

Upon reaching our ultimate destination of Los Angeles and then Salt Lake City, chest X-rays were taken of President and Sister Kimball. We found that both had viral pneumonia. Sister Kimball's was clearing; President Kimball's was still visible bilaterally. Dr. Wilkinson and I tried to get President Kimball to go into the hospital, but he pleaded with us not to force him to that course. He said, "You brethren just do not understand the urgency that I perceive about the work I must do. You must not hospitalize me and slow the work down." So we acquiesced to his demands and continued to manage him as an outpatient.

Of course, Dantzel and I will always regard the privilege of this three-week association with the Brethren as one of the most choice of our lives. Every day seemed like a Sunday or like general conference. The rich outpouring of the Spirit and the many inspiring addresses were unforgettable. But I think the most remarkable thing of all was that we watched President Kimball, in spite of his being ill for the majority of the time, carry out his responsibilities fully, giving more than fifty major addresses and holding innumerable press conferences and meetings with governmental dignitaries. His spiritual supremacy and strength drove his body and his illness into submission in complete obedience to his spiritual commands.

### Other Experiences, 1977-78

On September 7, 1977, I was performing open-heart surgery when I was summoned to the telephone by Brother Arthur Haycock. He said, "President Kimball has just sustained a sudden attack, and we need you to come."



"I can't come right now," I said. "I'm in the middle of an operation. I have a man's heart stopped on the table, and I can't leave. Have you called Dr. Wilkinson?"

He said, "Yes, I've called Dr. Wilkinson and he's on his way."

In a moment or two I was summoned to the phone again, this time by Dr. Wilkinson, who was at President Kimball's side. He indicated that President Kimball had become desperately ill while in a meeting with the Church Board of Education. He had become ashen and sweaty, with low blood pressure, severe nausea, and dizziness. Dr. Wilkinson was greatly concerned and was putting him in the hospital.

I indicated that I would go right to his room as soon as my operation had been completed.

Later I learned from my counselor, Joe J. Christensen, who was in the Board of Education meeting at that time, that President Kimball had suddenly become so ill that he was unable to leave the meeting on his own. President Christensen, Elder Boyd K. Packer, and others had carried him from the room. Brother Christensen confided in me that he thought he would never see President Kimball alive again. He looked just that ill to him.

After my operation was over, I went immediately to room 702 at the LDS Hospital. I was still in my green operating clothes. President Kimball was barely able to acknowledge my presence. I checked him over and couldn't find any obvious cause for the illness. The laboratory work was just being ordered and no results were available as yet. So in my state of concern and perplexity I indicated to President Kimball that we did not know what the nature of his illness was, and that further time would be needed to define it.

President Kimball opened his eyes, looked up, and said, "Would you give me a blessing?"

Brother Haycock and Sister Kimball were there. My background was a medical one, of course. I was entrusted, at least to some degree, with the care of the prophet. I was very anxious for his welfare, and I felt confused and concerned as to why he was so ill. In that setting, as Brother Haycock anointed him and asked me to seal the anointing, I felt the power of the Lord surge through me, prompting me to pronounce a blessing on his prophet that now was not the time for his life to be terminated. He was to continue to live! He would recover fully and be able to resume his duties of presiding over the church and kingdom of God upon the earth—in fact, he

would recover even before the diagnosis was made and would not miss a single appointment of significance.

We all were in tears at the culmination of that blessing. I believe I was the most shocked and amazed of all, for I knew that the words which had been pronounced were not products of my own thinking.

The following day, September 8, President Kimball began to get well, and in the afternoon Dr. Wilkinson and I met together to go over all the findings. The diagnosis was as yet incomplete, but President Kimball's recovery was complete. He was released, and on the following day he and President Tanner went to Canada to fulfill their appointment there to set apart a new temple presidency. Not one appointment of significance was missed, and he was healed before we were able to make a diagnosis. Truly I saw and felt the power of the Lord bless his prophet.

On the eve of general conference, March 29, 1978, a program honoring President Tanner was held in the Hotel Utah. My mother and father were there.

President Kimball greeted mother with a kiss and told my father and mother how grateful he, President Kimball, was for the news that they had gone through the temple. Of course, he had indicated that before, but he reiterated it on this occasion. He also indicated how grateful and pleased he was with my father's excellent service in preparing the commemorative booklet that was distributed to the guests at President Tanner's banquet.

The following day I delivered copies of a couple of my speeches to President Kimball as he had requested. While there, President Kimball asked me to take a look at a little lesion he had on his nose, which I found to be an inclusion cyst. I drained it right there in his office. I had a little blood on my fingers at the termination of that procedure, and I didn't know whether to wash it off or shellac it on. During the course of our visit he said, "I thank God every day for Dr. Nelson." That made me feel so humble.

It was my privilege on November 6, 1977, to accompany President Kimball on the occasion of the dedication of the newly restored Bountiful Stake Tabernacle. He was so generous and kind to us that night, as he always is.

These recollections are just abstractions of these choice experiences. Meetings of even deeper meaning we have had together, some of which are too sacred even to record here where other eyes may view them, for I have been pledged by him to secrecy. Only Dantzel

knows of those experiences, having shared them with me.

From time to time, I hear people speculate on the question "When does the prophet speak as a prophet, and when does he speak otherwise?" This query seems curious to me, as if one were presumptuous enough to sit in judgment on a prophet. To one asking such a question, my observations may be of interest. In my close associations with President Kimball spanning two decades and the spectrum from suffering to sublimity, I have never been forced to that question. The only question I have faced has been "How can I be more like him?" His saintly life has truly been an inspiration to me, for I have watched him carefully in virtually all circumstances to which one may be subjected. Nothing could bless me and my family more than for us to strive toward the degree of perfection and self-mastery he has achieved. I know that this man, as his predecessors, has been prepared, blessed, inspired, and preserved to preside over the Church as a living prophet. I know that he is directed by the Lord. I have seen it, and I have felt it. I know that Spencer W. Kimball teaches and testifies as a prophet, that he has suffered as have other prophets, that he serves as a prophet. He receives and responds to revelation as a prophet. He has the courage of a prophet, the kindness and concern of a prophet. He has been blessed as a prophet, as he does bless as a prophet. He lives as a prophet and will die as have other prophets, sealing his testimony that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ and the head of his church.

## CHAPTER 23

# Presidents Hugh B. Brown N. Eldon Tanner, Marion G. Romney Ezra Taft Benson

In addition to associations with six presidents of the Church, there have been choice privileges of service with others in the First Presidency, the Quorum of the Twelve, and other presiding officers in the Church.

## President Hugh B. Brown

President Brown was in the First Presidency from June 22, 1961, to January 18, 1970. My close relationship with him commenced in the Garden Park Ward, for he lived at 1002 Douglas Street, next door to the home long occupied by President Joseph Fielding Smith. As a young member of the bishopric of the Garden Park Ward, I was privileged to meet with President Brown repeatedly. Later as stake president in that same stake, I came under his inspired guidance and leadership frequently. How blessed we were when he would come to our stake conferences and speak to us.

He was always a great teacher. While I was stake president, I remember how embarrassed I was one day when he spoke at a funeral in one of the chapels of the Bonneville Stake. After President Brown had given his eloquent funeral sermon, the bishop conducting the funeral followed with a rather lengthy message. President Brown turned to me and said, "President Nelson, the bishop needs to be instructed that there should be no other speaker after the final speaker has concluded." I'll never forget that lesson!

During the latter years of President David O. McKay's administration, the weight of many responsibilities devolved heavily upon President Brown because of President McKay's illness and advanced age. I remember how embarrassed I was as I received a call from President Brown one day. After I answered the phone, he said, "This is Hugh Brown speaking."

I replied, "How are you, Hugh?" thinking I was speaking with my medical colleague Dr. Hugh Brown, an anesthesiologist on the staff at St. Mark's Hospital with whom I'd been having some business



relating to the affairs of the Salt Lake County Medical Society at that time.

After he explained that this was Hugh B. Brown of the First Presidency, I felt reduced to a size that could easily have slipped through one of the holes in the mouthpiece of the telephone! But he laughed and never gave my embarrassing faux pas another thought.

Perhaps the supreme compliment in our relationship with President Brown came in November of 1974, at the time of the dedication of the Washington Temple. President Brown had borne many of the responsibilities relating to the building of such a magnificent temple in our nation's capital. I suppose some of the decisions that had to be made did not go unchallenged. At any rate, when President Kimball extended an invitation to President Brown to attend the dedication, he indicated that due to his advanced age and feeble condition, he felt he could go only if a doctor went along. Fortunately I got that assignment, which also included an invitation for Dantzel to join us. My responsibility was to be available for whatever President Brown might need. I checked him each night and morning. His son Manley and daughter Mary (Mrs. Ed Firmage) accompanied him as well.

On the morning of the temple dedication, President Brown greeted me with the news that he had been visited during the night by President Harold B. Lee (President Lee had died the year before). He described it as a glorious visit, one that meant much to him, for President Lee had been aware of some of the difficulties encountered by President Brown in the decisions that led to the construction of the temple in Washington, D.C.

Later that morning, as we took President Brown to breakfast, Sister Harold B. (Freda Joan) Lee approached us. As we exchanged greetings, President Brown said to her, "I had a glorious visit with Harold last night. He is just fine. It was so good to visit with him."

This was such a moving experience for us all. We felt the presence of President Lee's spirit in the temple through the witness of President Brown. At the dedicatory service, he spoke so eloquently! These events enhanced our great privilege of being in the temple for the dedication, conducted by President Spencer W. Kimball.

While we were there, I missed one of the sessions of the dedicatory service because of the sudden illness of one of the other Brethren, who had a raging fever. He was so ill! I had to take him to Georgetown Hospital for laboratory tests in order to establish the diagnosis and render appropriate therapy. I was able to return to the service

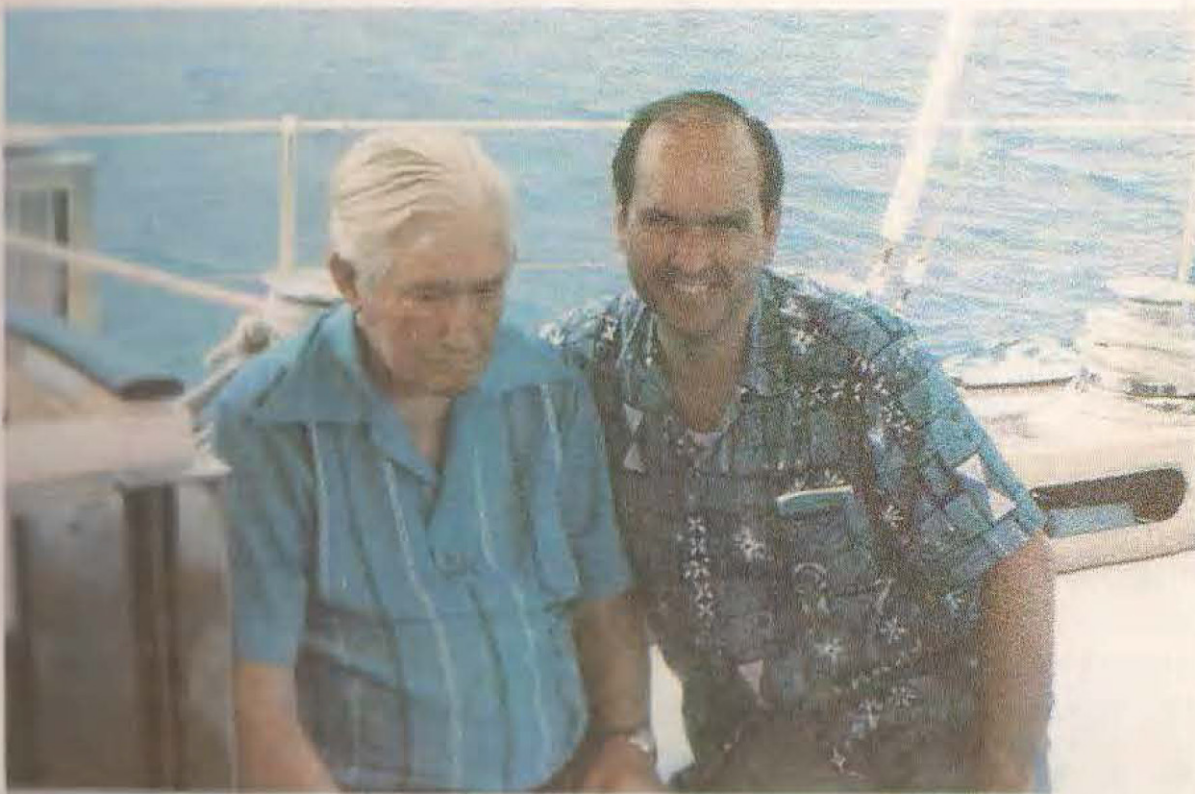


later that afternoon and hear President Brown give his masterful address.

After the dedicatory services, a festive, formal dinner was held for the leaders of the Church in attendance. President Kimball gave such an eloquent address. He prophesied that the day would come when temples would be operative day and night with workers coming in shifts. Dantzel and I felt greatly privileged to be invited to take part in this historic event.

After the official ceremonies were over, we were privileged to join President Brown, his son Manley, his daughter Mary, and our good friends Ann and Truman Madsen for a cruise on the sailboat *Sealestial*, hosted by owners Jim and Renae Dyer. We flew to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, where we spent a few days cruising and visiting with one another freely. We had some profound and probing discussions with President Hugh B. Brown.

When his death came a few months later, we reflected again on the supreme privilege it had been to be so closely associated with this great and noble Saint.



With President Hugh B. Brown, cruising in the Virgin Islands  
aboard the *Sealestial*, November 1974.

## President Nathan Eldon Tanner

When President and Sister Tanner moved into the Aztec Apartments, they became residents of the Salt Lake Bonneville Stake at the time when I was serving as stake president. President Tanner had a unique way of making his bishop and his stake president feel as though he lived in the best ward and stake in the Church. He was always most complimentary and gracious. President and Sister Tanner were generously hospitable as well, inviting us to special parties in their home and taking advantage of every occasion to encourage us.

I performed open-heart surgery on their daughter Ruth's husband, Cliff Walker. Throughout this period, President Tanner was so very supportive. He builds confidence in those who serve about him.

When I received the call to serve in the leadership of the Sunday School, he said, "The only thing that's wrong with this call is that I would lose you as my stake president." That comment was typically gracious of him.

I sought President Tanner's counsel on a number of occasions. He was particularly helpful and supportive when the general presidency and board of the Sunday School wanted to host the party for President Kimball's eightieth birthday. I'm sure we wouldn't have had that opportunity if it hadn't been for President Tanner.

In 1973, I counseled with President Tanner before Dr. Jenson and I became a professional corporation, for I did not want to do anything that might not be viewed as proper in his eyes. Actually, he thought it was a very good idea and encouraged us in this direction.

On a previous occasion, when I was president of the Bonneville Stake, I had the idea that it would be helpful if some of the members of the bishopric in each of our ten wards could see how meetings were conducted in some of the other wards. So I designed a bishopric exchange program that would allow each bishopric counselor to spend one day each quarter observing proceedings in another ward. I was properly advised by several on the high council that such a plan probably should be cleared by the Brethren. When I asked which of the Brethren, the reply was given, "President Tanner."

When I took this proposal to President Tanner, he leaned back in his chair and said, "This is exactly what I did when I was stake

president in Canada many years ago. However, I differed in my approach in that I didn't ask anybody. I just went ahead and did it. So you should go ahead and do it if that's what you feel would benefit and bless the members of your stake."

Through my associations with President Tanner, I have learned a great deal about how he carries as many heavy responsibilities as he does. I have observed that once a decision has been prayerfully reached, he doesn't look back on it. He doesn't waste precious time reliving those moments, wondering what might have happened had the decision been made the other way. Always looking ahead and never backward, he has confidence that the decisions he made were the best he could make at the time, and he adheres to them.

Another lesson I have learned is that he devotes his entire energy to the matter on his mind at a particular time, and when it is time to switch his attention from that matter, he diverts it completely. When the First Presidency was in the midst of their search for a new president for Brigham Young University, he asked me to get some information and report back to him. On the Saturday morning when I was to report back, Sister Tanner said that he was out playing golf. I thought to myself, "How in the world could he be out playing golf at a time like this when he has such an important decision facing him?" Upon thinking about it a little more, though, I realized that this is typically the way President Tanner organizes his time. When it is time to think about a crucial decision, he thinks about it. When it's time to play golf, he thinks about that. I've tried to emulate his great example and learn to do things once and then move on to the next thing that needs to be done and try to do that well, never reliving or wondering what might have been.

The leaders of Salt Lake City honored President Tanner with a banquet on March 29, 1978. They presented him with the "Giant in Our City" award. It was an outstanding affair. My father had been given the assignment to produce a commemorative booklet for the occasion. Daddy did an outstanding job of publishing an attractive, brief, yet comprehensive pictorial and narrative review of the life of this great man. I was so proud of both of them. In a way I felt some degree of reciprocation for President Tanner's many kindnesses as the efforts of my father contributed significantly to the success of this important event.



## President Marion G. Romney

My first recollections of President Romney date back to my seventh year, when we lived on Michigan Avenue. He was the second president of the Bonneville Stake, Elder Joseph L. Wirthlin having been the first. We admired him greatly as the president of our stake.

In 1943, when he was the first man to be called as an Assistant to the Twelve, we felt honored that our stake president was called to be a General Authority. We knew him to be a sweet, sincere, and stalwart Saint, well versed in the gospel and thoroughly familiar with the scriptures.

In 1971, when the search was under way for a new president for Brigham Young University, President Romney interviewed me extensively, particularly on the question of the Negro and the Priesthood. I gave him a simple answer: I had no problem with that doctrine, because I knew that in the Lord's own due time a revelation would come which would enable the Blacks to receive the Priesthood, and until that time came, they were not to receive it. It was just that simple. I suspect some of the other men who were being interviewed may have had more to say on that subject.

As the years went by, I did open-heart surgery on three of President Romney's family—one brother and two sisters. On each occasion as I would keep him informed, he was so gracious and appreciative of our efforts.

President Romney has a marvelous knack for making us feel close to him. He relates to me as a fellow president of the Bonneville Stake; he calls Joseph B. Wirthlin "one of my boys" (Joseph was called on a mission by Bishop Marion G. Romney when he presided over the Thirty-third Ward); and he often called my counselors, Richard L. Warner and Joe J. Christensen, "my neighbors."

It has always been a delight to visit President and Sister Romney in their home, a simple and modest dwelling, yet obviously a home of love and faith, one where we are always made to feel so welcome.

He recounts that he, Elder Marion D. Hanks, my dad, myself, and my son, Russell, all have one thing in common: we all bear the name "Marion."

President Romney has always had the remarkable ability to combine learned scholarship with great faith. He has fused the two to achieve a power that neither could render standing alone. He is very much like President Stephen L. Richards in this quality. We have

looked to both of these men for counsel and guidance at crucial times in our lives.

## **President Ezra Taft Benson**

Dantzel and I were in Cuba in 1952 with Mother and Daddy, my sister Marjory, and her husband Bob when news reached us that Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve was to be called to the cabinet of President Dwight D. Eisenhower as secretary of agriculture. This was such great news, for at that time I was in the bishopric of the Washington Ward, and this meant that Elder Benson would return to Washington, D.C., where he had once been stake president.

Upon our return to Washington, President Benson began his service in the Eisenhower cabinet, and we became well acquainted with President and Sister Benson and their wonderful family. On the night of our release from the bishopric of the Washington Ward in March 1953, President Benson was one of the speakers. After that meeting, he gave us a special blessing.

On February 27-28, 1971, President Benson was our presiding General Authority at the Bonneville Stake conference. His powerful influence was such a blessing to us and to our stake. At that time he called Harold H. Bennett to be a patriarch. Subsequently, Brother Bennett gave patriarchal blessings to our children.

On November 10-11, 1973, the thirtieth anniversary of the Washington Ward chapel, the Saints in Washington, D.C., scheduled a very special program featuring President Benson as visiting General Authority. I was invited to be there as general president of the Sunday School and as a former member of the bishopric of the Washington Ward. Our daughter Gloria was with me on that occasion. It was so good for us to be with President and Sister Benson for those festivities.

On September 12, 1973, as Dantzel and I were getting ready to leave for international surgical meetings in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, and Barcelona, Spain, President Benson called me. During the telephone conversation he mentioned that his son Reed had four acres of land in Midway, Utah, adjacent to President Benson's home, that he wanted to sell. President Benson said it was very level farming land and would have great potential for a family. He also said

they would like to have us as neighbors, if we were interested. We were indeed. Despite the deadlines that were imminent upon us on the eve of our international trip, Dantzel and I eagerly went with President and Sister Benson to see the property. When we saw the land, we felt inspired to buy it.

Subsequently, as our plans developed in Midway, we counseled with the Bensons on the drawings for our home. He recommended that we locate the house 200 feet back from the frontage. So that is precisely where we built it.

As time goes on, our gratitude for this property increases, as does our thankfulness to the Bensons. Were it not for them, we would not have our lovely family haven and retreat there.

On January 15, 1978, President and Sister Benson came to our home in Midway and had a lovely visit. They signed our guest book, and seemed to like our home. We hope they and their families will feel free to use it for their family reunions when they would like to do so. We also hope that the proximity of our homes in Midway may allow our families to become even closer in the future. The Benson family has always been a model for us.

## CHAPTER 24

# The Lord Watches Over His Anointed

It has been my privilege to be of professional service to many important leaders in the Church. To me, the story in each of these instances is thrilling, for I recognize the hand of the Lord in a very special way. Inasmuch as doctor-patient relationships are very confidential, I asked each of these brethren, as I did with President Kimball, for permission to share these historical events in this book. For their approval, I acknowledge their graciousness thankfully.

### Elder Paul H. Dunn

On Friday, May 3, 1974, Dantzel and I were in Colorado Springs, Colorado, at the Broadmoor Hotel for surgical meetings. The meetings were scheduled to last five days. We had a lovely room there on the lakefront and were enjoying a reunion that was precious to us, for the times when we could be alone under such pleasant circumstances were few and far between.

We had spent three lovely days there, but that Friday night I awakened with a very uneasy feeling, and I said, "Dantzel, I can't stand it here any longer. Let's pack and go home."

As she looked about our spacious apartment and then looked at me, she said, "You've got to be kidding!"

I said, "No, I just can't stand it here any longer. Let's go home."

Without stopping to call for reservations, we went directly to the airport, caught the next plane for Denver, and again without reservations went to wait for the next plane from Denver to Salt Lake City. We boarded that plane without much waiting and arrived an hour later at the Salt Lake Airport.

As soon as we reached a telephone, I called Mrs. Kemp at my office and said, "Who's looking for me?"

"How did you know?" she said. "Dr. Ernest Wilkinson called just a few minutes ago and said he needed you for Elder Paul H. Dunn. He has admitted Elder Dunn to the coronary care unit at the LDS Hospital, and he wants you to see him right away."

So I asked Dantzel to go home in a taxi, and I went directly to the LDS Hospital. There I learned that Elder Dunn had been preparing to tour the Kentucky Louisville Mission when the trouble devel-



oped. This story is told best by him as he subsequently relayed it to me. For his providing this account, I am very grateful. He recalled, "I had been speaking at a banquet the night before I was to depart. I was speaking before the state government officials when, during my talk, I felt a sharp angina pain in my chest. Not knowing what to do, I finished the speech. Later that evening the pain subsided, and I didn't think much of it. But during the night at approximately 2:00 a.m., I awakened with a similar pain, and this time my left arm was numb. It was then that I recognized some of the symptoms. About 5:00 that morning, Dr. Wilkinson was called."

Dr. Wilkinson told him to come to the Salt Lake Clinic immediately. There he obtained electrocardiographic evidence of cardiac jeopardy, so he put Elder Dunn in the hospital and called for me. On Saturday, May 4, I proceeded with a selective coronary arteriogram, which demonstrated a complete obstruction of the right coronary artery and about a 95 percent obstruction of the front and rear branches of the left coronary artery. This told us that Elder Dunn was in severe and immediate danger. We proceeded to give this information to Elder Dunn along with the recommendation that an operation be done at once to bring new blood supply to his coronary arteries, for a heart attack was impending which would likely be fatal.

Elder Dunn understandably felt a desire to consult with President Kimball, so I set about to call him. Of course, to get President Kimball on the line directly is not always possible. Nonetheless, I dialed his home phone number and who should answer the phone but President Kimball! I explained the situation briefly and asked President Kimball if he would like to come to the hospital to counsel with Elder Dunn and give him a blessing. He said, "I will be right there."

Within ten minutes, President Kimball arrived at the hospital and was at Elder Dunn's side, counseling him to proceed with the operation as recommended. Then he gave him a wonderful blessing. Dr. Wilkinson and I were privileged to assist President Kimball in giving that blessing. While we were doing so, my nurse, Karen McKellar, and the others were getting the operating room ready. As soon as the blessing was completed, we took Elder Dunn directly to the operating room and proceeded to open his chest.

As soon as the chest had been entered and the pericardium was opened, the heart attack came. The electrocardiographic tracing on the monitor became a flat line and the blood pressure fell toward

zero. Immediately we instituted manual compression of the heart and connected Elder Dunn to the heart-lung machine as expeditiously as possible while pumping his heart manually. After the heart-lung machine restored circulation to his body, we proceeded to perform three coronary artery grafts. When we allowed the blood to flow through the grafts and nourish his heart, the limp heart sprang to life again, supporting his circulation and giving evidence that the operation had been successful. Thus, May 4 was an eventful day in the life of Elder Paul H. Dunn.

At the time of this writing (1978), Elder Dunn is doing extraordinarily well. He is carrying an enormous responsibility in the Church as one of the presidents of the First Quorum of the Seventy. Each time he and I look at each other, we recognize that we know better than anyone else how the Lord inspired and blessed all concerned that he may continue to live, for a delay of even fifteen more minutes might have made that blessing impossible.

## President George Frost

President Frost was presiding over the Montana Billings Mission. The area supervisor was Elder Boyd K. Packer. In October 1975, all of the mission presidents under Elder Packer's direction were assembled in Salt Lake City for a mission presidents seminar. While walking from one building to another with Elder Packer, President Frost stopped because of chest pains.

Elder Packer quizzed him as to the nature of his trouble.

President Frost responded, "I've been to the doctors in Billings. They say there's no cause for concern. If I just wait a minute, I'll be all right."

Again they walked and the pain recurred, necessitating another stop. Elder Packer then got on the phone to me and told me the story. We made arrangements for President Frost to have arteriograms done on October 30, 1975. They demonstrated severe coronary artery disease and suggested that his life was in danger. Open-heart surgery involving four coronary grafts was performed on October 31. President Frost ultimately returned to continue presiding over his mission, filling out his term with distinction.

I wonder what might have happened if this man had not been about his Father's business under the observation of an apostle of the Lord, who was given the insight and inspiration to which an apostle

is entitled for the benefit and blessing of the mission presidents under his direction.

### **D. Arthur Haycock**

Brother Haycock is a man who personifies loyalty to the Lord and to His anointed. Having served as personal secretary to four presidents of the Church (Presidents George Albert Smith, Joseph Fielding Smith, Harold B. Lee, and Spencer W. Kimball), he has established a standard of excellence appreciated greatly by all who know him. His background was further enriched by service as assistant to President Ezra Taft Benson during his years in President Dwight D. Eisenhower's cabinet. Arthur has also served with distinction as a mission president and Regional Representative of the Twelve. Selfless and sacrificing in his service, he gave himself to the work without vacation in over twenty-five years.

On Thursday, December 28, 1978, I was awaiting an appointment with President Spencer W. Kimball to review the contents of this book with him. I had a good visit with Brother Haycock in his office adjoining that of the president. Almost incidentally, he relayed the story of his recent trip to Arizona with President Kimball. While there, Brother Haycock had undergone an exercise electrocardiographic study by a physician who seemed insistent that the test be done. Brother Haycock shared this story and then opened his desk to produce the tracings obtained. They were distinctly abnormal in my judgment. Brother Haycock absolutely denied any symptoms of heart disease as I quizzed him thoroughly. After considerable deliberation, however, I advised coronary arteriography, albeit a bit reluctantly because of the complete absence of symptoms. I also asked Brother Haycock to make an appointment to see Dr. Wilkinson, for I wanted his wise counsel. Dr. Wilkinson felt much as I, that the study should be done, but that the lack of symptoms was hopefully a predictor of good news. This feeling was fostered further by the observations Dr. Wilkinson and I had made as we traveled with President Kimball and Brother Haycock in the past, watching him do heavy exercise over long hours without any sign of distress.

On Friday, January 12, 1979, the arteriographic studies were performed. We found nearly complete obstruction of the left main coronary artery. This infrequent variant is the most serious of all coronary artery disease, for it insidiously takes its victim from appar-

ent health to death when the obstruction becomes complete, generally without significant warning. Dr. Wilkinson and I were staggered and shocked with this finding! We notified Brother and Sister Haycock, then President Kimball and Elder Thomas S. Monson, who had given Brother Haycock a special blessing prior to his admission into the hospital. All concurred with the recommendation that open-heart surgery be done as an emergency the following morning.

The operation was performed Saturday, January 13. The findings at arteriography were confirmed: a critical lesion was found blocking the most important artery in the heart. We performed a triple coronary artery graft operation to bypass the obstruction and allow blood to continue to flow to the heart muscle.

Our involvement seems incidental but essential to the remarkable chain of events that were fortuitously fused to protect this valiant and valued servant. Many individuals were inspired to do what had to be done that his life might be prolonged. Again, I know that the Lord loves his faithful, and blesses them that his will may be done.

### **Elder Boyd K. Packer**

While I was attending the dedication ceremonies for the new Church Office Building on the twenty-fourth of July, 1975, Elder Boyd K. Packer saw me seated in the audience and came down to sit beside me. He told me that he had achalasia of the esophagus and that an operation had been advised. I won't go into the medical details of this, but further studies did confirm the need for an operation to relieve an obstruction of the outlet of the esophagus as it passes through the diaphragm to the stomach. Elder Packer was experiencing such severe obstruction that the undrained esophagus occasionally overflowed into the lungs when he would lie down. He knew that this problem could terminate his life prematurely if it went uncorrected.

The operation was scheduled for August 18, 1975. Naturally, he and I both wanted the blessings and prayers of President Kimball to strengthen us. President Kimball had already made plans to preside over area conference meetings in the Far East and was scheduled to be in Korea at the time of the operation, but he promised us that all the Brethren would remember us in their prayers. Prior to his departure, though, President Kimball looked me in the eye with a



penetrating, deep, searching look that can only come from the prophet, and he said, "You take good care of my brother. I don't want anything to happen to him!" Tears were in his eyes as he gave me this injunction. I knew that he knew that great and important work lay ahead for Elder Packer. I shall never forget the commandment and concern expressed to me by President Kimball; I again had the responsibility for operating upon an apostle of the Lord.

On August 17, I received a special blessing from President N. Eldon Tanner that all would go well with my operation on Elder Packer. I received that blessing at President Tanner's home. Meanwhile, half a world away, President Kimball called all of the General Authorities attending the area conference in Korea to his hotel room. There they joined in fervent prayer for success to attend my efforts and for Elder Packer's well-being at the time of his operation. Elder Packer later informed me that he felt the effect of those prayers coming from around the world from our prophet and his associates of the General Authorities.

The operation did go perfectly. During Elder Packer's postoperative convalescence we had a good deal of time to visit. He honored Dantzel and me by inviting us to his home on Sunday, September 7, 1975. We visited with him and Sister Packer, and they very graciously gave us one of the original pieces of art that he had done for his new book *Teach Ye Diligently*. It is the illustration of Caesar on a coin that appears on page 54 of his book. In addition, Elder Packer shared with us some of the inspiration that he had felt with regard to the revisions that were to come in the genealogical program of the Church.

Elder Packer is doing well and feels greatly relieved of the obstruction that was bothering him so much. For this improvement, I am truly grateful.

### President Kenneth J. Palmer

President Kenneth J. Palmer, a native New Zealander, was presiding over the mission in Fiji. He was having severe chest distress, so he consulted the local physicians in downtown Suva, Fiji, who exhibited no sympathy or interest in his problem, telling him, "You and all your Mormons should leave Fiji anyway!"

Since Fiji has a socialized system of medicine, no recourse was

available to President Palmer while he remained on his assignment there. It was February 1976. The area conference was approaching. I had received a letter from Elder Robert L. Simpson, area supervisor over President Palmer's mission, indicating that President Palmer was having this difficulty and that he hoped I might have time to look into the problem. Therefore, when we arrived in Suva I examined President Palmer in our hotel room and felt that he had severe coronary artery disease.

From Suva, I went to New Zealand, where I asked my friend Sir Brian Barratt-Boyes how long it would take to get President Palmer on the schedule for operation through the system of socialized medicine there. Sir Brian indicated that it might take somewhere between a year to a year and a half. President Palmer's own prediction was that he would probably not live longer than three months.

Thus it was in faraway Auckland, New Zealand, that two members of the First Presidency, two of the Council of the Twelve serving on the Missionary Committee, an area supervisor, and a doctor sensitive to the needs of President Palmer met together and discussed his situation. The circumstances allowing the convergence of all these people at once I think did not happen by chance at all. Within just a few moments it was agreed that President Palmer should be given a leave of absence from his mission to come to Salt Lake City for the necessary care. Arrangements would be made for a caretaker administration for the mission presidency during the period of his absence.

President Palmer was flown to Salt Lake City, and the diagnosis of severe coronary artery disease was confirmed by coronary arteriography. During cardiac surgery, bypass grafts were connected to the arteries, providing detours around the obstructions and giving him the relief he needed to carry on his work. He returned to Fiji in a very short period of time and finished his tour of duty as mission president. He, too, stands as living testimony to the fact that the Lord cares for his anointed, his mission presidents, as they faithfully perform their duties, even when it requires a combination of circumstances that could never have been shaped by chance alone.

In October 1978, President Palmer was sustained as a Regional Representative. At that time, he and his lovely wife, Jill, presented a new watch to me as a token of their appreciation for my performing his operation. I shall always treasure that gift and will keep it in the family as an heirloom.

## President Percy J. Rivers

When Dantzel and I were in the South Pacific for regional meetings in 1973, it was our privilege to work beside Percy J. Rivers, formerly stake president and now Regional Representative in Samoa. But we were very much concerned about his health. In Pago Pago, Brother Rivers could not walk from one end of the chapel to the other without stopping because of angina. Apparently he had consulted his doctors in Apia, but they couldn't see any way of helping him very well, since open-heart surgery was not generally available for people in Samoa. They did have an arrangement by which a limited number of patients could be flown each year to New Zealand, but their quota for 1973 had already been filled.

President Rivers was flown to Salt Lake City. The arteriograms demonstrated the need for coronary arterial surgery, and this was done. He has enjoyed a good result and has continued to live and be active, serving as manager of the Translation and Distribution Department for the Church in Samoa.

As an aside, it's interesting how obedient President Rivers had been. Following the death of his first wife, he was called to be a stake president in Samoa. The Brethren counseled him to become married again. So at the next opportunity to come to general conference, President Rivers went to Tooele, Utah, where he met Helen and married her. How fitting it is that the Lord suited a blessing so perfectly to the needs of this faithful soul, a spiritual leader of 35,000 Samoan Saints.

## Elder Robert L. Simpson

Elder Robert L. Simpson, who was serving as the area supervisor for New Zealand, came to Salt Lake City for general conference in April 1978, aware of some fatigue and discomfort in the chest. He mentioned it to Dr. Wilkinson during his regularly scheduled annual physical examination. Dr. Wilkinson obtained a stress test, and as a result advised immediate hospitalization and coronary arteriography, which was performed by Dr. Michael J. Preece.

The following day, Dr. Preece, Dr. Wilkinson, and I reviewed the studies. Much to my amazement we saw that Elder Simpson had not only an obstruction of his right coronary artery, but a high-grade obstruction in his left anterior descending and circumflex arteries as

well, which meant that he was in severe jeopardy. We counseled against his returning to New Zealand as had been planned. We described the findings to Elder Simpson with the recommendation that the operation be done now, for we were fearful that if he went to New Zealand again he would not return. We then called President Kimball from Elder Simpson's room. President Kimball advised Elder Simpson to go ahead and follow through on the recommendations given.

The following week Elder Simpson had a triple coronary artery bypass graft. During the operation we found the nature of his disease to be such that, indeed, if he had gone to New Zealand, the probabilities were that sudden death might have ensued. Now Elder Simpson is doing extremely well and has made his trip to New Zealand to conclude his affairs there as area supervisor and begin new assignments as given to him by his leaders.

There have been many other faith-promoting experiences as it has been my privilege to work with the Brethren. The most important conclusion I can reach and leave as a testimony to my children is that if they will seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all else will be added unto them. Time and time again I have seen faithful brethren blessed by the Lord in ways that would not have been available to them had they been alone in the world—blessed because of their commitment to be faithful to that which had been asked of them.





Part C

**Feelings and Fondness  
For  
Our Family**



## CHAPTER 25

# Family Traditions

Many of the traditions in our family were planned and others just happened. We have always planned to give a great deal of emphasis to birthdays and Christmas. As a general rule, we celebrated each birthday by bringing the whole family together. The small gifts that may have been exchanged were just tokens of a desire to give. Many times there would be no gift except that of a homemade note or a freshly composed poem. But the singing of the birthday song, the blowing out of the candles on the cake, and the camaraderie are all, in retrospect, cherished moments in my montage of memories.

Christmas celebrations extended over several days. Generally I took a few days off prior to Christmas in order to be available to the children for their shopping, for their parts on Christmas programs at school, and to assist them in the delivery of gifts to their teachers and classmates. It always amazed me how much they were able to do at the last minute with little or no concern for the fact that it was the last minute!

Christmas Eve has always been a time of resplendent joy, for we would gather with my parents, brother, sisters, and children to sing Christmas carols and exchange greetings of love as we older ones did when we were little children in our home many years ago. Then, later we lit a fire in our fireplace, read the Christmas story either from the Book of Mormon or from the book of Luke in the Bible, and focused our attention on the real and profound meaning of the birth of the Savior of the world. Our Christmas Eves usually included a visit to our neighbors, caroling as we walked happily from one home to another, carrying the delicious goodies Dantzel and the girls had prepared as tokens of love to those residing close to us.

On Christmas morning, Dantzel and I were always awakened by the lovely caroling of our children surrounding our bed. Often they would light candles, proceed along the stairway, and file into our bedroom singing as they came. In later years they sang songs of their own composition, which were especially sweet and so full of meaning to us.

Then, of course, there was great glee as we all proceeded into the room where the Christmas tree was aglow along with all the gifts awaiting our discovery. We would open the gifts under the tree—our



gifts to each other. In rotation, the gifts would be passed out by one of the family, and that assignment was also rotated each year. The recipient and the giver greeted each other with a kiss and a heartfelt expression of thanks. Then, generally, Dantzel would fix a lovely breakfast for us at which we would enjoy some of the fruit that filled our Christmas stockings.

How grateful we were when my Mother and Daddy (Nana and Popsy) would come. They were always so generous in their giving. We appreciated their generosity so very much; but even more, we appreciated their feelings of love and selflessness, which became so evident as they joyfully gave of themselves that others might be happy. Without a doubt, though, the finest feelings we ever had on Christmas were those we felt at Christmas of 1977. We realized then that Mother and Daddy had given us the finest gift they could ever give, as they took upon themselves the covenant of celestial marriage that year, thereby sealing us and the rest of their posterity to them for time and all eternity. It is the only gift we ever really wanted from our dear parents. To receive that from them was the most memorable gift of all.

Wedding anniversaries were special to Dantzel and me. I never made any appointments for operative surgery or office visits on August 31. I made the necessary visits to the sick in the hospital and then spent the rest of the day with my sweetheart doing whatever she might want to do. That always included a visit to the temple in all but the earlier years of our life when we were too remote from a temple to make that experience possible. That was one of the blessings of returning to Salt Lake City in 1955—to be able to celebrate each wedding anniversary in the temple renewing and reviewing the covenants we had made with one another and with our Heavenly Father. This isn't to suggest that our wedding anniversaries were solemn and somber occasions. They were joyful and glad, but with appropriate commemoration of the commitment she had made to follow me in righteousness, and that I had made to the Lord to follow him in righteousness and to try to be worthy of her affection and commitment to me. The presents we exchanged on these occasions were always most modest, because it seemed to us that we gave to each other every day of the year. Indeed, we felt that to a certain extent every day ought to be a wedding anniversary.

Easter traditions included the early morning hunt for eggs, jelly beans, and candy hidden in certain rooms of the house. Then the chil-

dren methodically counted their prizes, segregating the tally by category as a basis for adjusting any major discrepancies in order to be fair with the younger children. While the tradition of the hunt was initiated by the parents, the tradition of sharing the treasures more equally was begun by the children. The daughters were often favored with new dresses made by Dantzel, who sometimes stitched well into the wee hours to complete her ambitious projects on time. As we all went to church services on Easter together, I realized how fortunate I was to have such a talented and devoted wife, and such choice, beautiful daughters. Truly, our preliminary procedures prepared us well for the feelings of worship and adoration that followed on Easter.

Memorial Day provided a special tradition in our family, for this was the time for us to join together with the White family and enjoy each other's company at the family home in Perry. We enjoyed doing that when Dantzel's parents were alive; and after they passed away, that tradition was so beautifully carried on by Clark and Grace, who generously and graciously invited the increasing numbers of posterity into their home on Memorial Day. After paying our respect to the deceased members of the family at the cemetery, we would meet at the White farm in Perry and have a lovely luncheon followed by a program, games, and a family meeting. I cherish dearly the memory of riding the horse with each one of the young ones as they came along. I'd bury my nose in the hair of that little one and wrap my arms around her or him. I'm sure each of the children thought I was hanging on to give them security while they were riding the horse, but to me, I was clinging to a precious moment that I had alone with each loved one as that turn came. On each occasion I offered a prayer of gratitude to my Father in heaven for the great privilege of being a father to this one, for I knew each to be such a special spirit.

Mother's Day always seemed to be a special and sacred day to me. I rejoiced in the privilege of honoring my own dear mother and of remembering my sisters and Dantzel's sisters, usually with just a card or a greeting on the phone, admiring them in their sacred role as a mother. From time to time I liked to give flowers to our daughters as well. I think they may have felt a little embarrassed to be wearing corsages on Mother's Day when they were but children. The notes that accompanied those flowers indicated that I honored them as prospective mothers. I know why the Lord blessed us with nine beautiful daughters: it is because they had such a saintly mother to

teach them. God needs good mothers on this earth. The best way to make good mothers is to send worthy daughters to a good mother to help them appreciate their own worth.

Monday afternoons were reserved for skiing, which I frequently shared with Dr. Howard C. Sharp or Dr. L. Stephen Richards, Jr. I picked Monday afternoons because it seemed that the lines were shorter and the opportunities for skiing were better that day than any other. Of course, I didn't make it every Monday because emergencies intervened and occasionally the roads were closed, but I really tried to keep that time reserved for the refreshment that came from smelling the pines and sensing the solitude of a quiet snowfall on the steep mountain slopes where the stillness and silence seemed so awesomely powerful. I never took for granted the blessing of living close enough to the ski slopes that I could work a good forenoon, be home to change clothes, get a bite to eat, and be on the lift at 1:00, ski until 4:30 or so, then have a good hot bath and enjoy dinner with the family, returning as though I'd never been missed.

Daddy-daughter dates were always a special privilege for me. There may be fathers who have gone to more than I, but I don't think there are any who enjoyed them more than I. Those sponsored by the Primary were so sweet and special. I looked forward to those occasions much more than the girls ever dreamed, for I was very proud to be with each one of them. Others were held annually by the Chi Omega sorority. But it didn't matter what the occasion was or where we were; nothing brought me greater joy than to claim with pride and thanksgiving my parental relationship to each special daughter.

Some of our traditions became coupled with my continuing education and the fulfillment of the insatiable desire to want to know more. My great attraction to cardiovascular surgery was because of the unknown. I went into medicine because I wanted to serve. I went into the surgical arm of medicine because I thought I could do more there than in other opportunities that the vast science of medicine afforded. Then, once in surgery, I found that the challenge of the uncharted sea attracted me as the unknown lands on the other side of the sea must have attracted the explorers of yore. When I was told in medical school that one could not touch the human heart, my work with experimental animals convinced me that this was not true. One by one, we found in the laboratory and in the literature the answers to the questions that my colleagues and I kept asking.

This very challenge brought its own tradition, for as I was out of town generally from 25 to 30 percent of the year advancing my pursuit of knowledge, I tried to take with me one or more members of the family on each trip. This had innumerable benefits. First, it kept me from getting so lonesome for my loved ones. It also gave me a chance to listen to their problems and their ambitions, and for us simply to talk to one another and share ideas and experiences with each other. How proud I was of the privilege of introducing my wife or my daughter(s) to my friends and associates.

The desire to do this also developed because as I first started going to surgical meetings and spending my evenings with those esteemed colleagues, I soon learned that an equivalent amount of time and money spent on a daughter would ultimately be more rewarding. I remember getting on a plane once with one of the girls when Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve happened to be on the same plane. I explained to him that our daughter was accompanying me to a surgical meeting and remarked that it might be a bit extravagant to be doing this. He said, "Extravagant? No, Brother Nelson, it's a wise investment."

I've come to appreciate the significance of his comment, for I've lived to see a number of my professional colleagues regret the misdeeds of their youngsters. They've spent infinitely more money than I ever did on transportation and hotels as they have been required to pay fines, psychiatrist's fees, and other heavy penalties for the disobedience of their children to the laws of God and man. I've never had that experience. Aside from their receiving occasional parking tickets, there has never been a moment when one of our children ever gave me grief or cause for concern. Of course, I don't really credit this great blessing entirely to the occasional trips the children have taken with their dad. I'm sure the greatest share of the credit goes to their mother and to the fact that we have always reared our children in the knowledge of the Lord and his doctrines. Nonetheless, the privilege of having one or more of the family with me on my trips has been the spoonful of sugar that's helped the medicine go down—the medicine of continuing medical education that took me away from my family and loved ones while in the pursuit of excellence, that they, as well as I, might be proud of the quality of the work I was doing.

Our 6:30 a.m. scripture reading became a great way to start the day. Family prayer at 6:45 a.m., at meal times, and at 10:00 p.m. could



be depended upon. Our family home evenings were a delightful experience for dad; I hope Dantzel and the children enjoyed them as well. The tradition of reading nightly to the younger ones and helping the older ones with their studies kept their dad current on the studies and cozy as well. All these traditions gave a welcome stability and proved to be powerful influences for good.

## CHAPTER 26

# Marsha

Born in Minneapolis on a hot summer day, July 29, 1948, her birth weight was 8 pounds 15 ounces, and her height was 21 inches. Marsha blessed our lives as only the first child can. She converted Dantzel's life from one of potential to one of purpose. We all seemed to grow together, for we were as new at parenthood as she was at childhood. She was so happy and friendly then, as she is now. That aspect of her being has been constant. We loved to take her for walks in her stroller, for she merrily waved and smiled at each passerby. Well mannered, she was the delight of all as we took her to nice restaurants. Wherever we went, she attracted well-wishers from near and far as her happy face and blond, silken hair complemented her pretty dresses.

Sensing we wanted several children, Dantzel and I reasoned that if our first child turned out well, that would be our best assurance the others would too. We knew that the responsibilities on the first-born would be great.

There is no greater investment we shall ever make than the time and teaching we gave to her. She has repaid us so many times for our efforts in her behalf. As her younger sisters arrived to enlarge our family circle, Marsha's role grew from playmate to tender, from tender to teacher, and from teacher to model. Her little sisters grew to idolize Marsha as the symbol of all that was noble, lofty, and praiseworthy in a lady.

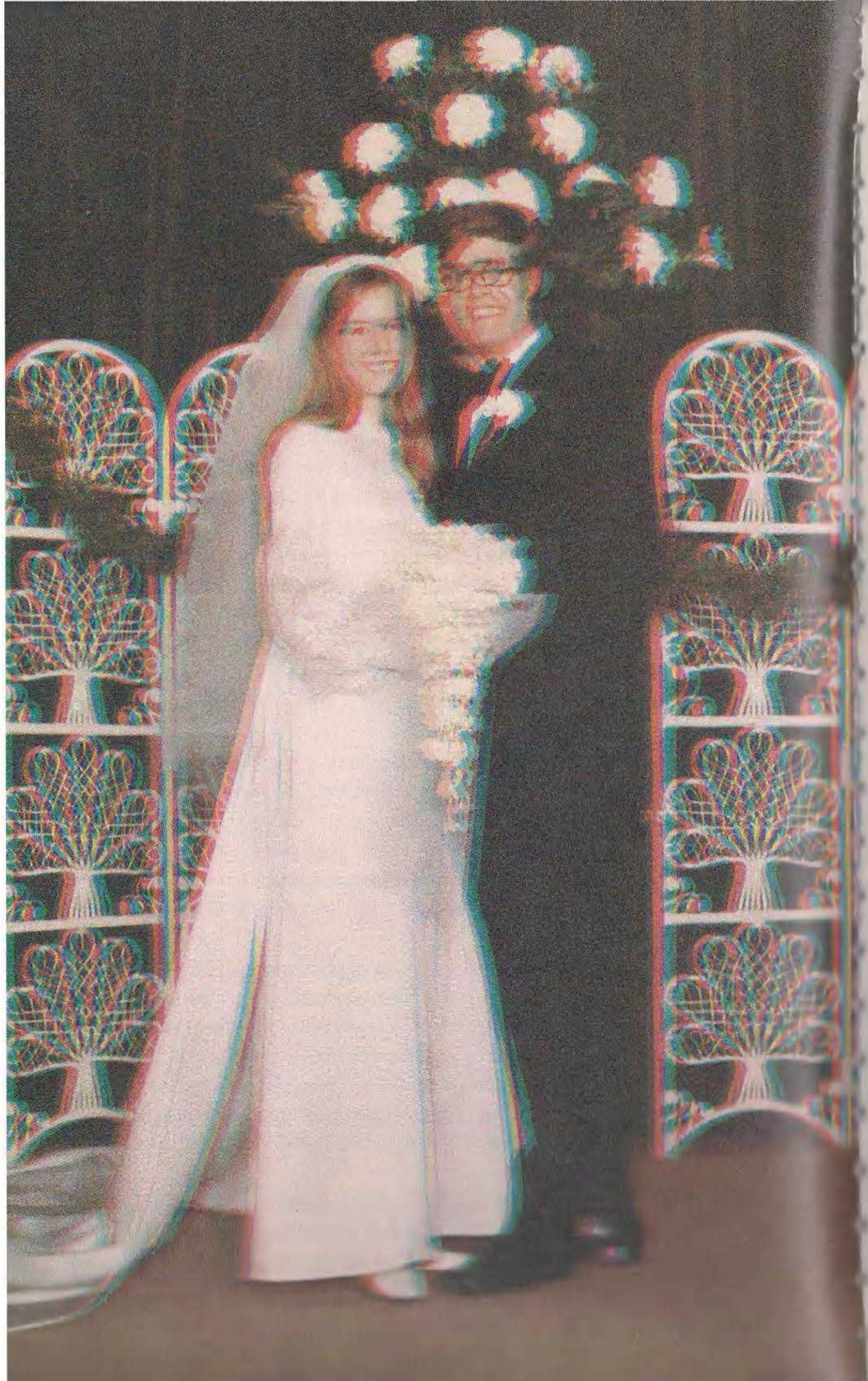
She learned to be adaptable to change, having been required to be mobile and compatible with the many situations to which we subjected her. To this date, she has never caused us a moment of anguish. A good student, eager learner, and faithful follower of the right, she epitomized, to us, all that parents could ever ask of a daughter.

Music was and is her love. She sang well, played the piano and violin well, and projected that musical background with joy into all she did.

Since she was sixteen years old Marsha has worked in our professional office—lightening the load of Mrs. Kemp and brightening the lives of us and our patients. Her compassion and competence have added much to all whose lives she has touched there.

She was a pioneer—the first to date, the first to marry, the first







to bring us grandchildren, the first to be there when her presence was needed.

Her marriage to H. Christopher McKellar brought a special enlargement to her life. Much as I loved Marsha, after she reached a certain level of accomplishment at school and at home, I realized there was nothing more I could add to her life. When she and Chris informed Dantzel and me of their love, we concurred with their plans for a temple marriage enthusiastically, for we knew that he, not we, was what she needed.

Their marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple, November 20, 1970, by Elder Boyd K. Packer, and a reception was held at the Bonneville Stake Center. The following are my recollections of the marriage ceremony and the counsel that Elder Packer gave Marsha and Chris, taken from notes I made shortly afterward.

### The Marriage of Marsha Nelson and Hugh Christopher McKellar

Date: Friday, November 20, 1970

Time: 1:00 p.m.

Place: Salt Lake Temple, Room 12

Officiating: Elder Boyd K. Packer, apostle of the Lord and member of the Council of the Twelve.

Present: Marsha, Chris, all four parents, and twenty-eight other close relatives and friends.

Elder Packer stressed that today a new unit of the Church was being formed. This differs from the boundaries of wards and stakes, which are set up merely for the convenience of administration and are subject to change. The new unit of the Church is named after the holder of the priesthood, and bears the name of McKellar, and Chris presides over this new unit of the Church, which is an eternal unit.

Then he went on to indicate some factors that might mitigate the success of this family unit:

1. *Problems.* When problems arise, each should go to the other and not beyond, until the two of you have had a chance to discuss it thoughtfully, and then prayerfully, to resolve the problem. Then,







it is proper to seek counsel with the bishop, with the stake president, and/or with parents.

2. *Leadership.* There should be one breadwinner—Chris. Of course, during the phase of married life before the children have come, and after they have gone from the home, it is less crucial; but when there are children in the home, the most extravagant economy would be for the spiritual loss of the mother from the home in return for what meager economic gain she could contribute. There must be one father in the home and one mother in the home, both honoring the priesthood, both placing the family first in their list of priorities.

3. *Children.* The purpose of marriage is children. Homes could be built, cars could be bought, other materials could be possessed without the requirement of marriage. The loftiest purpose of the marriage covenant is to provide for a family and invite children into the home. It is a wicked and false doctrine extant in the world today that would lead one to avoid the responsibilities of parenthood.

4. *Parents Should Let Go of Their Responsibilities.* Here, he quoted the statement of President Hugh B. Brown, who referred to the matrimonial ship, and said, "All ashore, who are going ashore, and the first ones down the gangplank should be the in-laws." This brought a little chuckle of laughter, but the point was, that the ship of matrimony is now being run by Marsha and Chris, and parental interference would not be appropriate, nor would it be appropriate from anyone.

Then Elder Packer spoke to Chris and said, "Chris, there should never be any infidelity on your part; there must never be any wedge between you and your bride." Then he turned to Marsha and said, "There must never be any biting or spiteful remarks." He then gave the illustration of the couple who had engaged in an exchange of remarks that were made in anger, and as the husband left the door she followed him down the walk to shout one final biting and spiteful remark. Circumstances arose later in that day which caused the husband's life to be taken in an accident. The anguish in the soul of that wife, who recalled that her last words to him were those of a biting and spiteful remark, caused the opinion to be formulated that this kind of comment should never be exchanged, for they could be the last words between two who are in love.

Then he said that next Monday should be the first family home

evening and every Monday thereafter, and that the first family prayer should be tonight, and thereafter on a regular basis.

After this preliminary counsel, he then explained the ordinance about to be performed, first stressing the blessings of the resurrection, that you will be blessed to come forth on the morning of the first resurrection; then that you would have the right to dominions and powers that can be achieved through activity in the Church and the faithful sustaining of the priesthood; that you will have the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob as pronounced in the Old Testament, and all of those other great blessings that you will fall heir to. Then he mentioned the blessings of your posterity, and that all blessings would be pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, which you are about to make.

Then he gave a final warning that there are those influences in the world that would destroy the family. To this extent, you must be separated from the world and those influences and teachings that are contrary to the eternal and spiritual nature of the family. He emphasized that your image must be the image of the priesthood, even though it will cause some embarrassment on occasion, perhaps even heartbreak and possibly violence. Yet, you must hang on to the image of the priesthood, for the family must be intact in eternities to come.

Then he performed the marriage ceremony, with Marsha on his left and Chris on his right. After this was done, they kissed over the altar and then were called up beside him, where rings were exchanged. He was a bit quizzical as Marsha placed the ring on Chris's right fourth finger, but she replied with a most significant remark: "I am doing it this way, because this is the way Chris wants it." This taught everyone a good lesson on her willingness to be obedient to the leadership of the priesthood, in righteousness. Again, they kissed to seal the exchange of the rings, and the ceremony was concluded.

Then they entered upon the great adventure of married life together. But although Marsha is now more a wife than a daughter, our love for her has not diminished, but has continued to grow. Our love for Chris has grown, too. He is an artist, a musician, a friend, and a son, as well as a devoted husband and dad. From their marriage have come four beautiful children:

Nathan Christopher, born February 15, 1972

Stephen Hugh, born March 25, 1974

Laura, born September 14, 1976

At Christmastime, 1978, they hung stockings over the mantle

labeled for each member of the family. Much to our surprise, a tiny stocking inscribed with a question mark was added to the row, containing a note announcing the prospects of a blessed addition to come in 1979. Angela arrived on June 13, 1979, and was blessed on Sunday, July 1, 1979, along with her new little cousin, Blake J. Maxfield. How proud and happy we were to be a part of blessing two grandchildren consecutively.



## CHAPTER 27

### Wendy

Born April 5, 1951, in what was once General Pershing's suite at Walter Reed Army Hospital, Washington, D.C., Wendy arrived amidst splendor not usually afforded a newborn babe. Her statistics were: weight, 6 pounds 8 ounces; height, 19½ inches.

Small and slight, Wendy caused us to wonder several times in that first year if she would survive. She seemed so prone to illness. After the first year, though, her resistance increased and she grew under the loving care of her angel mother and the constant companionship of her sister Marsha. Those first two years were spent largely at Hyattsville, Maryland, where Marsha would push Wendy in the swing hour after hour.

Her happy spirit was a most welcome addition to our home.

Wendy was talented in so many ways. She sang beautifully, serving not only with our family group but with the East High School Madrigals and A Cappella as well. In addition she played the violin, piano, and guitar. Her talent for dancing found expression in ballet and modern dance.

Wendy was always a peacemaker, a calming yet exciting influence in our home. Outgoing and friendly, she always had many friends of both genders. We became adroit at handling the awkward situation in which more than one boyfriend was in our home at the same time. Although she enjoyed the companionship of many, there was only one Norman A. Maxfield. His important missionary labors in Australia were interrupted momentarily by his making a long-distance telephone call that provided the reinforcement their relationship required at a crucial time, as I recall.

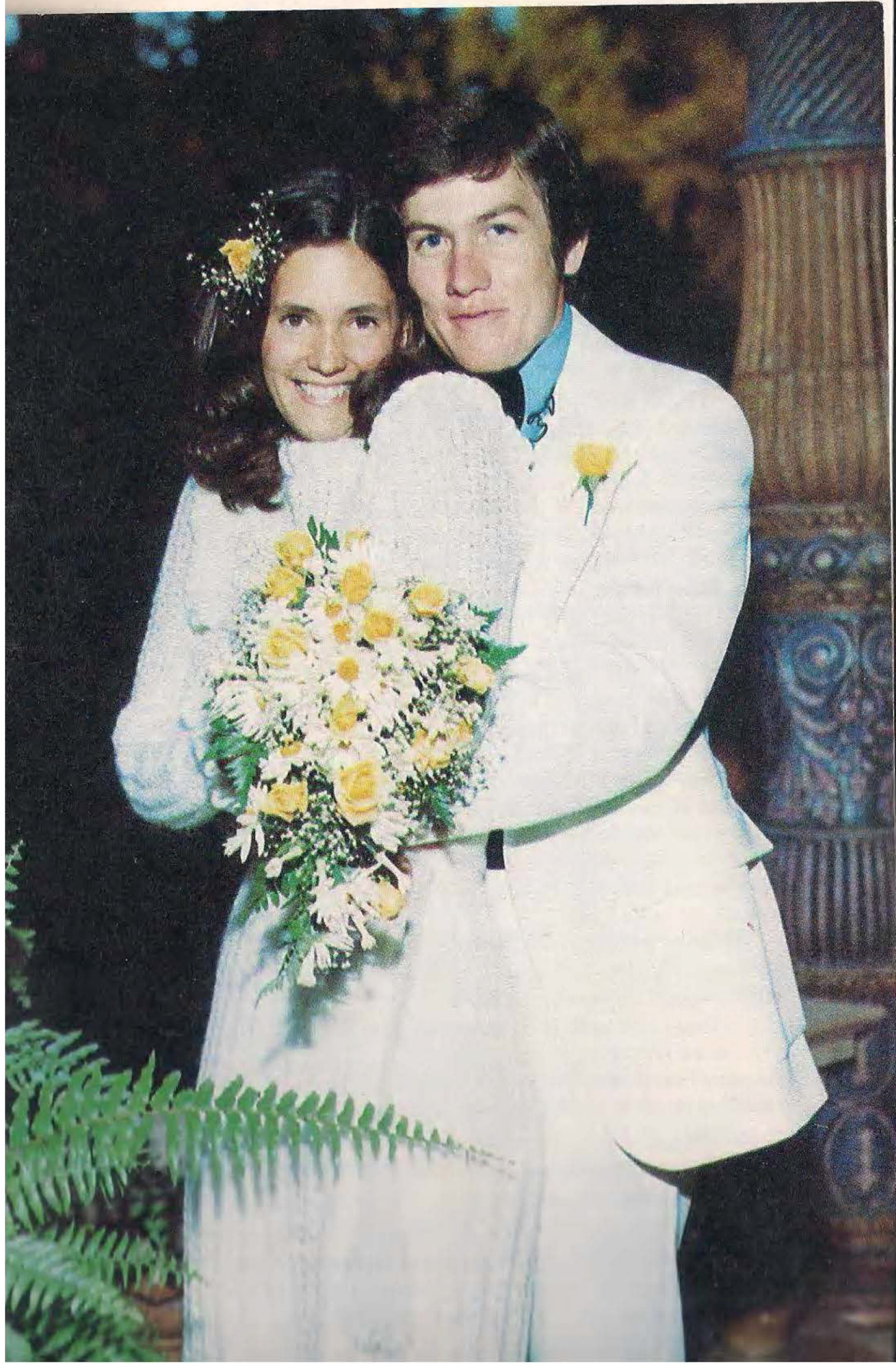
Wendy and Norman were married by President Spencer W. Kimball on August 27, 1974. President Kimball honored them by returning from meetings in London a day early to perform the marriage in the Salt Lake Temple. He had arrived the night before and was vigorous, kind, and loving, as he always is; most people would have still been feeling sorry for themselves because of "jet lag."

Fifty-seven people were present in the sealing room for the

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Wedding portrait of Wendy and Norman Maxfield, taken August 27, 1974, at their reception in the gardens at the Garden Park Ward.







ceremony. Prior to performing the marriage ordinance, President Kimball gave Wendy and Norman priceless counsel, the substance of which I later recorded, as follows:

**Counsel Given by President Spencer W. Kimball  
at the Wedding of  
Wendy Nelson and Norman A. Maxfield**

"This is an important date for you. You are to be married for all eternity. This means for better or for worse as well. Sick-ness cannot be predicted, but with a doctor for her father, her chance of illness may be minimized. [Laughter.]

"Norman, when you say 'I do' during the course of this ceremony, you are promising to be obedient to the commandments of the Lord. This means you will pay your tithing, attend your meetings, and lead out in the accomplishment of family home evening and family prayer. This means you will have a family, in obedience to the counsel of the Lord to multiply and replenish the earth. This means you will spend your energy in raising your family in the Church. You bear the priesthood. I charge you with the responsibility for seeing that these things happen.

"Both of you should return to the temple often. Keep these covenants warm in your memory. There is much to learn here. The wisdom of the Lord in making it possible for us to come often not only provides the opportunity for these endowments to be done vicariously for the dead, but gives you the chance to renew the lessons that are taught in the temple and keep these great concepts always in your mind.

"Remember, in this temple you have made and will make covenants before God, angels, and these witnesses. Everyone here will testify of your commitment.

"Have children! Rear them in righteousness. They will bring you joy and rejoicing in your posterity. Just as the Nelsons and Maxfields are happy today that you are here, so, in due course, your own children will bring you the greatest happiness when they prepare themselves, under your leadership, for their admission to the temple for their temple marriage.

"Yesterday I was in London. I passed a park where I saw what must have been ten thousand young people sleeping in the park. They were unkempt, ill-clad, and wet with rain. Their parents are not rejoicing in their posterity.

"I promise you, your children will bring you joy if you will

teach them the gospel and raise them as active members of the Church.

"I don't know but what the Lord may be here. I know angels are often here. They are close to us, especially in the temple.

"Here on this important occasion, it may be well to recall a letter that I received from one who asked, 'How do I wear my garments?' I answered, 'According to your own commitments.' We are grateful to wear our garments. It is an opportunity and a privilege. It emphasizes the right attitude, and it will bring great satisfaction. When we have purpose in our life, life has deep meaning.

"You live together—for eternity! Don't ever consider the question of divorce. Of course you will have differences of opinion, but these will not constitute grounds for divorce. You will develop strength and greatness as you accept your partner, and if you can say, 'I am sorry if I made a mistake'—then make the adjustments. As you make adjustments and apologies, it becomes easier to adjust. This marriage is a permanent thing.

"Guarantee to your children that they will always have two parents. Recently, while in England, I interviewed a number of outstanding leaders in the Church who might serve in positions of great responsibility. I interviewed 29 men and 29 women. Collectively, they had 131 children. Without exception, all 131 of those children had two parents. This is in striking contrast with the way the world would have us live. Where divorce is becoming increasingly common, many children are left with only one parent. Every child deserves two parents!

"Clear up difficulties as they arise. Don't talk of divorce.

"I hope the Lord will bless you that you will be able to keep all of this in mind.

"Be true, Norman, to your wonderful wife. Wendy, be true to your husband. Each of you say to the other, 'I am going to do my part.' Sister Kimball and I have now been married for 57 years, and it becomes sweeter all the time."

**President Kimball then performed the ordinance of celestial marriage, binding Wendy and Norman as man and wife through time and throughout all eternity.**

**That was such a special occasion, to have their love sealed by the president of the Church. Their wedding reception was held in the gardens of the Garden Park Ward.**

**Norman's acceptance to dental school required them to move to Arlington, Virginia, in August 1975. There his schooling at**



Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., was supported by Wendy's work, first for Congressman Edward Madigan (R-Ill.) and later for Senator Jake Garn (R-Utah). Their circumstances of schooling, working, and mutual dependence reminded Dantzel and me very much of our experiences a generation previously.

The arrival of little Marissa on June 15, 1977, couldn't have been planned more perfectly. Dantzel had promised herself she would be with Wendy when her first baby came. However, the due date of June 3 was in direct conflict with our Church assignment to be in Dresden, DDR, that very Saturday, and an assignment to London on June 10 caused us to feel even greater concern for this conflict. Nevertheless, we completed our assignments in Europe and then flew from London on the supersonic Concorde jet, arriving in Washington, D.C., on June 13. There was cute little pregnant Wendy jumping up and down so excited to meet us. We had a nice day to visit and shop on June 14; I was to leave for New York the next day. That night, we supplicated the Lord in prayer that the baby might safely be delivered.

Our prayers were answered affirmatively and immediately. Marissa was here before 9:00 a.m. We got to see Marissa and her parents at the hospital before I caught my scheduled flight for Rochester, New York, in the afternoon. Dantzel stayed for a week to assist them.

We were so grateful to share our 1977 summer family vacation with them in Washington and Williamsburg. That was a real thrill.

Wendy, Norman, and Marissa have a very special place in our hearts as they do in the lives of all who know and love them. On Christmas 1978, they gladdened our hearts with the news that a new arrival was expected in their home in 1979. Norman was awarded his doctorate in dentistry from Georgetown University on May 13, 1979, and they chose to spend the summer in Utah prior to returning to Washington for postgraduate education and training. Consequently, Blake Jeremy Maxfield was born in Salt Lake City on June 1, 1979. Surely a high point in our family was realized on Sunday, July 1, 1979, when two of our grandchildren were given names and blessings in the same fast meeting. Blake and his little cousin Angela McKellar attracted more than forty guests for this occasion.

## CHAPTER 28

### Gloria

Gloria was born in Washington, D.C., at 1:42 p.m. on September 21, 1952, weighing 9 pounds 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  ounces and measuring 21 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches. She and Wendy were our two bargain babies. Because we were in the army at the time, our out-of-pocket expenses for their deliveries were under \$5 each. The marvelous and seemingly miraculous manner of her arrival on the Sabbath day (see Chapter 10, p. 81) led us to choose for her the name Gloria to signify our feeling of "glory to God in the highest."

Gloria has always been so happy and healthy. As a child, nothing seemed to bother her. Hot or cold, night or day, she smiled. Even on the New England clambake when she was covered with mosquito bites, she smiled so contagiously that everyone about her became happy too.

She loved to play football, baseball, and tennis so much that she once told us that she was "our boy." She became an expert swimmer and diver, ultimately supplementing her income by working as a lifeguard and teaching at the Salt Lake Swimming and Tennis Club and at the Deseret Gymnasium.

Excellence marked everything Gloria sought to accomplish. Yet, she always seemed to achieve excellence with ease and enjoyment. There were times when the rules of the family seemed a bit confining to her, but she always complied once she knew what was expected.

Gloria's lovely voice was an important part of our daughters' singing activities. She usually took the alto part, not especially because it was her preferred range, but because her ear for harmonizing was so keen that she found it easy to take that role.

She played the piano, violin, and the accordion. She enjoyed ballet, dancing one year in *The Nutcracker* at the University of Utah.

Boys came and boys went. When Rich Irion first entered the scene she said he was "just a friend." As time passed, however, their friendship assumed a richer dimension of love and mutual reinforcement. Concurrently, Rich studied the gospel and the doctrines of Christ's church restored to the earth. His conversion may have been abetted by his interest in her, but the accomplishment was truly his.







Rich and Gloria were married in the Salt Lake Temple on March 14, 1974, in a ceremony performed by President N. Eldon Tanner. I subsequently made a record of the thoughts expressed by President Tanner in his counsel to Rich and Gloria prior to the actual marriage ordinance:

**Counsel Given by President N. Eldon Tanner  
at the Marriage of Gloria Nelson and Richard Alan Irion**

"What a wonderful thing it is to be among people with clean hands and pure hearts. Rich, although I don't know you as well as I do Gloria, if you are Gloria's choice you have my approval. It is a great privilege to be in the house of the Lord. The world doesn't know what goes on here, nor do they fully appreciate the fact that they are spirit children of God.

"Review in your own minds the covenants that you have made in the temple. In a way they are somewhat analogous to an endowment policy with an insurance company. If you pay your premiums to an insurance company, they agree to pay you the endowment when it is due. In the temple you raise your arm to the square and promise to keep the commandments (pay your premiums), and the Lord endows you with eternal life.

"*Keep the covenants* you have made in the temple. I promise you that if you will do this you will find success and happiness, you will be well respected in this world, and ultimately you will return to your Father in heaven.

"*Make her happy.* Rich, always remember that this is your particular responsibility. Her happiness is always your concern. No one else may relieve you of this responsibility.

"*Love each other.* May I tell you a couple of stories about President McKay. First, after he had a slight stroke, and one night when he was walking toward the bathroom, Sister McKay awakened, came to his side, and she helped him. Now how could a little lady such as Sister McKay help a large man such as President McKay? She helped him by giving her love to him. This gave him the strength that he needed. Love each other—not in the public eye, but in the appropriate way. One day I had the privilege of assisting President McKay to a meeting in the temple in his wheelchair. As we were embarking on our way, President McKay stopped me and said, 'I must go back and kiss Emma Ray good-bye.' So I dutifully turned



the wheelchair around and went back. President McKay gave little Emma Ray a kiss and then we went to our meeting in the temple. This occurred after they had been married for sixty-four years. These are examples of what I mean when I say love each other.

*"Have no misunderstandings.* Don't go to bed with a misunderstanding. Gloria, you remember that it doesn't matter *who* is right, it's *what* is right. You are both one. With this kind of attitude, misunderstandings can be quickly and easily resolved. Never go to bed with a misunderstanding unresolved. It will only grow larger. Clarify it and review it as you go to the Lord in prayer every night, and then misunderstandings may never grow.

"Remember the reason you are here—to get a body, then to be tested by keeping the commandments or covenants. Remember that each of you comes from a different family background and there may be times when you wonder why he or she does something one way or another; but rather than question it say, 'Isn't he or she sweet. He or she does things in such a different or special way, and that is why I love him or her.'

"You know, I was in a Sunday School class once when we were talking about judging one another. The scripture said judge not. Let me tell you how to judge. Now it may sound presumptuous of me to say that after the scriptures say judge not, but if you will judge by *looking for the good in people* you will be blessed. I'd like to tell you the story of a stake president. The high council wrote in to the General Authorities suggesting that he be removed from his office. One of the members of the Council of the Twelve was sent to that stake to settle the problem. He called the high council together and asked each member of the high council to find some one good thing about the stake president, and each in turn cited one quality about the stake president that they liked. Then when the member of the Council of the Twelve asked for a vote as to who felt the stake president should be removed from his office, there was not one vote in favor of that motion.

"I think of what a great privilege it is to live upon this earth, to be a member of the church of Jesus Christ, and to enjoy all the benefits and blessings that life on this earth can bring. What a blessing it is to get a body. Now remember that it is just as important that anyone else have that same privilege of getting a body too. This is your opportunity and responsibility—to make those chances for other spirits who are waiting a real possibility.

"Why is it that people often feel a very strong commitment to keep covenants that they have made with other men? Legal contracts are highly regarded and binding; but often these same people would

break the covenants they have made with God. May I remind you that if you will keep the commandments you will be happy, respected, loved, and ultimately you will be able to return to your Father in heaven. There is nothing else that you want in life, nothing.

"Rich, I'd like to compliment you on your parents. They are wonderful people. I was privileged to visit with them yesterday. They are very special.

"I haven't given you a lot of deep scriptures. I have given you simple concepts that are easy to understand. They are expressed in only three words in most cases—keep the commandments (covenants), make her happy, love each other, have no misunderstandings, get your body, prove yourself, let others come. If you will do these things, I promise you that you will have great joy and happiness in your life."

President Tanner then proceeded to perform the ordinance of celestial marriage, which united Rich and Gloria for time and all eternity. Their wedding reception was held in the Lion House.

We are proud of Rich and Gloria as we are of all the others, and we know that success will be theirs as it will be for all who know and live the commandments of God. She sustains him well as he pursues his chosen career as a physician, specializing in obstetrics and gynecology. They are blessed with two sweet little daughters:

Elizabeth, born June 11, 1975

Kathryn, born September 13, 1977

## CHAPTER 29

### Brenda

Brenda is our precious Boston baby, having arrived there on February 3, 1954. (See Chapter 11, p. 88 ) Her birth weight was 9 pounds 11½ ounces, and her height was 21½ inches.

Brenda's blessing was performed March 7, 1954, in fast meeting held at the Harvard Divinity School, Francis Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Assisting were J. Howard Maughan, president of the New England Mission; John N. Hinckley, President Maughan's first counselor; Truman Grant Madsen; and Melvin A. Herlin, branch president. I recorded my recollections of the blessing in my diary, as follows:

#### Brenda's Blessing

March 7, 1954—Sunday:

Today I had the honor of giving our fourth daughter a name and a blessing. As I held this beautiful child in my arms, I was moved to say the following:

"Our Father in heaven, by virtue of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood in us vested, we present before thee this infant to give her a name and a blessing. We name her Brenda Nelson, by which name she will be known on the records of thy church and among her associates.

"Through the power and authority of thy priesthood, which we hold, we bless her that the mission for which thou didst send her will be fulfilled. That this may be accomplished, we bless her with vigorous health, strength, and a sound body functioning normally in every respect. We bless her with joy and happiness. And now we bestow upon her the gift and bless her with the power of discernment. Through the exercising of this gift, she may discern truth from falsehood and recognize the forces of good from the forces of evil which are extant in the world today. Through the application of these gifts we bless her that she may prepare herself for baptism and membership in thy church, to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and, in due course, to be married in one of thy temples for time and all eternity, thus preparing herself to be one of thy choice handmaidens in this life and in thy kingdom in the eternities to come.

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Wedding portrait of Dick and Brenda Miles, taken December 16, 1975, at their reception in the McCune Mansion.







"We bless her with all things which the Lord seest to be for her good, and we bless her that she may know the joys of motherhood and the responsibilities of teaching the gospel to her children.

"We pray for thy blessings to be with her parents, her sisters, and her instructors, that they may be instruments in thy hand to present the truth to her, that these blessings may be fulfilled. We love her, we cherish her, and we give her this name and this blessing in the name of the Lord, our Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen."

All through Brenda's years as a baby and little child, her hair stood out straight like one who had just put a finger in a light socket. Cuddly and cute, she was a special, loving addition to our family.

We traveled a great deal during her early years. Often she seemed to be distressed with what may have been a form of motion sickness. Invariably, however, she would aver that her discomfort could be relieved by an ice cream cone. She became known as our "ice cream girl"; ice cream was a panacea for anything that went awry.

Our family trips and other protracted periods of togetherness were never boring when Brenda was present. She became the family comic, providing the relief that only humor can bring in a world full of grief and greed. Oddly enough, this talent was added to her basic quality of deep concern and inquisitiveness. Never content with superficial amenities or incongruous behavior, Brenda always persevered with penetrating questions in order to reconcile a point to her total satisfaction.

This persistence paid rich dividends in her musical studies. She chose to study the flute and ultimately did so well that we wanted her to play frequently. Her tones were so soft and mellow, her artistry so evident and beautiful. She and all the sisters sang so well together. Music was and continues to be a marvelous unifying and magnifying influence in our family circle.

Brenda has always been such a sweet and special soul. A great teacher, her remarkable patience with children always elicited a reciprocal love that she earned because she cared.

When Richard L. Miles came to our home, we sensed his great worth as quickly as Brenda did. Rarely is so young a man so qualified. He exuded confidence born of experience. His cheerful optimism provided a joyful outlook that enlivened any family gathering. His kindness and courtesies to Brenda were and are appreciated so much by this father, who wishes he could continue to care for the tender needs of his daughters constantly. Yet the Lord's plan dictates other-



wise; my joy now comes from Dick's kindness to Brenda, as well as from the same courtesies as extended by the other husbands of our daughters.

Brenda and Dick were married in the Salt Lake Temple on December 16, 1975, in a ceremony performed by Elder Thomas S. Monson of the Quorum of the Twelve. Their wedding reception was held at the McCune Mansion. I later recorded my recollections of the marriage ceremony, and I add them to this record with affection and admiration.

### **Remarks by Elder Thomas S. Monson at the Wedding of Brenda Nelson and Richard Lorin Miles**

Elder Monson greeted all of the people assembled and then proceeded with introductory remarks, which went something like this:

"It's wonderful to be in the temple. I've been close to the temple recently as we have had a number of solemn assemblies over the previous weekend. President Kimball has presided at these meetings, which have taken much of his time. It is interesting that he expects the same kind of devotion and hard work that he gives, and it is difficult for the rest of us to keep pace with him.

"I think this is the prettiest room in the temple. It's the only one that I know of with the antiquing effect on the mirrors and some of the furnishings. It's a beautiful room—it's where our son was married. Our daughter wanted to be married in a different room from the one her brother was married in. It is different from the room in which Sister Monson and I were married. We were married in a room with mirrors, which has now become part of an elevator shaft.

"But the important thing is not the room, it's what takes place in the room; and we are here today to perform a celestial marriage. If I were to ask Brenda what is the most important part of the ceremony that is to transpire, I think she might say, 'We are to be joined together for eternity'—and this is certainly true. But it's more than this. It is an ordinance performed in the temple in order to qualify for exaltation. This is the culmination of all the efforts of the parents, Sunday School teachers, priesthood advisers, and all in the Church. All of those efforts are consummated in the performance of this ordinance. This is what it is all about.

"Now, you have had your own endowments previously performed. There is much that was given to you at that time, more than the mind can grasp. Therefore, it's a wonderful opportunity that you







may come to the temple often and learn more each time you come. I would suggest you come soon and come often. It's interesting to watch, as the men are seated in one half of the room and the women are seated in the other half, how the husbands look for the wives and the wives look for the husbands in this wonderful game of finding each other in the temple. I would suggest that you visit not only this temple but also the Ogden Temple, the Provo Temple, and the Manti Temple, and enjoy the privileges of these opportunities.

"President Brigham Young said that as you use the signs and the tokens of the endowment, you will pass by the angels.

"It's good to have President Eugene D. Bryson here, Dick's former mission president. President Bryson, this is part of your pay as a mission president.

"During the course of the ceremony I will ask Dick and Brenda to make their vows, and those of you who are listening may endorse it with your amen, if you wish to do so.

"Now I would like to talk with Brenda and Dick as if they were the only ones in the room. You others may listen in if you choose.

"Marriage is sacred. It's a big step—the biggest step that you have taken thus far in life. It is a great learning experience; you'll learn to love each other more than you love yourself. Someone suggested that it's well for each of you, when any disappointments or differences of opinion arise, not each to get angry with the other at the same time. President and Sister McKay were the ones who emulated this love so well. Dick, develop the same tender consideration and compassion for Brenda that President McKay did for Sister McKay. And Brenda, let him know you love him; encourage him to do his home teaching and to be active and do what he should. We can't tolerate underachievement as Latter-day Saints. Encourage him to lead a Christlike life.

"This is a great time of the year for your marriage. It's close to the birthday of the prophet Joseph Smith; it's close to the date that we commemorate with the world for the birth of the Savior. So you will always remember this time of year now with this additional fondness in your recollections.

"It's appropriate that there may be a tear shed by the mothers and a tight feeling in the throats of the fathers, which is not hay fever. These parents have been building for this moment all of these years.

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Family portrait at Brenda's wedding reception in the McCune Mansion, December 16, 1975. *From left, foreground:* Marjorie, Brenda N. Miles, Russell, Jr., Rosalie. *Back row:* Emily, Sylvia, Wendy N. Maxfield, Russell M. Nelson, Dantzel W. Nelson, Marsha N. McKellar, Gloria N. Irion, Laurie.



"My mind takes me back to when Sister Monson and I were married by Benjamin Bowring. I remember one bit of counsel he gave to us that I would like to share with you. It's a formula for avoiding misunderstanding. The formula is simply this: Kneel in prayer nightly. Dick, you say the prayer one night, and Brenda, you say it the next night, and you alternate it back and forth every night and I promise you that you will never go to bed with any significant differences remaining. It has worked well for us for twenty-seven years.

"I remember well when I was being interviewed by President McKay to become a member of the Council of the Twelve. I shared this formula with him, and he looked at me and laughed, and he said, 'Emma Ray and I thought we had an exclusive on that formula. We've been doing it all these years and it surely works, and I'm happy to know that you are following the same formula.' So Brenda and Dick, if you will follow this same formula, you will find great happiness and serenity in your married life."

At this point, Elder Monson invited Brenda and Dick to the altar and proceeded to perform the holy and sacred ordinance of celestial marriage, which was witnessed by Lorin C. Miles, Jr., father of Dick, and myself as official witnesses, plus a room full of family, friends, and loved ones.

After the ceremony was over, Elder Monson invited Brenda and Dick to the west side of the altar looking eastward toward the mirror, and there they were invited to look at their reflections from the mirrors on both sides of the room. Elder Monson said, "I'll step out of the way now, and you'll see nothing but miles (Miles) for as far as you can see." Everybody laughed and then greeted the new bride and groom affectionately.

Brenda now teaches little children in school; Dick serves as a builder and contractor, having built two homes for them in their first three years of married life. In addition, Dick contributed significantly to the building of our home in Midway. In that effort he was assisted by Chris, Norman, Rich, the sisters, and Russ.

Typical of Brenda's generosity is a concert she and four friends gave at Christmastime in 1978. They sang, played their instruments, and provided refreshments for family and friends privileged to attend.

Talented and gracious, Dick and Brenda have a great future together.



## CHAPTER 30

# Sylvia

Dantzel was preparing to welcome Sylvia into the world when we moved from Minneapolis to Salt Lake City in 1955. Had we stayed there three more months, we might have had a second Minnesota baby. Salt Lake City it was for Sylvia, however, as she arrived on June 6, 1955, at the Salt Lake County General Hospital. Her weight was 9 pounds 13 ounces, and her height 21½ inches. We had always been so fond of the name Sylvia. We were happy for the alliteration that Salt Lake gave to the S in Sylvia, as did Minneapolis for Marsha, Washington for Wendy, and Boston for Brenda. We explain with a smile that the alliteration for Gloria came from Washington's first name, George.

From my diary I take the following record of her blessing:

### Sylvia's Blessing

July 3, 1955—

Today, in Garden Park Ward, Salt Lake City, I presented our *fifth* daughter before the Lord to give her a name and a blessing. She wore the same dress and slip that the other four sisters have worn (from Beth Dredge, and shoes made by Enid Ogaard.)

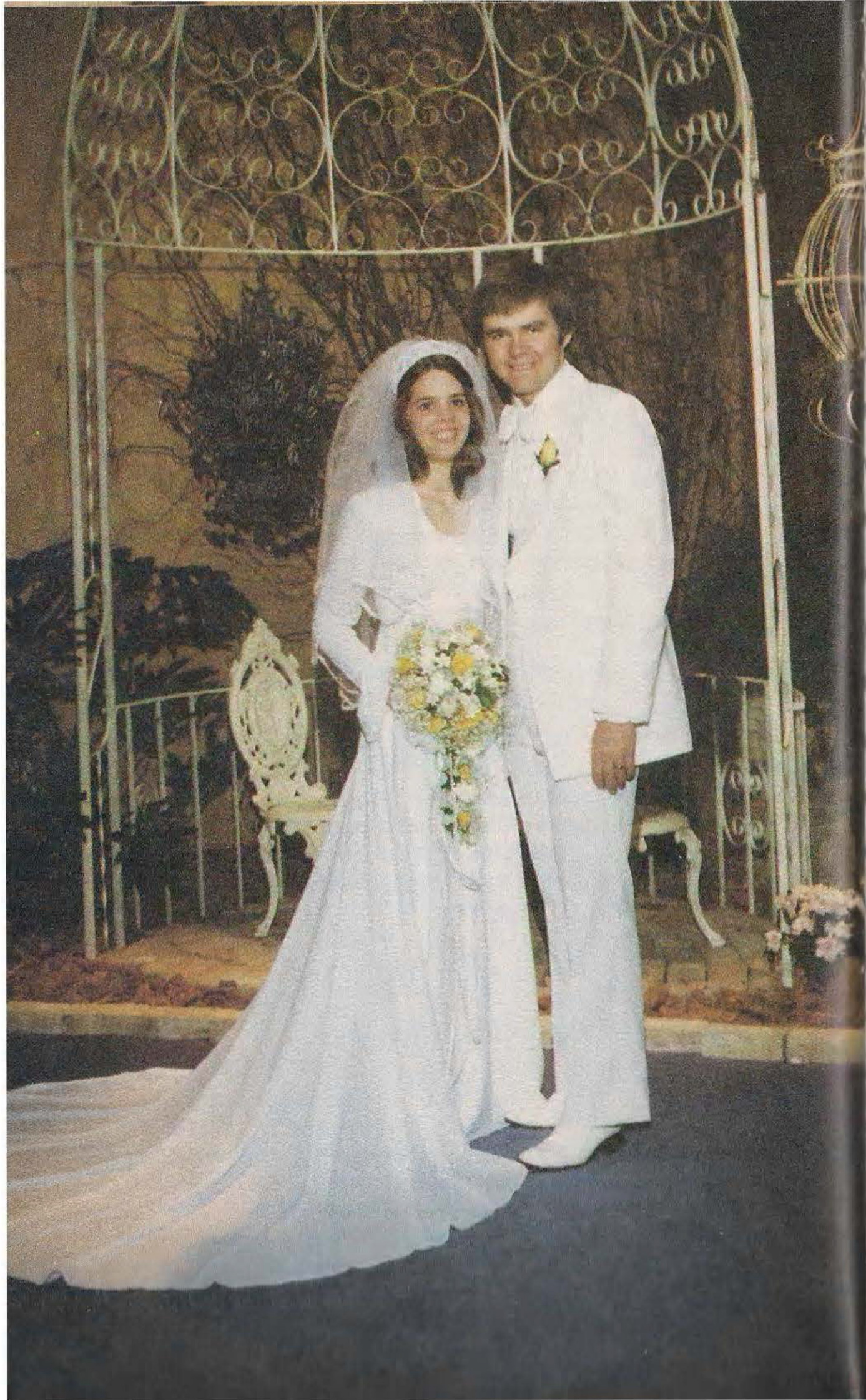
The blessing was pronounced as follows:

"Our Father in heaven, we present before thee this child to give her a name and a blessing. We name her Sylvia Nelson, by which name she shall be known on the records of the Church and among her associates on the earth.

"We bless her that the purposes for which thou hast sent her here will be fulfilled. To the end that this may be accomplished, we bless her with vigorous health and strength of mind and body. By the authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood that I bear, I bless her with the gift and power of discernment, by which she may be able to distinguish between the forces of good and evil that will come into her life. By the exercising of this gift in the free agency that she possesses, we bless her that she may prepare herself for baptism in thy church and eventual marriage in thy temple in order that she may do her part in preserving the celestial nature of our family unit.

"We bless her that she may have the joy of motherhood and the







happiness that comes from preaching the gospel to her children.

"We bless her parents and her four sisters, who have all prayed for her safe arrival, as well as others who will be called to instruct her, that they may present to her the things that she should know in order that she may prepare herself to be one of thy choice hand-maidens in thy kingdom.

"We love her, cherish her, and are thankful to thee for her. We further bless her with those blessings that thou seest to be for her good, and we give her this name and blessing in the name of Jesus Christ and by the authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood. Amen."

Assisting were: Marion C. Nelson, my father; Truman Grant Madsen; and Melvin Cook and Elvon Orme of the bishopric.

Also present were Dantzel, Marsha, Wendy, Gloria, Brenda, and my mother, Edna Nelson, and the congregation.

Daddy and Mother took us all to the Hotel Utah Coffee Shop for dinner. Afternoon visitors were Arnold and Frances Knapp; Annette and David Richards; Kenny, Joann, and Mark Johnson; Amy and Elizabeth Engar.

Dantzel and I each bore our testimonies during testimony meeting—each grateful for our manifold blessings!

In Chapter 13 I have detailed the events surrounding her arrival, and in Chapter 15 the details are related regarding her wandering "off to school" at age two, ending up in the arms of the police and with her picture in the paper. These episodes endeared us to Sylvia as did each day we shared with her.

Courage has always been a characteristic of Sylvia. We have seen her face several operative procedures, the traumatic amputation of a fingertip, the mental turmoil of difficult decision making, the risks of the complications of pregnancy, and other rigors of life. Throughout all this, her great courage has stood out as does a mountain peak above the clouds. Courage to do right, courage to endure, courage to respond to correct promptings—all these loom forth as do giant pines in a forest of quaking aspen. Along with all of this courage, however, two qualities she has developed even more fully are those of faith and love. As I write this, I am sure I sound like a biased father, which I readily admit; nonetheless, these things are true.

Sylvia's musical talents were very evident as well. In addition



to her important contribution to our family musicals, she sang with the Madrigals and A Cappella at East High School. She, too, played the piano, violin, and guitar. A delicate and dainty dancer, she performed in the University of Utah production of *The Nutcracker* ballet. She brought great delight to her mother and daddy as did each of her talented sisters.

Sylvia brought joy in the home that comes from the one who tries to please others. Her selflessness prompted her always to be part of the solution and not part of the problem. She seemed to search for ways she could help and lighten her mother's load, as did her sisters.

She always was so kind to the boyfriends when dating time arrived. We actually were concerned that her qualities of selflessness and loyalty might cause her to ally herself permanently to a man who might exploit those loyalties. All those concerns vanished, however, when David R. Webster appeared on the scene. A young man of intensity, intelligence, and integrity, he was the kind of person that she and we all knew could love and lead her in righteousness to make life fulfilling and successful for her. Again I could see, as with the others, that my responsibility as a father could safely be transferred to a husband like this with the knowledge that love and fidelity would grow through such an eternal union.

David and Sylvia were married in the Salt Lake Temple on March 15, 1977, with Elder William Grant Bangerter officiating. Afterward, a reception was held at the Heritage House. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony I recorded the following account, which I add to this record with love:

### Temple Marriage of Sylvia Nelson and David Reed Webster

Elder William Grant Bangerter, of the First Quorum of the Seventy, began with these remarks and counsel:

"My dear brothers and sisters, it is a great occasion that brings us together today. In this room are many, many important people. I see former mission presidents and stake presidents, and we have the bishops of both the bride and the groom—Bishop Eugene Hansen and Bishop Boyd Busath. We have the entire general presidency of the Sunday School here (which is most unusual and would not likely happen unless it were a marriage of one of the Nelson daughters), and many other dignitaries. It is a thrilling thing to contemplate the power of those assembled.

"It was a privilege for me to become acquainted with David, first as he labored as a missionary in Portugal while I was the mission president. Sister Bangerter and I grew to love him very deeply. It took him a long time to get to Portugal. He started out with a mission call to Brazil, and then he went to Georgia, finally getting to Portugal where he served with great distinction, including outstanding service as assistant to the mission president.

"Sylvia and David, I suppose you have had a great deal of advice. Would you be interested in having a little more? I suppose that you may not remember what is said here today. When Sister Bangerter and I were married, we were so excited I'm not sure we remembered our names. This excitation is good. It means you have come together out of a deep love that you hold. Remember that this love you have for each other can be extended to others, just as the love of Christ is extended to all. This is the love that will prevail in the celestial kingdom.

"We have a concern, not only in the Church but in the whole world, for the lack of appreciation for the sanctity of a marriage vow. It's a one-way street. Today, you start something that you cannot stop. Posterity will flow to you as it is flowing to your parents. There is no way that you can ever be released from this responsibility.

"It is important to avoid certain things in your marriage. Certain words should never be part of your vocabulary. The Lord has indicated that you do not take his name in vain. This, of course, is important. Another word that should not be part of your vocabulary is the word divorce. Never consider that as a possible outcome of this marriage. Also, avoid any reference to 'my old man' or 'my old lady.' David, look at her—does she look like an old lady? Even with respect to your parents, you never will use such second-rate terms in referring to those you love. Even when you refer to your children, use terms that are worthy of them and don't use 'brats' or other terms that in any way suggest irreverence to them. Sister Bangerter taught me a great lesson some time ago when I was rationing food out to the children. I said, 'You can have this much,' and to the next one, 'You can have this much.' Then she said, 'Why do you do that? They are people too.' I'm grateful to Sister Bangerter for teaching me this lesson, because they *are* people too, and they are just as important as anyone else.

"If you will follow the patterns of your parents you will be secure in your marriage. You need not look any further for direction.

"Today marks the organization of a new family and a new home. This is a sacred union. Remember that some things shared in your home are not appropriate to share with others. Once you are in the home and the door is closed, it is yours; you must keep those intimacies sacred.

"We are here today to organize a new unit of the gospel. David, you will never be released as president of this unit. Just as you know that to preside as bishop of a ward or as president of a stake or mission, you always begin the meeting with a prayer, so you call the meetings of those in your family together and open them with a prayer. You will always be the leader in tithing and other important principles. Who is your first counselor? [David responded "Sylvia."] Who is your high council? [David responded, "Our children will be."]

"The ceremony that we are about to perform is in itself enough to bring us here together. It is of transcendent importance. But if you will listen carefully, there are two parts. One is the marriage ceremony, and then there are the priesthood blessings that will be pronounced upon you, which are all-powerful. Be attentive as these blessings are pronounced."

Elder Bangerter then invited Sylvia and David to the altar, where they were joined for time and all eternity.

David is now a realtor while continuing his studies toward an MBA degree and eventual completion of the curriculum in law school. Their future is to be filled with joy and happiness together.

Their baby son, David Reed Webster, Jr., was born April 19, 1978, by cesarean section.

## CHAPTER 31

# Emily

Our daughter Emily was born January 15, 1958, after tantalizing us for a month (she was due December 15). Dantzel went into what we thought was good labor on Christmas Day of 1957, and we thought surely we would have a baby for our Christmas present. However, as time passed, the labor passed also, and we had to wait until she arrived on January 15. Her weight was 10 pounds 5 ounces, and her height was 21 inches. She was our second baby to be born at the Salt Lake County General Hospital.

How precious this little soul was. I have not been able to find the record of her blessing. I may not have written it as I did for some of the others. But bless her I did. She brought with her a very special spirit that was unique and distinct. We enjoyed every moment of her infancy and early childhood.

Later on that year, I went to a Saturday evening session of stake conference. When I left home, Emily was feeling a little ill. During that evening meeting I was called out of the chapel by our pediatrician, Dr. Paul Rasmussen, who said, "We are taking Emily to the hospital!"

In the short hour or so that I had been away, she had developed a convulsion and was now so stiff that she touched the examining table only at the back of her head and the heels of her two little feet. She was so rigid! Dr. Rasmussen diagnosed meningitis. She lay in coma in her little crib at the Salt Lake County General Hospital for hours and days.

How we prayed for her. Finally we supplicated the Lord in prayer, telling him that we were so grateful to him for sending that little spirit to us. We thanked him most sincerely, and I said, weeping, that if he needed her now more than I needed her, I, as her father, was prepared to release her to him for his care.

I suppose it will never be required of me to undergo a test such as Abraham had with Isaac, but this came about as close as I may expect to come. Literally I had come to the point where I sensed that the Lord was asking me if I would be able to yield to his desire in calling her home.

Shortly after we united in prayer and let the Lord know that we were willing to release her, she began to improve. Her fever broke





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and she convalesced. This occurred in spite of the fact that we never did define the nature of the infecting organism or an antibiotic that would have been specific treatment for her infection. Indeed, she was only treated with supportive care, and the miracle of her recovery is one for which we shall always be grateful. To this day she has had a complete recovery without any sequellae.

Emily has always been such a sweet and special person. She was and still is extremely anxious to do what is right. We would do more harm than good if we disciplined her unwisely, for she would crumble at the slightest hint of disapproval. Encouragement always brightened her and increased her desire to progress. Her only concern has been what is right, and how she could help her mother and father.

When I was offered the position as professor of surgery at Chicago, I called our family council together. The older girls were understandably reluctant to move and expressed themselves honestly. When it came Emily's turn for expression, she shed a few tears and said, "If you want to go, Dad, I'll go with you." Her words pledged support, even though I could tell she would prefer not to be put to that test. Then I wept when I realized what she was willing to do for me.

Always excelling in school, in dance, in music, in sewing, and in all she attempted, Emily wanted to grow in spiritual development as well as in intellectual prowess. We were so proud of her decision to go to Brigham Young University. This meant a deviation from the pattern established by each of her older sisters, but she had the desire and the courage to do it.

When Emily decided to take a semester abroad in Vienna, Austria, I told her we could not do for her any more than we could for the others. To finance her way, she got a job at Grandmother's House as a waitress, and another at Castleton's as a clerk—two jobs to earn the necessary funds. Our home seemed so empty during her absence, but her return was a special reward.

In 1978, she sang and danced in the Promised Valley Playhouse production of *A Christmas Carol*. She plans to complete her college education at BYU. She continues to grow in stature, in wisdom, and in the favor of the Lord and her parents.



## CHAPTER 32

### Laurie

Laurie was our first child to be born at the LDS Hospital. Inasmuch as the decision had been made to leave the University of Utah and the Salt Lake County General Hospital, we engaged Dr. Mervyn S. Sanders to be our obstetrician at the LDS Hospital. This being the seventh pregnancy, we did not anticipate any difficulty and were somewhat surprised when Laurie's presentation was different from the others, resulting in a prolonged and difficult labor that finally culminated in her arrival on April 27, 1959. She, too, was a large baby, weighing 10 pounds 10 ounces, measuring 22 inches in height. She had a calm, sweet spirit that was evident to me immediately upon her arrival.

Later, I was sitting beside Dantzel in room 571 of the hospital while we waited for our first visit with our newborn daughter. We were looking forward to that visit, for aside from their necessary sharing of the experience of birth, Dantzel had not yet seen the new baby. While we waited, I was utterly astounded to hear Dantzel say, "I hear our baby crying."

"You're kidding" I said. "You've never seen our baby yet."

But she insisted, "That's our baby. I know her voice."

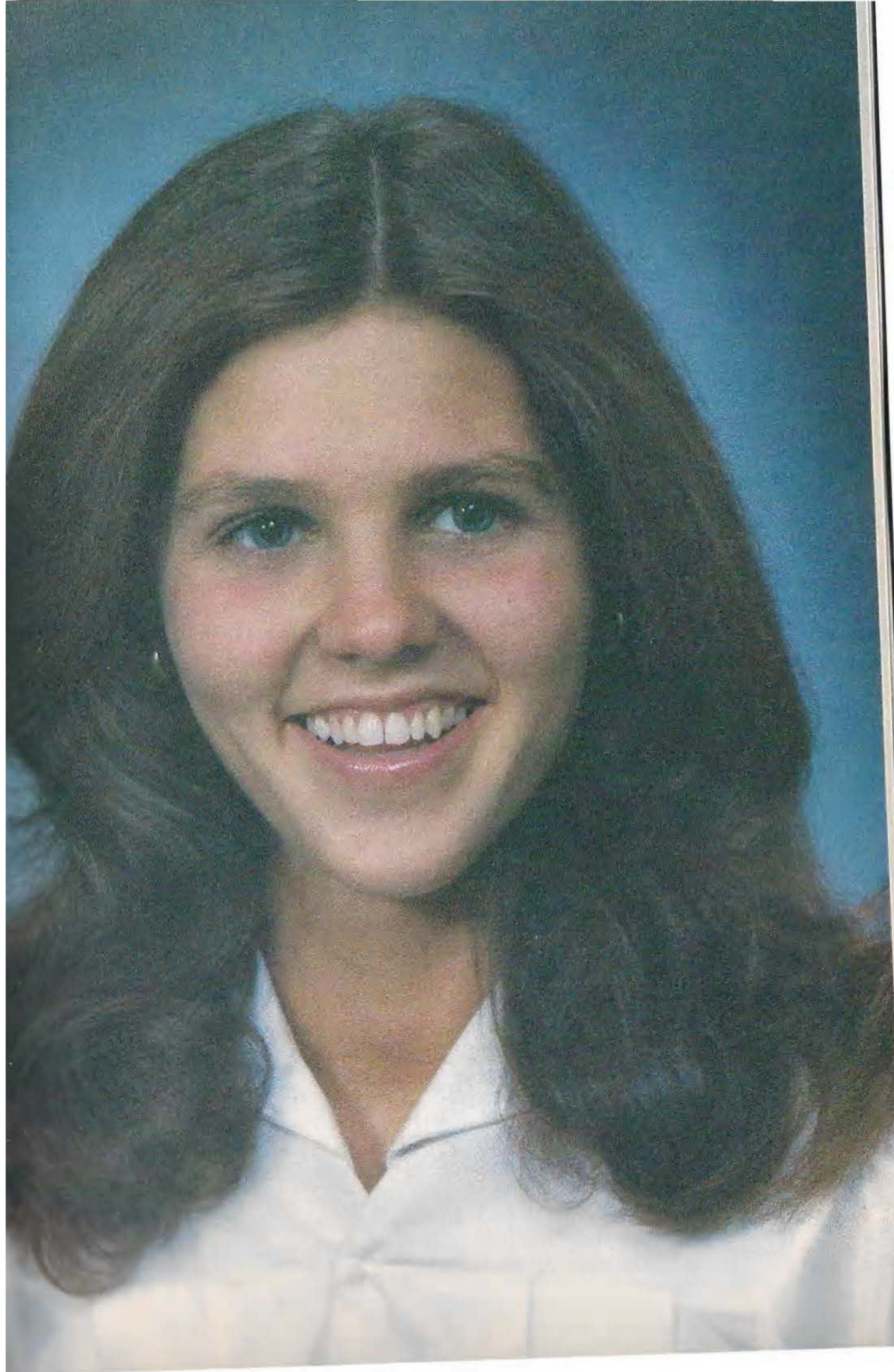
Being the scientific skeptic of the family, I left the room and went down to the center hallway, where I saw the large cart that conveyed all the babies from the nursery to their mothers. There was only one baby crying. All the babies looked alike to me, so I looked at the identification tag on each of those babies and found that the one crying was labeled "Baby Girl Nelson, Room 571."

This certainly was an inspiration to me, for Dantzel knew the voice of her child even before she had ever heard it. It reminded me of the Savior's statement that "my sheep know my voice."

Through the years, Laurie has been sensitive to the voice of the Lord. As with the other girls, her paramount concern has been to learn and to do what is right. To be parents to children such as that has been pure pleasure for Dantzel and me.

Excelling in scholarship, music, and dance, Laurie has demonstrated a versatility possessed by few of her peers. In addition, she







has attracted friends so easily.

Laurie had a leading role in the East High School production of *Bye, Bye Birdie*; and at the Promised Valley Playhouse production of Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* in 1978, she played a leading role, that of Scrooge's girlfriend.

It is exciting to contemplate Laurie's future. With her natural potential, energized by her zeal and focused by her desire to do right, she will be a great success in all she undertakes. We love her dearly, as we do each of our choice children.

Her blessing was given June 7, 1959. The following account is taken from my diary for that day:

### Laurie's Blessing

June 7, 1959—

At fast meeting today I had the exceptional privilege and honor of presenting our *seventh* daughter before the Lord for a name and a blessing. As I recall, the words were as follows:

"Our Father in heaven, on this glorious Sabbath day we present this precious infant daughter before thee for a name and a blessing. The name that has been selected for her is Laurie Nelson, by which name she shall be known on the records of thy church and among her associates.

"Through the power of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood in us vested, we bless you, Laurie, that the mission in life for which you have been sent will be fulfilled. That this may be possible, we bless you with health, strength, joy, and happiness throughout your life.

"We bless you with the power of discernment, that through this gift you may be able to choose between right and wrong, and choose to prepare yourself for membership in the Church and to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. We would not ask that you be spared from problems, but that you may receive strength to solve your problems and choose the right. Above all other blessings, we bless you that you may be worthy of marriage in the temple. We bless you that you may be privileged to be a mother and know the joy of rearing your family in the Church.

"We bless your parents, sisters, and teachers that they may be instrumental in teaching you the principles of the gospel and the ways of righteousness.

"We love you, we appreciate you, and we express thanks unto our Heavenly Father for your safe arrival. We give you this name and blessing through the power of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood

and in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Assisting in the circle were Paul W. Cox (first counselor), Dan Thulin, and Gordon Young. Present in the congregation were Dantzel, Mother White, Marsha, Wendy, Gloria, Brenda, Sylvia, and Emily.



## CHAPTER 33

# Rosalie

Rosalie was born February 7, 1962, at 5:14 p.m., at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City. She weighed 10 pounds 13 ounces, and was almost 23½ inches long—our largest baby girl! We were so pleased to have eight lovely daughters in a row. How happy we were that each of the older daughters took such good care of Rosalie and relieved their mother of some of the moment-to-moment details.

She was blessed on March 4, 1962, a day marked by several important events that I recorded in my journal. I add them to this record with love.

### Rosalie's Blessing

March 4, 1962—

Really a day of record for me. It was my rare privilege to present our *eighth* daughter before the Lord for a name and blessing, and to confirm darling Brenda a member of the Church, and to hear Gloria give a 2½-minute talk. I conducted the meeting as a member of the bishopric.

As I recall, the words of the blessing went something like this:

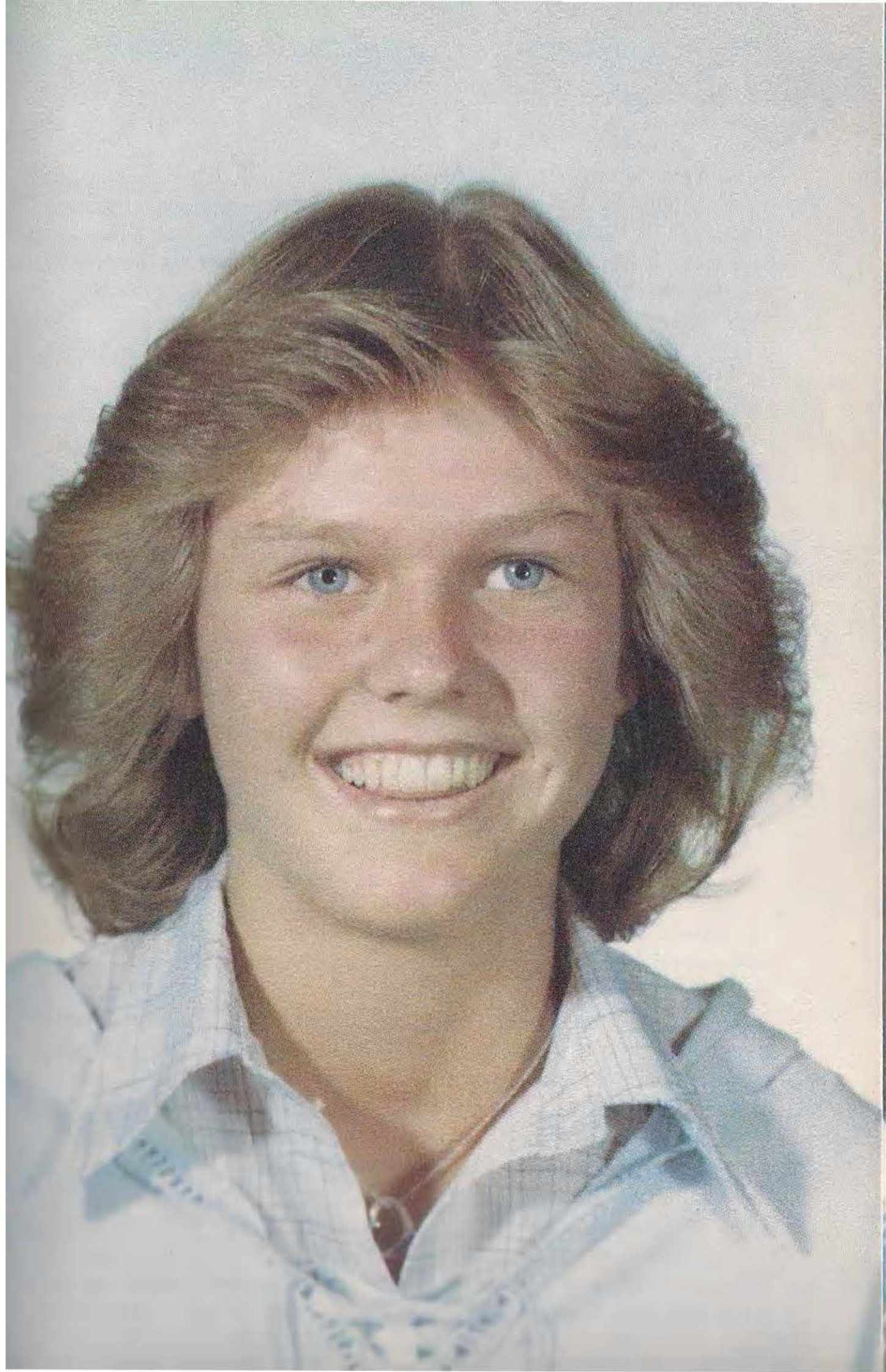
"Our Father in heaven, we thank thee for this infant girl and we present her to thee for a name and a father's blessing. The name we give unto her is Rosalie Nelson, by which name she shall be known by her associates and on the records of thy church.

"Through the power of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood in us vested, we bless her that she may fulfill the mission for which thou didst send her to the earth. We bless her that the properties for growth and development within her, which have been given to her by thee, may mature and not be altered or interrupted by any act of man.

"We bless her that she may learn the principles of the gospel so that she may become a member of thy church. We bless her that she may receive an education and develop the talents which thou hast given her.

"We bless her that, in time, she may choose an elder for her companion to be married eternally in thy temple, to the end that she may become a co-creator with thee and become a mother in Israel.







"We bless her with the gift of discernment, by which she may know right from wrong. We bless her parents, her sisters, her teachers, and her associates that they will help her to learn what is right. We would not ask that she be spared from problems, but that the problems she has will help her to develop faith and become strong in body and in spirit.

"We love her; we thank thee for her, and pledge our desire to assist her in this life; and we bless her with all other blessings which thou knowest she may need, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Assisting with this blessing were the other two members of the Garden Park Ward bishopric, Bishop Hoyt W. Brewster and Paul W. Cox. In attendance were Dantzel, Marsha, Wendy, Gloria, Brenda, Sylvia, Emily, Laurie, and Mother White.

Brenda, whose blessing was recorded on fast Sunday of March eight years ago, was baptized by me on Tuesday, February 27, 1962, and today I confirmed her a member of the Church and gave her a blessing as well.

Each of these girls is very dear to me; I bore my testimony that I knew they were all created by God, and that their spirits were very choice to me. They should never feel that I had wished for a boy, because no one could be happier than I am and have been with our choice daughters.

Of course, it should be recorded here that my love for their mother, Dantzel, is increasing with each passing day and year. She is a wonderful mother to them. They don't appreciate it fully now, but they will when they become mothers. Moreover, she is a loving companion, wife, and homemaker—and for her I am deeply grateful.

Rosalie never caused us a moment's concern. Always so cheerful and pleasant, she brought joy into our life that we had never known that fully before.

She was always eager to learn. Not only did she perform well in school, but she went the extra mile. For example, when I was taking classes in Spanish at the University of Utah on Thursday nights, little eleven-year-old Rosalie often accompanied me. I was so proud of her as she joined in with all that was transpiring there.

Rosalie has many talents, including those related to music, dance, and the love of friends and children. Her little nieces and nephews seem to love Rosalie in a very special way. She is so sweet and tender with them.

Rosalie has always been vitally concerned with learning the truth and applying those principles in her life. When trials to test



those applications came her way, she sensed the conflict keenly, for she knew so well what should be done and how anxious she was to do it.

In December 1973, many of our family members participated in the Yale Second Ward performance of *The Sound of Music*. Rosalie was outstanding as she played the part of Gretl. Many thought she stole the show as the baby of the Von Trapp family.

She brought much joy to the family and her fellow students as she created and performed her dancing routines. We even lost the use of a large garbage can for many months as she choreographed a garbage can routine for the annual concert of the East High dance company.

I took her with me to a speaking engagement for the Church in Las Vegas on November 13, 1977. I called on her to speak. Rosalie cheerfully responded with a moving message based on scriptural topics that was outstanding. Everyone there was impressed and astounded that such a pretty young lady could be so capable of delivering a polished message. I was very proud of her, as I am whenever I call upon her or her sisters to represent our family.

In March of 1978, our ward presented Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. Dantzel and I played the roles of Dr. and Mrs. Gibb. Rosalie played the role of our daughter Rebecca, and again did an unusually fine job. She put such a lot of life into the play. We felt especially privileged to be associated with her in this way.

Her future is bright. We will watch it with great joy.



## CHAPTER 34

# Marjorie

Little Marjorie arrived at 4:27 p.m. on October 5, 1965. Dr. M. S. Sanders had checked Dantzel during a routine examination and felt she should go directly to the hospital. We went right away, and Marjorie was safely delivered at the LDS Hospital. She weighed 9 pounds and was 21 inches long.

As I drove home I found Marsha and Wendy walking home from school. When I told them the news, their shouts for joy were loud and spontaneous! They then confessed that they'd harbored great fear that the select society of which they were members might be ruined by the addition of a baby boy.

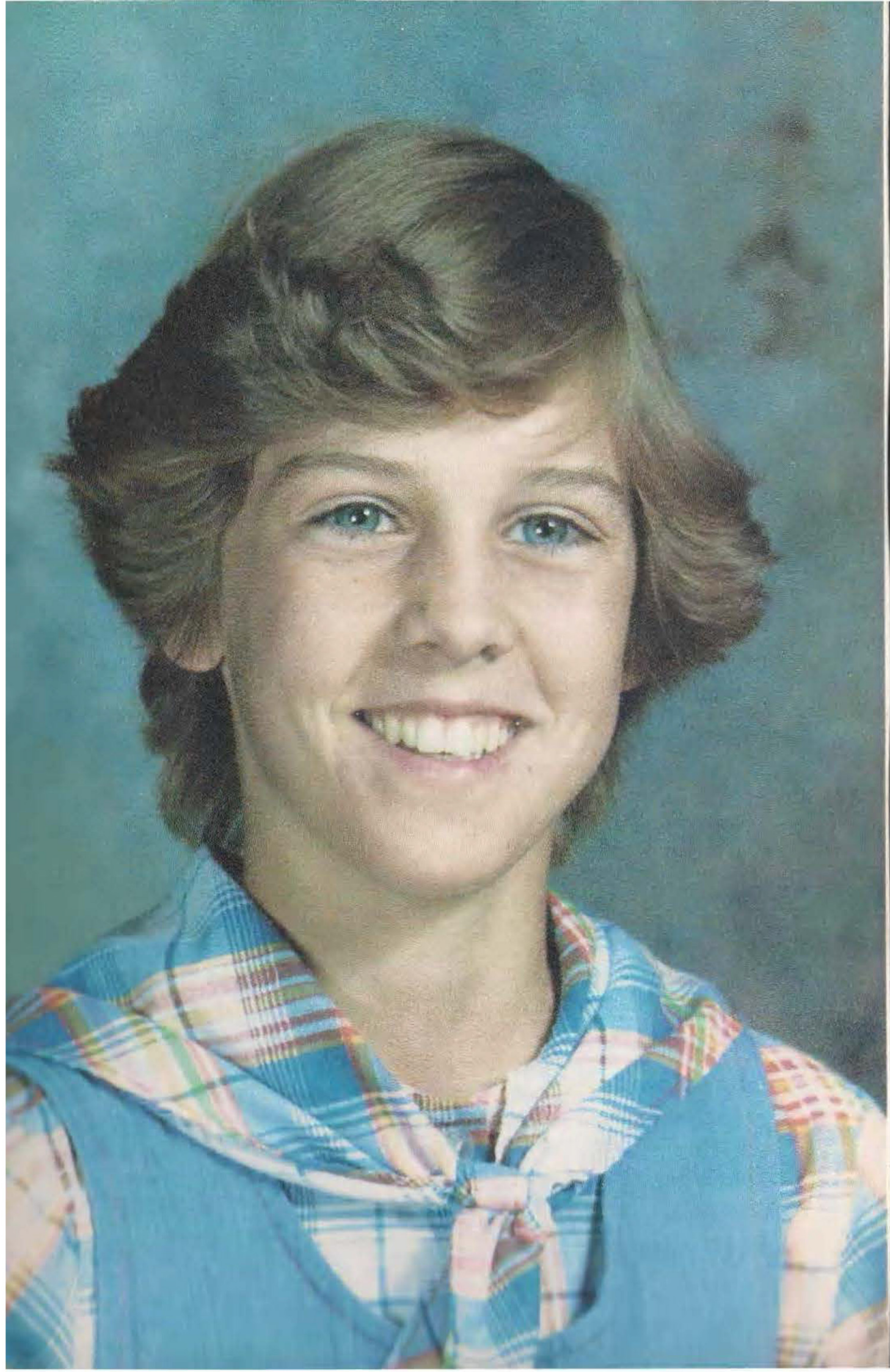
We thought that having nine girls in a row should be commemorated in some way—perhaps by giving the baby an unusual name, like Nina. However, we were dissuaded somewhat from this approach when we realized that our next-door neighbor had a daughter named Nina; and besides, our view was that she deserved more than a number for a name.

Then we came to the idea of honoring all our sisters who had done so much for us. Remarkably, both of our eldest sisters had the same name, although spelled a little differently (Marjory Nelson, Marjorie White). We didn't want to offend but only to compliment all of our sisters by choosing the name of the eldest in this naming process. A decision had to be made. Either we had to pick an entirely different way of spelling it, such as Margery, or the spelling would have to match the name of one of our sisters. We decided to spell her name Marjorie to keep from confusing our Marjorie Nelson with my sister Marjory Nelson, whose married name became Marjory N. Rohlfing.

So that was the thought process that went into the naming of our little Marjorie. As it is with so many problems in life, the difficulties we had anticipated were more potential than actual. Both aunts for whom she was named seemed pleased with our choice. She has been a joy to us, a very special and sweet spirit.

An entry in my journal for October 31, 1965, contains the blessing given to her as a baby:







## Marjorie's Blessing

October 31, 1965—

Today in fast meeting, I gave Marjorie a name and blessing. I will repeat here the words that I pronounced for her at that time:

"Our Father in heaven, we thank thee for this infant daughter, whom we now present before thee to give her a name and a father's blessing. By virtue of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood that I bear, the name that has been selected for her is Marjorie Nelson, by which name she shall be known by her associates and on the records of the Church throughout her mortal life.

"May she come to know and always remember the significance of this beautiful name that she now bears. This name is a tangible expression of the great love and devotion we feel for the two families from which she has come. Each pair of her grandparents chose this name for their firstborn daughter.

"We pray that she may live so as to honor her two aunts whose name she now bears as well as honor her grandparents and other relatives as she takes this family name.

"We bless her that she may live to fulfill the measure of her creation and that she may be protected from premature termination of her life by any act of man. We bless her with health, strength, and wisdom in order that she may achieve the purpose for which thou has sent her.

"We bless her with the gift of discernment of right from wrong, that she may study the teachings of thy church and be baptized. We bless her that she may become educated and develop her talents. We bless her that she may marry an elder in the house of the Lord, thy temple, and in that way do her part to perpetuate our family unit throughout eternity.

"We bless her that she may bear children and be as fine a mother to her young as her own angel mother is to her.

"We ask thee not to spare her from all problems, but to allow her to develop faith and strength from her problems.

"We bless her parents, grandparents, sisters and brothers, teachers, and friends, that all may play an effective role in helping her to achieve the full measure of her creation for which thou hast sent her to the earth.

"We love her, and we give her this name and father's blessing through the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

Assisting in the circle were my father, Marion C. Nelson (who took her back to Dantzel afterward); Bob Rohlfsing (his birthday today); Raymond B. Parkinson of the Yale Second Ward bishopric;

and Harold I. Bowman, patriarch of the Bonneville Stake.

My mother, Enid, Todd and Sally Ogaard, and Marjory, Bob, and Tom Rohlfing were all there as well as Dantzel, Marsha, Wendy, Gloria, Brenda, Sylvia, Emily, Laurie, and Rosalie.

Dantzel and I each subsequently bore our testimonies—so thankful were we to our Father in heaven for the safe arrival of this beautiful daughter and for our parents and other children. Truly no one could ever be more richly blessed than we. Our words of thanks are not adequate, but I'm confident God knows our grateful hearts and of our attempt, humble as it was, to express our gratitude verbally and in public.

Several stories about Marjorie come to mind. Once when the first day of school was approaching, Marjorie was very ill. Our pediatrician and her physician father had consulted and had prescribed medication for her. As she lay in a languid fashion on the sofa, Dantzel and I looked so mournful, knowing full well that she was excluded from all the excitement of her sisters who were planning their clothing for that first day of school.

The next morning, Marjorie came into the kitchen bubbling with vivaciousness, her sparkling eyes clear, her fever gone, and her recovery so evident.

"What happened to you?" we said. "How did you get so well?"

She replied, "Last night I prayed that God would make me well so I could go to school in the morning. Here I am, ready to go!"

Such is the faith of this little sweetheart.

Another special incident happened when she was about four years of age. I came home from work to find Dantzel very weary. I offered to get the children ready for bed. Having had a rather heavy and demanding day myself, I began to give orders—"Take your clothes off and hang them up." "Brush your teeth." "Get on your pajamas." "Say your prayers." etc.—commanding in a manner befitting a tough sergeant in the army.

Marjorie then stopped me and said, "Daddy, do you own me?"

With her wistful eyes adding expression to this comment, I realized that I was using coercive methods on this little sweet spirit, and that to rule children by command or by force is the technique of Satan and not the Savior, who would have led in love. She taught me this important lesson: We don't own our children; we have them for a brief season. As parents, it is our privilege to love them, lead them, and then to let them go.





Marjorie's eighth birthday was on October 5, 1973. The annual Sunday School conference was being held in conjunction with the semiannual general conference of the Church. My involvement was necessarily heavy that day, which caused me to break a commitment that I've had with each of our children—to spend some private time with them on their eighth birthday to teach them about baptism, membership in the Church, and the bestowal of the gift of the Holy Ghost. Faced with a number of meetings and other responsibilities, I didn't get to see her for any time of significance until she joined the family in the Tabernacle that evening for the Sunday School general session of conference. President Harold B. Lee was there. He presided and was the main speaker. After the meeting was over I met the family at the stand of the Tabernacle, and there President Lee graciously greeted our little eight-year-old birthday girl with a hug and a kiss, and with a gift of a dollar for her birthday. As it turned out,



Dantzel and the girls sing to dad on Father's Day. This photo appeared in the *Deseret News* on Father's Day, June 14, 1969.

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Nine daughters! This photo appeared in the *Deseret News* shortly after Marjorie's arrival in 1965.

this proved to be the most memorable eighth birthday any of our children had experienced. She will never forget being kissed by a prophet on her eighth birthday.

Marjorie is indeed a special daughter, and we love her dearly. We look forward with anticipation to the bright future that stands before her.

## CHAPTER 35

### Russell

One autumn night in 1957, Dantzel awakened me with a very special announcement. She said, "During the night I had a remarkable vision. It was more than just a dream. I saw a little baby boy. He was a very special, handsome child. He had a round face and lots of hair; he looked just like you! I had a wonderful visit with him."

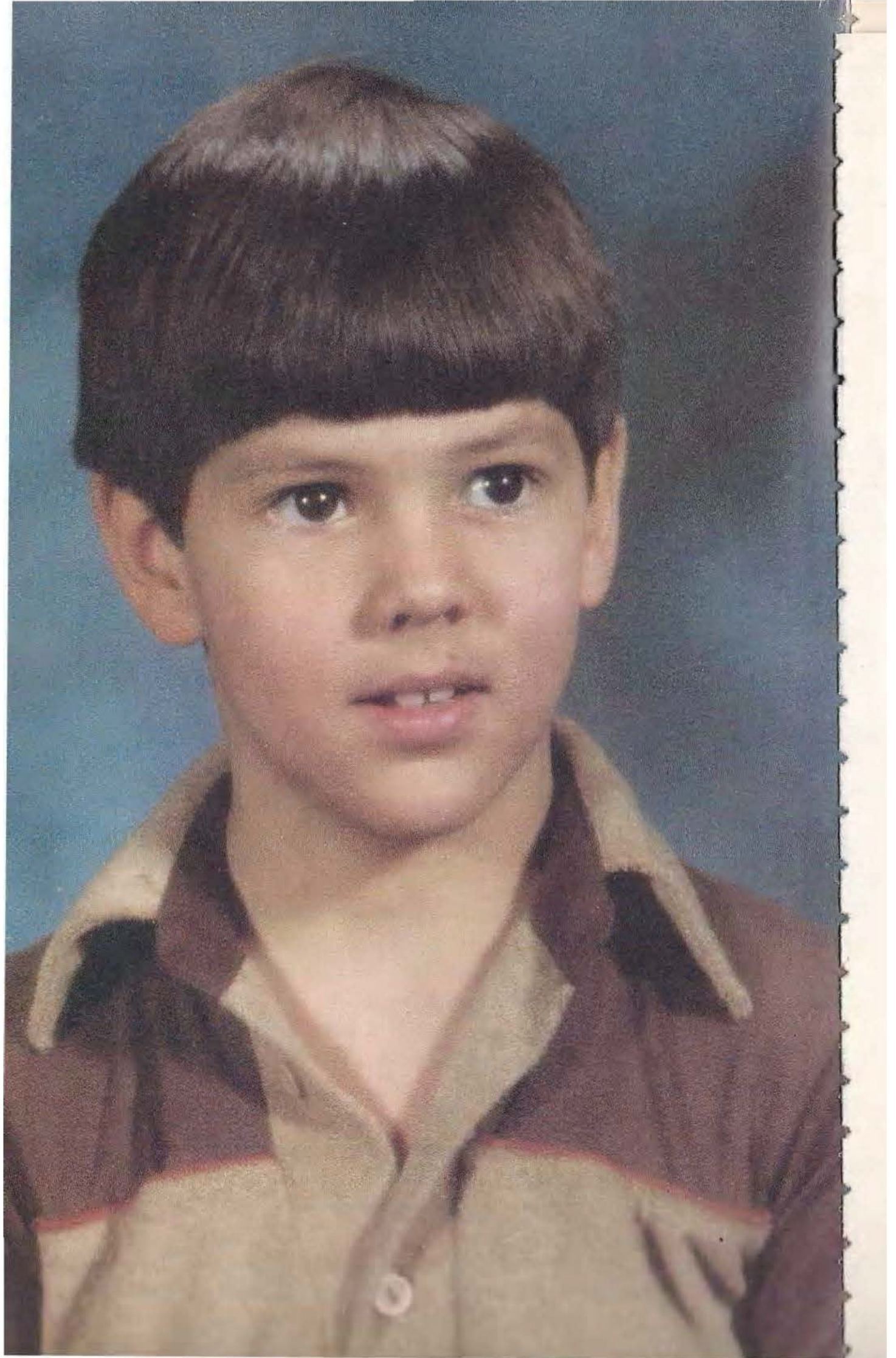
I didn't pay a great deal of attention to this announcement at the time, even though our sixth child was on its way. I began to pay more attention to it, however, as repeatedly over the next few years she indicated she had received a visit from this same little boy. In fact, it became so much a part of our life that after one of these visions she would simply say, "I saw him again. He's such a sweet and special young boy."

Over the years from that first manifestation, we greeted Emily, Laurie, Rosalie, and Marjorie into our family, each one bringing her own special spirit. Yet, Dantzel had the firm conviction that our family was not completed. Therefore, in her forty-sixth year, not enjoying the best of health, she willingly and selflessly embarked on her tenth pregnancy. We had a beautiful family of nine daughters. We had been married over twenty-six years. She knew the statistics were not favorable for a multiparous person such as she, in her forty-sixth year, to have another baby. None of that dissuaded her, for her faith was strong.

On January 22, 1972, I was in Sun Valley, Idaho, speaking at a meeting of the Idaho Heart Association. I was given a very lovely room in the Sun Valley Lodge—a fire in the fireplace and all that went with it. All alone in that room, I retired for the evening. In the middle of the night I was awakened with a very real experience. I cannot remember who gave the message—that is of no importance. But I do remember as surely as I live that it was announced to me that this time Dantzel's pregnancy was with a son, he who had been appearing to her through the years. Furthermore, it was impressed upon my mind that his name should be Russell Marion Nelson, Jr.

The following morning I called Dantzel long distance and told her of the experience. She was moved by it, for she knew that with each of the nine children prior to this, the discussion of an alternative name, should it have been a boy, had never included Russell Marion







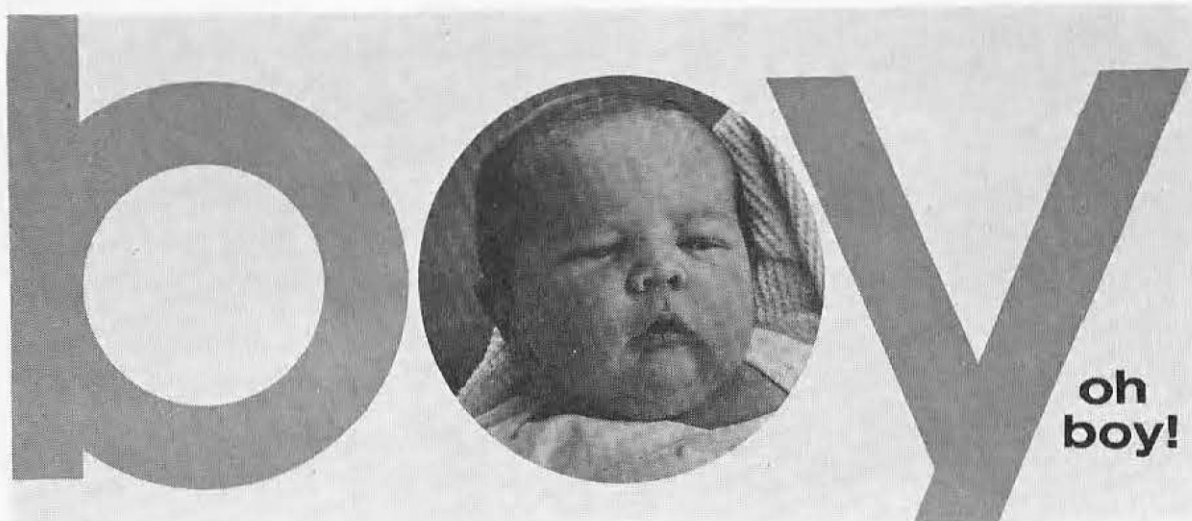
Nelson, Jr. We had a bit of prejudice against having a young man called "Junior." But we knew this had been an experience that deserved considerable attention and so we planned accordingly.

When Marsha and Chris had a baby boy on February 15, 1972, our first grandson, named Nathan Christopher McKellar, we began to work on a composite birth announcement. We thought it was a special circumstance for a family of nine daughters to be blessed with a grandson *and* the prospects of a *son*. The announcement we created was entitled "Boy, oh boy!" and contained pictures of all the nine daughters, our son-in-law Chris, their son, Nathan, and space on the front for a picture of our yet-to-be-born son, Russell, Jr.

Prior to Dantzel's delivery, the obstetricians were somewhat concerned over the prospects of her having a successful labor. Although she'd had nine previously without significant difficulty, she hadn't been forty-six years of age for any of them. As she went into labor, she was having good, hard contractions, but the baby was not making any progress down the birth canal, nor was the cervix dilating as it should. Assuming that this problem was occasioned by the lack of muscle tone in the uterus, a drip of Pitocin was started intravenously. Over the next few hours, as the drip of this powerful uterine stimulant was under way, Dantzel's blood pressure began to soar. She broke out in petechiae all over her body. When her blood pressure went to 220/120, I summoned Dr. M. S. Sanders, our obstetrician, and his consultant, Dr. John Z. Brown, and told them I feared for her life. I felt that this baby must be born by cesarean section, and they very wholeheartedly agreed. Within the hour, on March 21, 1972, Dr. Sanders operated on Dantzel. I was in the operating room close beside my darling to comfort her as she was given a general anesthetic. When Dantzel's abdomen and uterus were laid open, at 1:13 p.m., Dr. Sanders reached in and lifted out a large, handsome, well-formed son, who appeared to be perfect in every detail. He was an enormous baby, 23 inches long and weighing 12 pounds! No wonder she couldn't advance him through the birth canal. While she was still under the anesthetic, tears filled my mask as I phoned home and asked the girls if they could hear their little brother crying. Screams went up that were audible all through the operating room.

I stayed beside Dantzel during the recovery period as the anesthetic lightened and ultimately wore off. After she awakened, the





*Nine beautiful daughters...*



Marjorie 6



Rosalie 10



Laurie 12



Emily 14



Sylvia 16

*And now, a SON! Russell Marion Nelson, Jr. Born: March 21, 1972*  
*Weight: 12 lbs. Length: 23 in.*



Brenda 18



Gloria 19



Wendy 20



Marsha and Christopher

*Dantzel and Russell*

*And a GRANDSON too!*  
*Nathan Christopher McKellar*  
*Born: February 15, 1972*  
*Weight: 7 lbs. 3 oz. Length: 20½ in.*



nurses brought the baby to her side and nestled the child against her bosom. It was then that she first saw the infant. She looked at that face, a round little fat face, and the abundance of dark hair. Her eyes moistened as she exclaimed, "He's the one! He's the one I've seen and known for all of these years!"

I've always known Dantzel to be especially close to our Father in heaven, but the events surrounding the birth of our tenth child and first son, Russell Marion Nelson, Jr., brought me to a realization that she was entitled to maternal communication beyond that ever deserved by a man. Her revelation was exceeded only by her faith and her compliance and willingness to do what was necessary to give life to this son who was waiting to come.

Her sacrifice for him and her willingness to go into the valley of the shadow of death that he might be were well on my mind as I gave him a name and a blessing, a copy of which follows. As mentioned earlier, I consulted with President Spencer W. Kimball on the matter of naming the child, and he also felt that the name Russell Marion Nelson, Jr., was appropriate.

### Russell's Blessing

April 30, 1972—

On March 31, 1972, our son was born! Today, in the Yale Ward chapel, I had the great privilege of giving him a name and a blessing. This is what was said:

"Oh God the Eternal Father, gratefully and prayerfully we hold before thee this infant son whom thou hast sent, that he might receive a name and a father's blessing.

"By virtue of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood in us vested, we give him the name Russell Marion Nelson, Jr., by which he may be known on the records of the Church and among his associates in this world.

"Holy Father, by virtue of the Melchizekek Priesthood which thou hast bestowed upon me, and strengthened and sustained in this circle by my dear father, brothers, counselors in the general superintendency and board of the Sunday School of thy church, bishopric, and home teacher, I pronounce a father's blessing prayerfully as thou dost direct and inspire, that thy will and not my will might be done.

"My son, Russell, I bless you that the purpose for which you have been sent to this earth will be fulfilled. I bless you with faith, health, and strength, that you may endure to the end. I bless you with

the gift of discernment, that you may seek God and his righteousness and shun evil and all that leads to evil. I bless you with a desire that you may be baptized, receive the Holy Ghost, and serve the Lord as a missionary and in any other capacity to which you may be called through his priesthood authority. God has given you life and all that sustains life; honor him with your life spent in his service.

"I bless you that you may develop and cherish a Christlike love that will lead you to the altar of celestial matrimony in the temple of our Lord, there to be sealed to one of your choice to form an eternal family unit. I bless you that from that marriage, children will be born, that you may love and lead your family as God will love and lead you.

"I bless you that you may understand the holiness of motherhood, that you may revere your own mother and your grandmothers. Honor your sisters, who love you, my son, and care for them throughout the days of your life. Honor all the daughters of God who may enter into your life, that you may add joy to their memories.

"Honor your leaders in the Church. Sustain and follow those whom God calls as his prophets on this earth. Honor the faith of your fathers, those here and those beyond. Honor your brothers in the priesthood and those who have and will yet join our family. Honor the power of the priesthood and know it is the means by which the lives of your mother and grandmother have been preserved to witness this event this day.

"I bless you that you may develop reverence for the law. Obey the laws of God and the laws of the land, that you may enjoy freedom from the bondage which results from disobedience to law.

"I bless you that you may know the joy that comes from service to others, and the realization that to serve well means to prepare well. Seek learning, develop your talents, and perfect the understanding that will allow you to apply that wisdom selflessly to bless and enrich the lives of others.

"My son, as we now share the same name, may we share a desire each to honor the name the other possesses.

"May you be preserved from accident and grow physically and spiritually. Recognize that the capacity of man is infinite as he stays close to the source of all strength, who is God our Creator.

"Holy Father, wilt thou ratify this father's blessing and accept





our thanks for this son whom thou hast entrusted to our care, we pray humbly in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Present were Daddy, Robert H. Nelson, L. Clark White, Richard H. White, Charles H. Dredge, Joseph B. Wirthlin, Richard L. Warner, Truman G. Madsen, and the bishopric, plus Mother, Enid, and her children, and all the partners and children. Dantzel and all our girls were there, of course.

Less than two weeks later, as we were attending general conference, Elder S. Dilworth Young began his speech with the story of little Russell's arrival. Later, Elder Young visited our home and gave a copy of his manuscript to Russell for his records. So after this spiritual and auspicious start, we felt our family was complete, knowing that this long-awaited son was now safely in our home. I looked upon him as tithing in reverse, for I was always taught that I should give the Lord a tenth. Now the Lord had given me a tenth, far beyond any deserving of mine. Abraham was required to offer Isaac in sacrifice. Our Heavenly Father literally offered his son, Jesus, in sacrifice; and yet they, in their ultimate goodness, wisdom, and gracious generosity, had blessed us with a gift—a tenth child, a son.

As he has matured now to the age of six years, we sense in him a remarkable young boy—normal in every respect, but in addition a spiritual giant with an amazing recollection of the details read to him nightly by his father from the Book of Mormon or the Bible, and with unique expressions when he is asked to offer family prayer. Invariably he asks for God to "bless Heavenly Father and Jesus," as though they were well known to him.

Gratefully and humbly we acknowledge the hand of the Lord in his arrival as we do in all of the others, for, exceptional to the laws of chance and the statistics of human experience, Dantzel has had ten pregnancies, ten beautiful normal births, no miscarriages, and not a single birth defect. How grateful we are to the Lord for these supernatural blessings.

On Monday, May 15, 1978, when Russell was six, I called upon him to give the prayer for the family after a nice family home evening. Our daughter Emily had been in Europe on a BYU Semester Abroad program for five months, and during that time I had not spoken with her by telephone. Of course we regularly exchanged

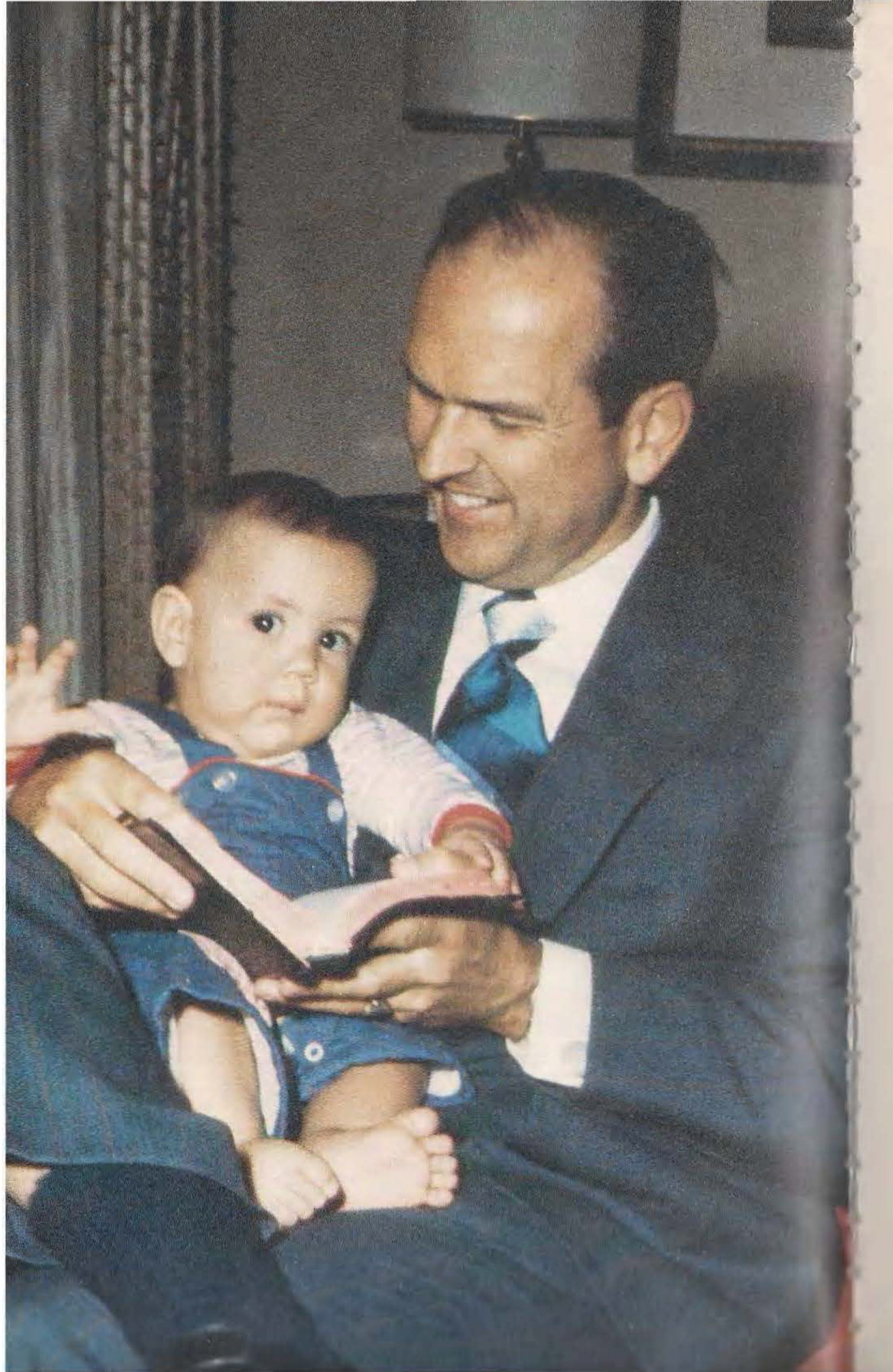
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Family portrait, November 1972. *Kneeling:* Rosalie, Marjorie. *Seated:* Emily, Russell M. Nelson, Dantzel W. Nelson holding Russell, Jr., Brenda. *Standing:* Laurie, Gloria, Wendy, Sylvia, Chris McKellar holding Nathan, Marsha N. McKellar.











letters, but no telephone conversations. When I called upon Russell to pray, he supplicated the Lord to bless Emily that she would give us a call on the telephone. After the prayer was over, Dantzel and I peered at each other over our bifocals, giving a quizzical smile at the faith this little one had exercised for such a request as a phone call from Emily.

Within two hours, the phone rang with the operator announcing that Emily Nelson was calling from London and would we accept the charges on a collect call? Of course we accepted the charge, and Emily spoke to us. We asked her if anything was wrong, and she said, "No, I just had a sudden urge to give you a phone call. Now I'm all excited about talking to you over the phone."

After our nice conversation and a good night's rest, the following morning we greeted Russell with the news that Emily had called. He simply said, "Of course, I knew she would. I prayed for it last night."

Such is the faith of this young son.



Part D

# Professional Relationships





## CHAPTER 36

# Local, National, and International Responsibilities

One of the unique features of a profession is the responsibility for self-regulation and improvement. Countless hours of a doctor's time are spent not only in his own self-education, but also in committee meetings and other functions pertaining to this aspect of his career. Most of this effort is not visible to the public but is diligently pursued willingly and voluntarily by each physician. Such activity is usually rewarded by more of the same, and that may be augmented by appointment or election to positions of leadership.

The honor of leadership is not as important as the good that one is able to accomplish with that privilege. Therefore, while reviewing the honors, I will also try to give an accounting of the stewardship that was an integral part of each opportunity to serve.

As president of the Utah Heart Association (1964-65), I fought hard to preserve the privilege of donation to a specific cause, since dollars for research are sorely needed to combat heart disease, cancer, and other serious problems. People wishing to donate to these efforts were frustrated at this time by a concerted drive of the United Fund to include these needs with the support of charities. I argued before the city commission and with United Fund leaders in order to enable separate fund drives to be conducted. We were successful in our efforts, and thousands of dollars for research were donated by generous people genuinely concerned about these major health problems.

As chairman of the Division of Thoracic Surgery at LDS Hospital (1966-72), I represented our staff of thirteen specialists in negotiations with the hospital administration and other professional groups on those issues within a hospital that must be pursued in order to give quality service in an institution that cares. Of course, there is a role of peacemaker to be played among such aggressive and intelligent men.

Closely related with this responsibility was the privilege of directing the education and training of thoracic surgical residents in the University of Utah affiliated hospitals program from 1967 to the present. These choice young surgeons of skill and potential are enumerated in the next chapter.

For each of the ninety or so such residency programs in the USA

and Canada, there is a director. They have formed a group known as the Thoracic Surgical Directors Association, for which I served as president in 1971-72. My service then was to plan and organize the twice-yearly meetings in which we discussed issues of concern, and also to help create an organizational structure to deal with the many interests held by such a group. The members of this association were and are responsible for the selection, preparation, and training of those to become cardiovascular thoracic surgeons of the future.

The American College of Surgeons (ACS) is the largest organization of surgeons in the world. Its mission is to improve the quality of care rendered to surgical patients—a mission it accomplishes mainly through the continuing education of its membership and potential members. It was my privilege to serve as president of the Utah Chapter in 1967-68, and as chairman of the Advisory Council on Thoracic Surgery of the ACS from 1974 to 1976. These important assignments provided a real opportunity to assist in the surgeon's self-educational effort, which is so necessary in this era of rapidly expanding knowledge, changing concepts, and improved techniques.

A doctor's ultimate concern is for the patient he serves. Generally, this service involves individual, personalized attention. There are some things, however, that cannot be accomplished individually. For this purpose—the objective of providing better care for the public we serve—we band together to tackle problems that are too large to handle alone. County, state, and national medical associations serve that function. My service locally included the privilege of being president of the Utah State Medical Association (USMA) during 1970-71. Possibly the most significant contribution I made was to bring Hoyt W. Brewster from his previous business into the USMA as executive director. His sweet, compassionate, and wise leadership methods paid rich dividends to all he served. To the governor of the state, I presented two important resolutions that year. One was the voluntary agreement of the doctors to stop prescribing amphetamines (central nervous system stimulants). The other marked the formation of the Utah Professional Review Organization. This step came after the house of delegates of the USMA responded with but one dissenting vote to my pleading for this means by which the cost of medical care might be contained by process of on-site concurrent review of doctors' hospital practice. I viewed this not as a punitive, but as an educational pursuit, for I was convinced that doctors are highly motivated to do right. The task was to teach and to learn what



was right. Within a year or two there was a shortened average length of stay in expensive hospital facilities, resulting not only in direct savings to those paying hospital bills, but also a reduced need for additional hospital construction as more beds were made available through lesser utilization. Utah became the model for many other state associations that later adopted similar self-regulatory service.

I have been fortunate in gaining a dimension of understanding of hospital administration in my call to serve as a member of the Board of Governors of the LDS Hospital. From 1970 to the present, I have met many interesting challenges while serving with some of the most dedicated public servants, such as the chairman of the board, Douglas H. Smith. The administrators of the hospital during this period have been L. Brent Goates and David B. Wirthlin. These great men have done much to create and maintain the hospital's reputation as a world-famous tertiary care institution. The visible evidences of this accomplishment are the new doctors' office building, the parking terraces, and the immaculate cleanliness of the hospital itself. Less visible, however, is the esprit de corps and the singular commitment to provide the finest facilities for the needs of the doctors and patients utilizing the hospital. For the privilege of witnessing all this, I am truly grateful.

One of the amazing realities of American life is volunteerism. Every February, volunteers go from door to door to collect dollars to help conquer heart disease. The tremendous benefits derived from the millions of dollars so collected for research and education have been realized in this past decade. Heart disease for the first time in man's history has taken a statistical turn downward. Many factors are responsible, but the role of the American Heart Association is truly significant. I have been an eyewitness to this, not only as a recipient of grants-in-aid for research from the Utah Heart Association and the American Heart Association, but as an administrator as well. For the assistance provided by those early grants, I am most appreciative, for it came at a time when ideas and experiments were needed to tame the uncharted sea. To reciprocate in some measure has been a real privilege, for I could never decline a call to serve in the American Heart Association. That service consisted of work on many committees, including the Central Committee from 1967 to 1969, and election to become chairman of the Council on Cardiovascular Surgery and a member of the Board of Directors from 1976 to 1978. Representing the American Heart Association, I served as a member of the Board

of Managers of the Interamerican Society of Cardiology from 1972 to 1974. Current service includes membership on the Task Force for Allocation of Resources and Program Needs, and on the Steering Committee, to which all problems and programs are ultimately referred. These assignments have necessitated frequent trips to New York and later to Dallas as the American Heart Association moved its national headquarters there. The fringe benefits of these efforts have included the privilege of associating with great people from all walks of life who are voluntarily uniting for a common cause—that of controlling the nation's and the world's number one health problem, heart disease.

In any profession, there are honorary societies that extend invitations for membership on a competitive basis. One of the most prestigious of those in my specialty is the Society for Vascular Surgery. I was greatly surprised and honored to be asked to serve as its secretary for four years (1969-72). To my secretary, Fern Gundersen, I am everlastingly grateful, for it was her expert ability that kept me afloat in this responsibility. It was largely the excellence of her work that was recognized in my later election to the office of president for 1974-75. I suppose there will never be a moment quite as memorable to me in my profession as the one I experienced in Boston when the great men of our specialty generously accorded a standing ovation after my presidential address on "The Era of Extracorporeal Respiration" had been delivered. Most significant was the attendance of Dantzel and the children, who were in the rear of the hall as all of this transpired. My memory flashed back to a time twenty years previously when we lived in Boston without beds for our children and without much else except faith, hope, and love for each other. To have Dantzel and the family there meant so much to me.

One of the most prestigious awards in this nation is the "Golden Plate" award bestowed by the American Academy of Achievement. They have announced their selection of me to be honored with others who are to receive this award on June 23, 1979.

If I were asked which of the professional honors I have been accorded I would regard as the highest, all that have been mentioned would come to mind—and some that have not been mentioned, such as the Gold Medal awarded by the Republic of Argentina in Buenos Aires in 1974. Clearly, however, the highest honor would be that of my election as a director of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery. This board is comprised of fifteen directors who serve for a term of

six years. They are responsible for examining and certifying the thoracic surgical specialists of our (and other) nation(s). To this board all of the weighty problems are finally referred. During my years of service from 1972 to 1978, the decision to require recertification was made in an effort to assure continuing clinical competence. Many other momentous and important actions transpired that are probably of little interest to others. The privilege of chairing the subcommittee to compose the cardiac half of the annual examination of the board I enjoyed immensely.

The programs of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery were exceeded in importance only by the people with whom it was my privilege to associate. To deliberate on controversial issues with men of greatness taught me how important it is to be able to disagree without being disagreeable. Out of these debates, policies were ultimately forged that inured to the benefit of all. The charming secretary of the board, Mrs. Louise Sper, brought a special dimension of expertise and tender compassion that each member of the board prized highly. The associations with the great men of our specialty I shall always cherish. I honor them all as their names are listed with gratitude, admiration, and affection:

**Directors of the American Board of  
Thoracic Surgery, Inc.  
1972 to 1978**

Dr. Paul C. Adkins	Washington, D.C.
Dr. Ralph D. Alley	Albany, New York
Dr. Jay L. Ankeney	Cleveland, Ohio
Dr. Philip E. Bernatz	Rochester, Minnesota
Dr. Rollin A. Daniel, Jr.	Nashville, Tennessee
Dr. W. Sterling Edwards	Albuquerque, New Mexico
Dr. Johann L. Ehrenhaft	Iowa City, Iowa
Dr. F. Henry Ellis, Jr.	Boston, Massachusetts
Dr. Robert G. Ellison	Augusta, Georgia
Dr. Thomas B. Ferguson	St. Louis, Missouri
Dr. John W. Kirklin	Birmingham, Alabama
Dr. C. Frederick Kittle	Chicago, Illinois
Dr. James R. Malm	New York City, New York
Dr. Donald G. Mulder	Los Angeles, California
Dr. Hassan Najafi	Chicago, Illinois
Dr. Russell M. Nelson	Salt Lake City, Utah



Dr. Donald L. Paulson

Dr. Benson B. Roe

Dr. Will C. Sealy

Dr. Herbert Sloan

Dr. Frank C. Spencer

Dr. Albert Starr

Dr. Harold C. Urschel, Jr.

Dr. Watts R. Webb

Dr. Myron W. Wheat, Jr.

Dallas, Texas

San Francisco, California

Durham, North Carolina

Ann Arbor, Michigan

New York City, New York

Portland, Oregon

Dallas, Texas

New Orleans, Louisiana

St. Petersburg, Florida

## CHAPTER 37

# Residents Trained

Since graduating from my own residency in 1955, it has been my continuing opportunity to train very able and qualified young surgeons during their postgraduate medical education. Generally, these men have been fully qualified surgical specialists, either certified by or ready for examination by the American Board of Surgery, which has meant at least four to five years of residency training in general surgery following medical school. Then, having a desire to receive two or more years of additional experience in thoracic and cardiovascular surgery, they made application for this kind of training.

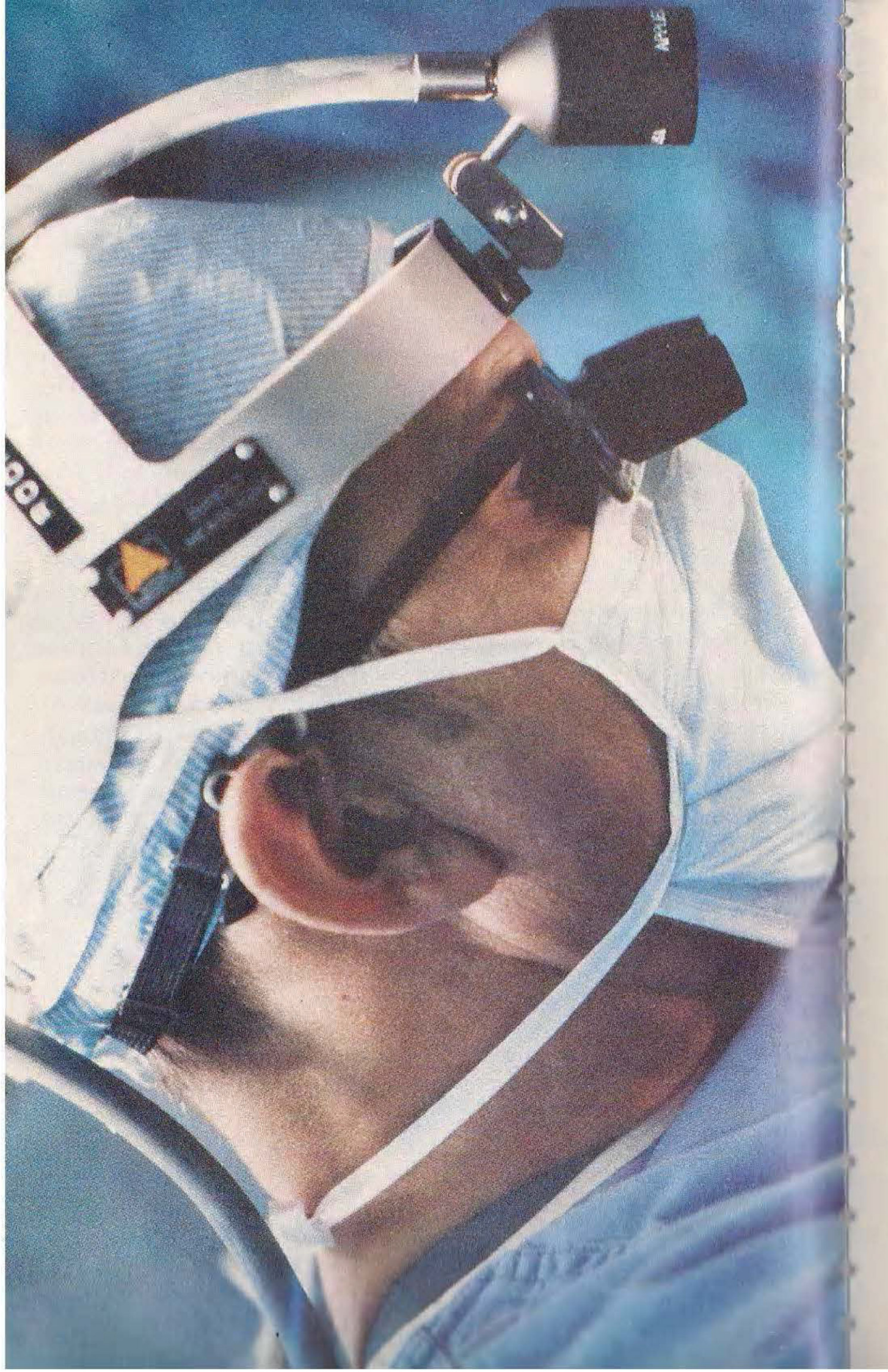
Over the years, I believe I have derived as much joy from training these bright and competent young surgeons as I have from caring for the patients themselves. Often I am asked if it isn't monotonous to operate every day while I am in town. To that question I always answer no, for each day has brought the opportunity to teach these wonderful surgeons a new lesson to help them avoid making an error that might be costly. So the privilege of magnifying myself through the accomplishments of others has become a very rewarding aspect of my work and one of the thrills of directing the training program in cardiovascular and thoracic surgery at the University of Utah and its affiliated hospitals—the LDS Hospital, Primary Children's Medical Center, and the Veterans Administration Hospital.

A list of those whom it has been my privilege to teach follows.

### Residents Trained in Cardiovascular and Thoracic Surgery 1958-1978

Albert A. Becker	Nov. 1974 to	Jun. 1975
Arnold D. Berk	Jul. 1969 to	Jun. 1971
Fred Burdette	Jul. 1975 to	Jun. 1977
Manuel Bustos	Jul. 1968 to	Jun. 1971
Charles F. Butler	Jul. 1977 to	Jun. 1979
Ahmet T. Cabi	Jul. 1964 to	Jun. 1966
Michael P. Collins	Jul. 1978 to	Jun. 1980
David Depp	Jul. 1972 to	Jun. 1973
	Jul. 1975 to	Jun. 1976
Saeed Esmaili	Jul. 1976 to	Jun. 1978







Alessandro Ferrero	Jul. 1976	to	Jun. 1978
Deepak M. Gangahar	Jul. 1976	to	Jun. 1978
Alejandro G. Gonzales	Jul. 1959	to	Jun. 1961
Arthur A. Gresen	Jul. 1972	to	Jun. 1974
Roy A. Guibone	Jul. 1966	to	Jun. 1968
Vern H. Horton	Oct. 1971	to	Sep. 1973
Vincent J. Jaeger	Jul. 1978	to	Jun. 1980
John P. Judson	Jul. 1977	to	Jun. 1979
Saul Katz	Jul. 1974	to	Jun. 1976
Chang Suh Kim	Jul. 1974	to	Jun. 1975
Jack Kolff	Jan. 1974	to	Feb. 1974
Evangelos Kotselas	Jul. 1962	to	Jun. 1963
Clifford S. Kwan-Gett	Jul. 1970	to	Jun. 1971
	Jan. 1972	to	Jun. 1973
Juan Lopez	Jul. 1957	to	Jun. 1959
Edwin C. McGough	Jul. 1970	to	Jun. 1972
Hyman Miller	Jul. 1975	to	Jun. 1977
Rodolfo A. Morales-Hurtado	Jul. 1973	to	Jun. 1975
Noel Nellis	Jul. 1968	to	Jun. 1970
Maunsel B. Pearce	Jul. 1968	to	Jun. 1969
	Jul. 1971	to	Jun. 1972
Charles A. Peterson	Jul. 1962	to	Jun. 1964
Michael B. Pliam	Jan. 1975	to	Dec. 1976
Vincente Po	Jul. 1961	to	Jun. 1963
Gregory W. Prian	Jul. 1977	to	Jun. 1979
Halemane Ranganath	Jul. 1973	to	Jun. 1975
Manoochehr Roohanipur	Jul. 1972	to	Jun. 1974
Devendra Saksena	Jul. 1968	to	Jun. 1970
Muhammed T. Salaymeh	Jul. 1965	to	Jun. 1967
Gulshan K. Sethi	Jul. 1970	to	Jun. 1972
Richard T. Shore	Jul. 1969	to	Jun. 1971
Jose Torres	Jul. 1963	to	Jun. 1965
Milton Vana	Jul. 1975	to	Jun. 1977
Cecil C. Vaughn	Jul. 1967	to	Jun. 1969
Mark Wertheimer	Jul. 1972	to	Jun. 1974
Hans Zwart	Jul. 1970	to	Dec. 1970
	Jul. 1971	to	Jun. 1973

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The surgeon at work, 1978. This photo was taken by Dr. Glen C. Griffin during heart surgery on his mother. I performed an open-heart operation on his father the same day.



Part E

## **Concluding Thoughts**





## Concluding Thoughts

This review of my life has caused me to reflect on the unique blessing of being a physician and bearer of the priesthood. I believe that being a physician has added a special dimension to my faith in God, our Creator; for my lifelong study of the human body has taught me that it is one of the most marvelous of all God's creations. To me, man is God's greatest miracle.

The fact that man exists is a miracle. As physicians, we do not know how two cells unite to form an embryo or how those cells differentiate and divide, some to become eyes that see, some to become ears that hear, and some to become fingers that feel the beautiful things around us. As scientists we can study this process, describe it, and even manipulate it within the laws that God has provided. We are incapable of complete understanding, but our observations cause us to have faith in the process and in Him as the provider of the process.

As a youth, I remember wanting a fine camera. I wanted one that had a light meter and, hopefully, an automatic focusing device. Then one day I stood before a mirror and flashed a light into my own eye, and I recognized the change in my eye as I withdrew the beam of light. Suddenly I realized that I already had two cameras finer than man could make. I had instant focus and instant accommodation to light and to darkness; not only that, but stereoscopic vision as well, for my two "cameras" were able to transmit images to the brain to be fused into one three-dimensional picture.

The miracle of hearing leaves me in awe. First, sound waves strike the eardrums, making them vibrate so slightly. Then that motion is amplified by three tiny ossicles, which transmit that energy to the auditory nerve, which in turn sends an electrical signal to the brain. This amazing mechanism is the model on which all electronic recording and sound amplification systems are based. Our Divine Creator knew all about these processes long before man "discovered" them.

The heart has four little valves that open and close more than 100,000 times a day, over 36 million times a year. There is no material yet devised by man capable of flexion that many times without ultimate fatigue and fracture. The best artificial heart valve available to us now is that taken from the lowly pig. Man has learned to harvest that pig valve, prepare it, mount it on a strut, and then implant it

to serve as a human valve would. To date, it is better than any of the valves man has made from steel and plastic, although we don't know yet how durable it may be.

The amount of work done by the heart is most amazing. Each day it pumps enough fluid to fill a 2,000-gallon tank car and performs work equivalent to lifting a 150-pound man to the top of the Empire State Building, while consuming about 4 watts, less energy than is used by the smallest light bulb in our home.

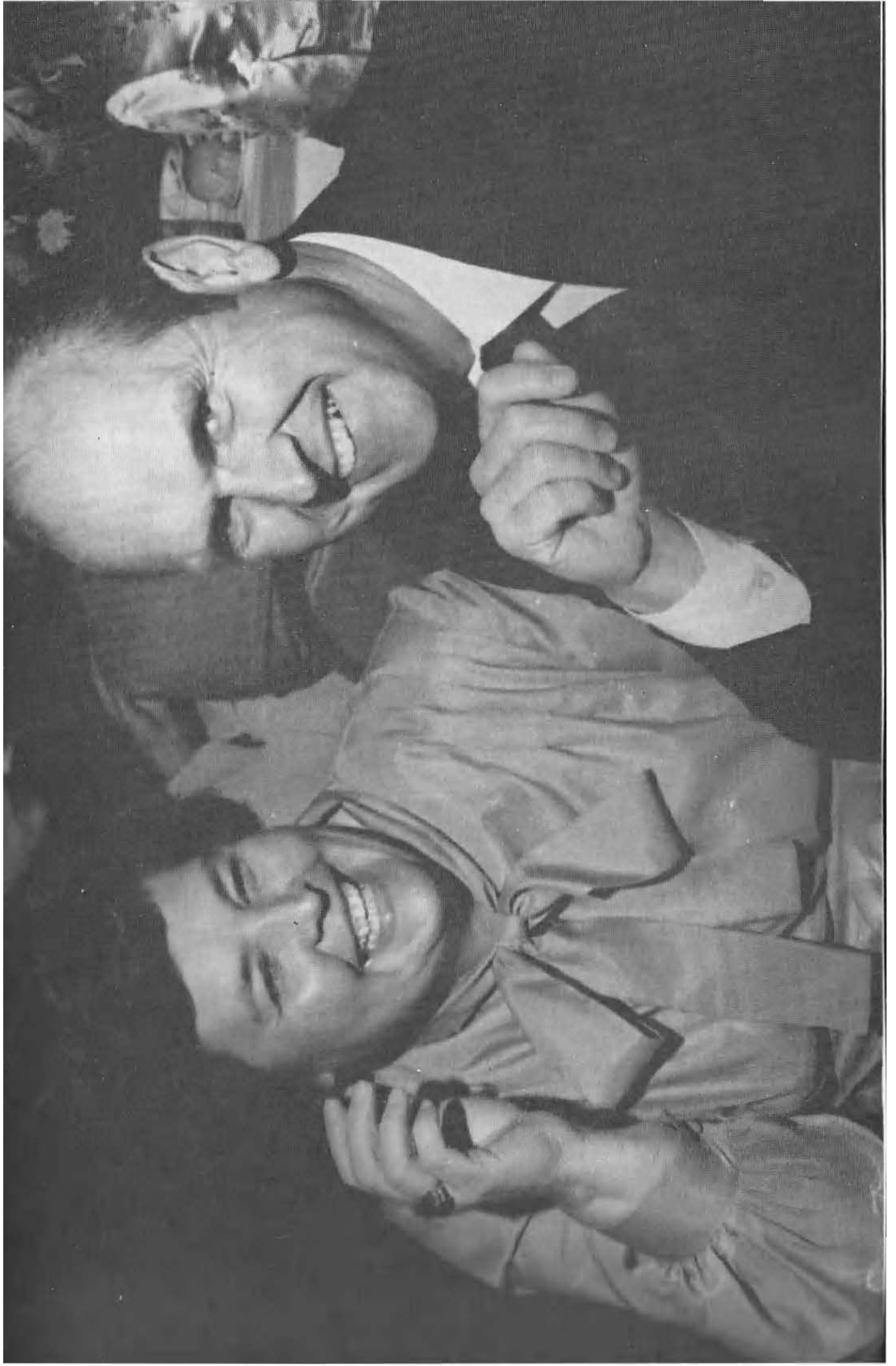
At the crest of the heart is a little electrical transmitter, the sinoatrial node, which sends its signal over the network of special conduction tissue throughout the heart to organize the heartbeat and synchronize it in response to the extra demands of exercise and the lessened demands at rest.

As I go to meetings of the American Heart Association, I see thousands of doctors attending myriads of special scientific sessions, all probing deeply to learn more about this simple pump. It seems that the more we learn, the more we have yet to learn.

Even more amazing is the phenomenon of the human mind. The electrical signals emitted from the mind can be recorded by electroencephalographic means, and some researchers have even induced recall of memory by stimulating specific areas of the brain electrically. Nevertheless, physicians do not know how the mind is able to store and retrieve information. The mechanism of the brain is marvelous, and the possession of the mind a sacred responsibility. To see and hear is also a sacred privilege, and the contamination of the memory storage bank by anything unworthy of its divine origin and its infinite capability is sacrilege. As I marvel at the minds of the prophets, I know it is possible for the human mind to receive inspiration and revelation and to provide prophetic and inspired pronouncements. The aging process in itself does not dull the mind, but indeed enriches it if one has continually filled the mind with worthy and worthwhile things.

The power of the body to autoregulate has fascinated me. Most of us have a blood sugar level between 80 and 100 milligrams per 100 milliliters when fasting. This is all regulated without our having to do a thing about it. Countless other constituents of the blood are similarly regulated without any thought of ours. One gains a greater





appreciation of this when one considers the hospital use of a blood gas analyzer. It is a rather sizeable instrument, about half the size of an upright piano. How excited we were when we could put a specimen of blood in this analyzer and learn, within five minutes, what the concentrations of oxygen and carbon dioxide were. This was a great boon in our treatment of patients who required artificial respiration. Yet, in our bodies are two little clusters of cells, situated on each side of the neck, that continuously analyze oxygen and carbon dioxide levels in the blood. This information is then transmitted by nerves to the brain, which in turn governs the muscles of respiration. It is this mechanism that only permits us to stay so long under water without an overpowering drive to come to the surface for air. That is because as the carbon dioxide accumulates and the blood pH begins to go down, these sensing centers are sending signals to the brain that the pressure of oxygen is low, and that the level of carbon dioxide is high. A few good breaths of fresh air will correct these abnormalities. These sensing centers are ours as a gift from our Creator.

The power to reproduce is a miracle in itself. Each young mother and father who are privileged to hold an infant babe in their arms look at the marvel of that little soul and realize the precious nature of the divine endowment they have received.

Astounding is the ability of the body to adapt. Consider the many climatic and dietary differences of our Father's children who dwell at the Arctic Circle—compared with those who live in Polynesia, for example. Much of the Eskimo's diet is made up of fat, which is acceptable and even necessary to sustain life in his very cold climate. The Polynesian, on the other hand, eats a diet provided by and adapted to his environment. All work and thrive on the varying intake available to them.

Some of the unique features of God's creation are those of self-protection and self-repair, in contrast to man's creations which can do neither.

One day as I watched some three-year-old children playing, I saw them drinking water as it ran down the sidewalk from a neighbor's garden. I suppose the number of germs they ingested would be incalculable, but not one became ill. As soon as that dirty drink reached their stomachs, hydrochloric acid went to work there to purify the water and protect the lives of those children of God.

We have other protective mechanisms. One of the most marvelous is the skin, the most rugged yet sensitive cover one could imag-

ine. Could you conjure a cloak that would at once protect and yet perceive and warn against injuries that excessive heat or cold might cause? We could, if we had to, get along without our arms, legs, eyes, or ears, and we could possibly survive with somebody else's heart or kidney. But without this cloak of skin in which we all find ourselves, we would die. If a large enough portion of his skin is destroyed, man cannot live. Encasing all other vital parts, the skin, the largest human organ, serves as a barometer to emotional as well as physical needs. When another part of the body is ailing, the skin can reflect it by flushing and sweating. When one is embarrassed, the skin blushes. When one is frightened, the skin pales. All of these functions were programmed into this sensitive organ by a beneficent and wise Creator who knew and understood perfectly all of our needs from the beginning.

Another protective mechanism is that of pain, not only in the body cover, but also in the delicate areas of the mouth. Warnings received from the mouth allow the brain to initiate bodily reactions that guard the delicate and yet relatively insensitive esophagus, which would be burned if we swallowed drinks that were too hot.

Consider the fact that broken bones heal.

Consider the ability of the body to manufacture antibodies and concentrate bacteria-combating forces in zones of infection. All are essential to our survival.

Think of the protective properties of our circulating blood. It carries self-sealing agents that come to the rescue in the event of injury and possible leakage from that system, yet it remains in a fluid state as it circulates through the uninjured blood vessels.

It is somewhat amusing, really, to think of how we treat the many cuts and bruises the body accumulates over the years. When I was a boy we used to paint wounds with mercurochrome. Iodine then became stylish. Later it became more "proper" to use other special compounds. I suppose it didn't really matter what was put on them as long as plenty of soap and water were used, because the body will heal itself of most wounds of the flesh if they are kept clean. I remember once seeing a motorcycle accident victim whose femoral artery had been cut in two. As I gazed into that open wound, I saw that the severed artery had sealed itself, thereby saving the life of that victim who otherwise would have bled to death. A leak that occurs in man-made plumbing does not seal itself!

The ultimate responsibility of the physician, as I see it, is to



distinguish those processes that will get better with the passage of time from those that will get worse with the passage of time. For example, when I broke a rib while water-skiing, all I had to do was to go about my business and endure the discomfort, knowing full well that in time it would heal, which it did. On the other hand, if one were to have a tumor of the rib, then that process would not get better with the passage of time, and medical intervention would be required. So, knowingly or unknowingly, each physician as he sees a patient in his office or in the hospital makes a judgment: if the difficulty will not improve on its own, can he convert the process from one of self-destruction to one of self-improvement? This is the key to the entire process of medical reasoning in practice!

I am even inspired by the limited life span of the body. Our Creator has set two forces in motion at once. The remarkable capacity to heal by self-repair is one of them. If this force always prevailed, the body of man would live here infinitely, always regenerating and renewing, as it does so well, without opposition. The second force is one of self-destruction, or aging; and the longer we live, the more evident this process becomes. Thus we are capable of healing, getting well, and renewing; but never infinitely. God's plan entails death of the body as part of life—a necessary, important, and beautiful part of the eternal existence we are privileged to enjoy.

Oh, how I grieve when I see divinely created bodies used carelessly. All systems within it are regulated and balanced so delicately. Those checks and balances may be disturbed so easily. Life can stop with a sudden shift in cardiac rhythm as an erratic extra systole may switch a normal rhythm to ventricular fibrillation, which is incompatible with life. A perfectly healthy body can lose its life through a deceleration injury if the aorta is transected. The divine endowment of healing should never be challenged through abuse or carelessness. Our bodies will last us a long time if we care for them well.

The power of the priesthood as it affects the healing process is indeed remarkable. For example, let me cite the case of my good friend, the late E. Earl Hawkes, former publisher of the *Deseret News*.

Overtaken by a sudden and severe illness, Earl was brought to the hospital for surgery. Upon opening his abdomen, I found all of the intestine dead from the third part of the duodenum on down to the colon. This lesion is absolutely incompatible with life. Two of my uncles had died of this condition, and, of course, countless other

patients as well. Earl was depending on me as his close friend and as his doctor. I did what I thought was right. I took out all of that dead tissue and joined the outlet of the duodenum to the colon with an anastomosis that was in jeopardy because of its very poor blood supply. Then I went to his wife, Editha, who was grief-stricken with the tragic news as I told her that death would likely overtake him within the next few hours.

President Harold B. Lee was visiting in the hospital and willingly responded to her request that he give Earl a blessing. President Lee blessed Earl that he would survive. The next morning I was scarcely able to believe my eyes when I saw him looking well. He did survive. Of course, he couldn't eat anything because there was no intestinal tract to digest food. He was given intravenous nourishment for nearly a year after that, allowing him to continue to serve, at least to some degree, as publisher of the *Deseret News*, and to be with his wife that much longer. But how the Lord, through his prophet, blessed that man defied medical experience and prediction.

In 1973, my dear colleague and member of the general board of the Sunday School, Darrel J. Monson, was found during abdominal exploration to have linitis plastica of the stomach, one of the most malignant of all cancers. In my experience, most of these patients survived less than three months from the time of diagnosis. Assisted by my counselors, I gave Brother Monson a blessing in the Provo hospital. I blessed him that death would not come at this particular time, that he would heal his wounds, that he would return to his family and to his work both on the general board of the Sunday School and at Brigham Young University.

On our way home, my counselors questioned me about the words of the blessing, for I had previously explained to them the hopeless nature of the disease as we drove from Salt Lake City to Provo.

I simply replied, "That was the blessing the Lord prompted me to give at this time."

Brother Monson lived for nearly two years from that point. He completed work that was underway with his family, with his dear wife, Betty, with their children, and at Brigham Young University. Prior to his passing, I was asked to give Brother Monson another blessing. He suffered complete intestinal obstruction due to the malignancy. In that blessing, relief was proffered to him. After the blessing, the obstruction relented enough that he could take nourish-

ment and sustain life for several weeks before his ultimate demise. Never before in my life had I seen such an obstruction relent spontaneously. I saw Brother Monson and his sweet wife, assisted through the power of the priesthood and the blessings that came therefrom, temporarily overdrive this severe malignancy.

The illness of my own mother is another example. When she had her terrible stroke in August 1971, Dantzel and I were in Russia. My dear colleague, Elder Joseph B. Wirthlin, obtained the services of President N. Eldon Tanner and they gave her a blessing that she might survive. Comatose for days, she did recover! She has lived these many years since that time. Although the stroke left her severely damaged and changed from the way she was before, she is still able to bless the lives of her family, especially the grandchildren who otherwise wouldn't have known her. How grateful I am for the power of that priesthood blessing and for the prolongation of her life.

Healing is favored by the powerful forces of faith and prayer, for they suppress fear, which is such a deterrent to health. Coupled with the efforts of conscientious, competent, and careful physicians, science and spiritual strength may be linked to bless the sick and give comfort to those in distress.

When doctors attend social functions it is not uncommon to hear someone lightly jest, "Isn't it nice to know there is a doctor here; he'll know just what to do if there should be trouble." Medical training can indeed inspire confidence when people are in need. But I recall an occasion when *many* doctors gathered together could do little but stand helplessly when one of *them* was suddenly stricken.

This circumstance occurred in Manzanillo, Mexico, in February 1978. Dantzel and I were attending a medical meeting there with colleagues and classmates from our graduating class. Suddenly, one of the doctors became gravely ill with massive bleeding into his stomach. Around him were his learned colleagues representing a wide spectrum of medical specialties and with experiences, skills, and wisdom that each had accumulated in over thirty years of practice. Our colleague was bleeding! As we watched life's blood being projected from him, we helplessly realized that we were in a resort hotel in a remote fishing village. There was no hospital; the nearest was in Guadalajara, many mountainous miles away. It was night; no planes could fly. Transfusions were out of the question because of lack of equipment. All the combined knowledge and concern there could not be converted to action to help our friend as we saw his life



ebbing before our eyes. We were literally powerless to stop his bleeding.

He knew this. Ashen, pale, and clammy cold, he asked for a blessing. Several doctors there held the Melchizedek Priesthood and eagerly responded to his request. I was asked to seal the anointing. The Spirit dictated that he be blessed that the bleeding would stop, that he could continue to live and return to his home and his profession to continue to bless the lives of those who needed him.

The following morning, he was better. The bleeding had stopped. His blood pressure and heart rate had returned to normal. He was able to return to his home and his work. How he and we gave thanks to the Lord for this remarkable recovery.

This event might serve to illustrate that men can do very little of themselves. With an education they can do a little more; with advanced medical degrees and training, a little more yet can be done. The real power to heal, however, is a gift from God, and he has deigned that some of that power may be harnessed via the authority of his priesthood to benefit and bless mankind when all man can do for himself may not be sufficient to accomplish all that may be needed that His will might be done.

My wish for my loved ones would be for them to care well for the divine endowment of the body given by their Creator—not only to keep it safe from injury, but to maintain it in close harmony with the divinely inspired directions from our Maker contained in the Word of Wisdom, the eighty-ninth section of the Doctrine and Covenants. Little could be added by any physician to this complete and correct code of health lovingly provided by our Lord through his prophet.

Important as the body is, it is merely the place in which one dwells. The spirit inhabiting that tabernacle of flesh and bone is supreme. The gifts of the Spirit such as faith, love, knowledge, kindness, courtesy, charity, compassion, and gratitude are all nurtured by prayer and strengthened by daily exercise. Spiritual supremacy is achieved by contact with the Father of our spirits through daily prayer, study and pondering of the scriptures, and obedience to the commandments given to us by God that we may have joy.

If we let anything enter our body or mind that is contrary to the right, misery ensues, for happiness is not based in any degree on unrighteousness. I have seen some movies that were tainted with scenes that made me feel so depressed. I wish I could erase them from

my memory, but there they remain. The very nature of good vision, good hearing, and good memory makes it imperative that we expose these sensitive receptors only to stimuli that are worthy of the brain where those memories will be stored. No unclean sight, sound, thought, or deed can be admitted to memory without remorse. Or to put it more positively, as did the apostle Paul, we should feast upon those things that are "lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy" to fill the mind and its memory bank with deposits of infinite value.

It is well to remember the distinction between the body and the spirit. They are fused to form one soul, but they need to be considered separately in dealing with life's problems. I've heard discouraged women say to their husbands, "How can you love me? There are more beautiful women than I." Such women need to know that the love their husbands have for them is not a physical or corporeal love. It is a spiritual love. While it is true that the physical aspect of it is a beautiful and expressive part of that love, it is only incidental. Real love is the love of one spirit for the spirit of another. I have seen this reaffirmed as I have taken a balding, pudgy, middle-aged man to the operating room away from a weeping, wonderful woman at his side pleading, "Take good care of him. I love him."

The spirit is ageless and eternal. I think of this as I deal with my angel mother whose body is weakened with age and the effects of a stroke. I know her spirit is just as joyful, gay, and vivacious now as it was when I was a boy. It is just as much a privilege now to assist her in a wheelchair as it used to be to sit on her lap as she sang the songs of comfort and solace to her son in times of need. Though the nature of our two bodies has changed immeasurably, the spiritual communion continues infinitely.

The word *infinitely* is chosen purposely, for even after death that communication from spirit to spirit may continue. The visit of the recently deceased Mads Peter Nielsen to his son Andrew C. Nelson in 1891, as recorded in Chapter 3, provides evidence of this fact. Many other such illustrations could be cited, as some are in this book.

We deal with others on a basis of spirit to spirit, aided by the feelings of closeness that are tendered as we touch each other. Thus our physical characteristics may be used to enhance that spiritual expression. For example, at a banquet in December 1978, Dantzel and I were seated beside President and Sister Spencer W. Kimball. As we

were to part company for the evening, first he embraced Dantzel and me, and expressed his love and gratitude for us; then he kissed us. These simple gestures so sweetly and sincerely extended by this prophet of God shall always be engraven in our minds as evidence of his genuine love and affection, not only for us, but for all mankind.

The power of love is the power by which great people lead. It is important to remember this as everyone seems concerned with sources of power and energy. Mankind pursues the resources of this globe for power but will never find a force that can move people more effectively or energetically than love and loyalty. To me this is part of our mission in life—to learn to love.

We come into the world as totally dependent and selfish persons. We want what we want when we want it. In the beginning, we are reared in a family where love is limited to two or a few, often marred by cross words or even fraternal altercations. Gradually, these selfish feelings are surpassed by selflessness as parents give so willingly that their children might live. The capacity to love appropriately then reaches to neighbors, friends, and associates as that capacity is increased. Then, and only then, can one begin to embrace the understanding of the love of our Savior for all men—for *all* men.

As a parent, I have tried and seen many techniques used to lead children. Threats, rewards, punishments, and sticks and carrots fleetingly come and go according to the whims of the moment. But only love—real love—has lasting power.

Are there priorities in love? I suppose there are, for the Lord said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." (Matt. 6:33.) Yet I cannot seek the kingdom of God without loving and honoring the family he has given me. Furthermore, I cannot honor that family without honoring first the mother of that family, my dear wife. The love a man bears for his wife takes top priority, for heaven would hold little happiness for him or his children without their mother there. In the Lord's plan, then, high priorities are not to be dissected but compacted, for he said that all of the laws and commandments are embraced as we love God and our fellowman. (See Matt. 22:37-40.)

When I was a youth, I gave some thought to the idea of becoming a lawyer. I'm grateful I became a surgeon instead, for it has been very fulfilling. Yet my reverence for the law has increased through the years, and I am convinced that liberty comes only through law. **The laws of God are unchangeable and incontrovertible. The ever-**



lasting nature of divine law is the very substance on which all predictable behavior may be based. I am often asked, "How can you subject people to the risks of cardiac surgery day after day?" The answer is, because of the eternal laws that underlie medical practice, making its procedures reliable; for if chance prevailed even to a slight extent, there could be no dependable outcome.

From Doctrine and Covenants 130:21 we learn that "when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated." This is a very simple statement, but it is as true and profound as it is simple.

When I started medical school, we were taught that one must not touch the heart, for if one did, it would stop beating. Yet section 88 of the Doctrine and Covenants, verse 36, tells us that "all kingdoms have a law given." Therefore I knew that even the blessing of the heartbeat was predicated upon law, and I reasoned that if those laws could be understood and controlled, then perhaps they could be utilized for the blessing of the sick. To me this meant that if we would work, study, and ask the proper questions in our scientific experiments, we could learn the laws that govern the heartbeat. Now some thirty-five years later, having learned some of those laws, we know that we can turn the heartbeat off, perform delicate repairs on damaged valves or vessels, and then let the heart beat again—provided we obey the laws upon which that blessing has been predicated.

Divine law is incontrovertible! I see people who wish, who hope, who pray for health. But as a surgeon I am convinced that all of the wishes, hopes, and prayers of people can be overridden by lack of compliance with law. If a law cannot be obeyed, those blessings cannot come. Sometimes I am concerned as I hear people pray for "favours and blessings." Blessings cannot come by chance. If we pray for *unearned* favours, we will not get the blessings—nor will we deserve them. That does not mean that wishes, prayers, and faith are not important; they too are part of the process of law, for they also help healing. Yet I have learned that if one breaks the law, one has to reap the consequences. This does not mean that repentance is not available if a law has been broken. Repentance is a part of divine law also. But obedience to law gives freedom, mastery, and dependability.

The Lord said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matt. 5:48.) It is only as we strive for

and achieve perfection that we can master the law and control the consequences. Knowing and living the truth brings us freedom from the bondage that disobedience to law brings.

Since my loved ones will pursue work in various opportunities, I offer this counsel: Each of you, in whatever field or "kingdom" you may choose, learn the law. Once the law is known, apply it and *then* be consistent. Don't be inconsistent. There are those who pray for safety during the day and then drive recklessly and lawlessly. There are those who pray for health and then disregard the laws governing good health. There are those who profess reverence for life and at the same time argue for abortion or euthanasia. Consistency comes from self-discipline in recognizing and reverencing divine law.

Divine law tells us to prepare for that which is to come. Today the world is ripening in iniquity that will destroy civilization as we now know it. Holocausts surely shall come. "The anger of the Lord is kindled, and his sword is bathed in heaven, and it shall fall upon the inhabitants of the earth.... And the day cometh that they who will not hear the voice of the Lord, neither... [his] prophets and apostles, shall be cut off from among the people." (D&C 1:13-14.)

A portion of that iniquity is coming in the form of ideologies that serve to undermine the family as the basic unit of society. A "new morality" has emerged, bringing along with it an endorsement of premarital sex, extramarital relations, and even the abolishment of marriage vows for couples living together. This infamous ideology is infiltrating the nations of the earth in open and deliberate defiance of the revealed instructions from God our Maker. Although the ultimate judgments and justice will be meted out by Him in His own due time, to me it is interesting to see what happens here and now among those not wise enough to resist the practices of these worldly and transient teachings. Within the past decade, clinics have emerged to treat the problems of sexual sadness, frigidity, and unfulfillment. Doctors' offices, too, are filled with those seeking relief from misery stemming from the abuse of an aspect of life that was intended by our Maker for the divine purpose of cementing marriages through the reinforcing power that loyal love and wanted families can give. Equipment endowed to each body for such divine intent brings joy when used according to His plan, and it brings misery when misused according to the ideology of any other source.

As I have counseled people with these problems, a silent and short summary has emerged in my mind that seems to describe their

plight: *equipment misused eventually malfunctions.*

For equipment to function at its best, it is always well to follow the instructions from its manufacturer. "When everything else fails, follow the instructions," someone once said.

The so-called new morality is really the old immorality. God has declared in two of the Ten Commandments that adulterous and covetous relations are to be avoided. (See Exod. 20:14, 17.) The beautiful and positive aspects of his teachings in this regard are listed in Ephesians 5:22-23. There the prescription is given for the love a man and a woman may share. These principles were reaffirmed to our present dispensation in Doctrine and Covenants 42:22, where the Lord declares that a man shall love and cleave unto his wife and none else. These instructions are given to provide supreme fulfillment and joy to the lives of marital partners and to the families who will come to bless them in this world and in the eternities to come.

Infractions of these teachings are termed "breaking the commandments." Useful as this expression may be, it seems to me that it is people who are broken when they presume to challenge the commandments. The commandments themselves are sturdy, steadfast, unchangeable, and unbreakable.

These matters are discussed here because Dantzel and I desire *each one* in our family to join with us in the eternal perpetuation of our family unit. If just one is missing, our joy will be incomplete. We've learned this at our little birthday parties and family reunions. At one, for instance, twenty-three of twenty-four family members were present—a marvelous accomplishment, actually. Yet, our attention was unavoidably attracted to the one who couldn't be there. Keenly we will be concerned for the welfare of *each member* of the family as the struggle is waged between the forces of good and evil. Gradually, we are growing to sense the feeling that our Savior must feel, for President Joseph Fielding Smith taught that "the Lord would have *every* man receive a crown, *every* man become a son, and *every* woman become a daughter unto him." (*Doctrines of Salvation*, vol. 2, p. 43.)

There are those for whom the struggle may come in the area of recognition. It seems natural to want the honors and acclaim of men. People like to see their names in the newspapers and to be elected and approved by their peers. But it seems to me that this stage must pass and become evolutionary to a higher state of maturity where one desires the blessing of being known and approved by deity. The



scriptures state that those who are Christ's are they who "overcome all things" (D&C 76:60), and one of those things must be the need for satisfactions of the ego. The Lord said further, "Let no man glory in man, but rather let him glory in God." (D&C 76:61.)

For each there is a challenge to overcome, a mountain to climb. The skirmish ahead is not to smother us but to stimulate and strengthen us. Through it all, if we can truly sublimate our own appetites and needs to the higher doctrines and desires of deity, we will be allies with God in the conflicts ahead.

The battle lines will be drawn. Each of my dear ones will be tried and tested. It will not be easy for any one of you. But know that Dantzel and I are prayerful for you and confident that as you love God and keep his commandments, all will be well with you. Your security will be found in righteousness, and in obedience and conformity to divine law.

You are young, strong, and faithful men and women who will bear the load as the days of destiny come that lie ahead. May God bless you as you prepare for them.

May you take pride in the knowledge that you have descended through a line of people who had courage to overcome hardship and persecution, to endure pain and preparation that you might be. Regardless of the trials to which you will be put, remember that you live in the greatest time ever to be on planet Earth thus far. This is the time prophesied by all the prophets, the dispensation of the fullness of times when the earth shall be prepared for the millennial reign of its Savior. You are among the very choicest of all spirits; you were reserved for the unique privilege of preparing the earth and its people for this period. This great work could not be done by the disciples of old, nor was it accomplished by the pioneers or other great people of other times. But it will be accomplished by you and your generations as you live to be worthy of these blessings.

Finally, may you know that my eternal companion, Dantzel, and I know that God is our Father, that his Son Jesus Christ is our elder brother and the Redemer of the world. His church has been restored to the earth and is directed by Him through a living prophet, that we may always know how to find joy and happiness as we serve others and His cause with all our might, mind, and strength.

Dantzel and I leave our love with you and will proudly watch your progress through all time and throughout all eternity.



Part F

**Annual Highlights  
(1960–1978)**





## Annual Highlights (1960-1978)

To assist in documenting events of significance that have happened to me, to Dantzel, and to the children, annual highlights will be listed in this section. Of course, many important events occurred that won't be summarized here. For example, little will be mentioned about the major and minor operative procedures I have performed from 1955 to 1978, which now total more than six thousand.

Not included are a number of speeches at wards, at firesides, and at funerals, which became almost a matter of routine each week of the year. If there was any value in the comments I made, I am grateful; but I realize that the privilege of this kind of service is in the preparation and presentation of those remarks.

The daily work and the attendance at routine scientific meetings won't be recapitulated here either, but they are all recorded in my daily journals. I have attempted to summarize here only those things that are of significance in our lives as members of the family, plus a number of world events and Church-related incidents that have shaped the destiny of mankind. This section includes the years from 1960 to 1978; the highlights of the preceding years are all interwoven in the fabric of the preceding narrative.

In the world of medical science, it is expedient to summarize one's background in the form of "curriculum vitae" and a list of publications. Such data are also added to this record.

With deepest gratitude I note that ever since I began to record in my journals, I have never missed a day of work because of illness. In addition, I remember never having missed a day of school except for a couple of days in grade school when I had chicken pox. I know I had perfect attendance in junior high and high school, at the university, and all through medical school. I can only be extremely thankful to my Father in heaven for giving me such a great blessing, for I have been in the midst of illness almost all that time. Moreover, my experiences on the front line of artillery action and under sniper fire by guerrillas in Korea, in a crippled airplane with an exploded engine as it plummeted earthward, in the grip of thundering rapids on the relentless Colorado River, submerged while wearing high waders in the Snake River—all these episodes, any one of which could have ended fatally, combine to make my statement of gratitude to God for life, health, and strength a most sincere one.

## Curriculum Vitae

1979

**Russell M. Nelson, M.D., Ph.D.**

1347 Normandie Circle  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105

### Born

September 9, 1924, Salt Lake City, Utah

### Married

August 31, 1945, to Dantzel White

### Children

Marsha N. McKellar	Jul. 29, 1948	Minneapolis, Minnesota
Wendy N. Maxfield	Apr. 15, 1951	Washington, D.C.
Gloria N. Irion	Sep. 21, 1952	Washington, D.C.
Brenda N. Miles	Feb. 3, 1954	Boston, Massachusetts
Sylvia N. Webster	Jun. 6, 1955	Salt Lake City, Utah
Emily	Jan. 15, 1958	Salt Lake City, Utah
Laurie	Apr. 27, 1959	Salt Lake City, Utah
Rosalie	Feb. 7, 1962	Salt Lake City, Utah
Marjorie	Oct. 5, 1965	Salt Lake City, Utah
Russell M., Jr.	Mar. 21, 1972	Salt Lake City, Utah

### Education

University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah

Degrees: B.A., 1945; M.D., 1947

University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Degree: Ph.D., 1954

Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah

Degree: Sc.D. (Hon.), May 29, 1970

### Internship

University of Minnesota Hospitals, Minneapolis, 1947-48

### Residencies

Assistant Resident in Surgery, University of Minnesota Hospitals,  
Minneapolis, 1948-51

First Assistant Resident in Surgery, Massachusetts General Hospital,  
Boston, 1953-54



Senior Resident in Surgery, University of Minnesota Hospitals, Minneapolis, 1954-55

### **Fellowships and Awards**

Postdoctorate Research Fellow of the National Heart Institute, U.S. Public Health Service, 1949-50

Cancer Trainee, National Cancer Institute, U.S. Public Health Service, 1953-55

Markle Scholar in the Medical Sciences, 1957-59

Distinguished Service Award, State of Utah, 1956

Fellowship of Medici Publici, University of Utah College of Medicine, June 3, 1966

Distinguished Alumni Award, University of Utah, February 28, 1967

Honorary Doctorate of Science, Brigham Young University, 1970

Award of Merit from the Republic of Argentina, Ministry of Social Welfare, September 3, 1974, in recognition of contributions in cardiovascular surgery.

Distinguished Service Award, Utah State Medical Association, September 28, 1977

Citation, International Service, American Heart Association, March 1979.

Golden Plate Award, American Academy of Achievement, June 1979

### **Teaching Appointments**

Research Professor of Surgery, University of Utah College of Medicine, 1970-

Director, Cardiovascular-Thoracic Residency Training, University of Utah College of Medicine, 1967-

Chairman, Division of Thoracic and Cardiovascular Surgery, LDS Hospital, 1966-72

### **International and National Positions**

#### **Present**

Member, Task Force on Program Needs and Allocation of Resources, and Steering Committee, American Heart Association, 1978-

National Consultant, Veterans Administration Cooperative Study on Heart Valve Replacement, 1977-

Member, New England Mutual Life Insurance Company Policyholders' Advisory Committee, 1976-

### **Past**

Chairman, Council on Cardiovascular Surgery, and Member, Board of Directors, American Heart Association, 1976-78

Board of Directors, American Board of Thoracic Surgery, Inc., 1972-78

Member, Board of Managers, Interamerican Society of Cardiology, 1972-74

Consultant in Surgery, Inter-Society Commission for Heart Disease Resources, 1969-72

Chairman, Advisory Council for Thoracic Surgery, American College of Surgeons, 1973-75

Regional Chairman, Mountain States, Manpower Committee on Thoracic Surgery, American Association for Thoracic Surgery and the Society of Thoracic Surgeons, 1972-74

Member, Committee on International Program, American Heart Association, 1971-73

Member, Central Committee for Medical and Community Programs, American Heart Association, 1967-69

Member, Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Public Health Service's Medical Laboratory Services Advisory Committee, March 1968 to June 1969

### **Military Service**

U.S. Naval Reserve, 1945-48

U.S. Army (1st Lt., Captain), 1951-53

(1) Walter Reed Army Medical Center, Washington, D.C.

(2) Surgical Research Team in Japan and Korea, 1951

### **Visiting Professorships**

Visiting Professor of Surgery, Veterans Administration Hospital, Baylor University College of Medicine, Houston, Texas, 1968

Visiting Professor, Instituto Nacional de Cardiologia, Mexico City, Mexico, March 1979

### **Honorary Scholastic Societies**

Alpha Omega Alpha

Phi Beta Kappa

Phi Eta Sigma

Phi Kappa Phi

Sigma Xi

## **Professional Societies**

American College of Surgeons (President, Utah Chapter, 1967-68, Chairman, Thoracic Surgery Advisory Council, 1973-75)

American Heart Association (Chairman, Council on Cardiovascular Surgery, 1976-78; Board of Directors, 1976-78; Steering Committee, 1978-79)

American Medical Association

American Society for Artificial Internal Organs

American Surgical Association

Directors of Thoracic Residencies (Secretary, 1967-70; President, 1971-72)

Pan Pacific Surgical Association

Salt Lake County Medical Society

Salt Lake Surgical Society

Société Internationale de Chirurgie

Society of Thoracic Surgeons

Society of University Surgeons

Society for Vascular Surgery (Secretary, 1967-72; President, 1974-75)

Timpanogos Club (President, 1977-78)

Utah Heart Association (President, 1964-65)

Utah State Medical Association (Secretary, 1964-67; President, 1970-71)

Utah Thoracic Society

Western Society for Clinical Research

Western Surgical Association

## **Certification**

Diplomate of National Board of Medical Examiners, 1949

Diplomate of American Board of Surgery, 1954

Diplomate of American Board of Thoracic Surgery, 1956

## **Listings**

*American Men and Women of Science*

*Dictionary of International Biography*

*Directory of American College of Surgeons*

*Directory of Medical Specialists*

*Men of Achievement*

*Who's Who in America*

*Who's Who in Religion*



*Who's Who in the West*

*Who's Who in the World*

### **Affiliations (All Salt Lake City)**

Surgical Staff, LDS Hospital

Surgical Staff, University of Utah Medical Center

Attending Surgeon, Veterans Administration Hospital

Courtesy Staff, St. Mark's Hospital

Courtesy Staff, Holy Cross Hospital

Courtesy Staff, Primary Children's Medical Center

### **Public Service**

General President, Sunday School, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1971-

Board of Governors, LDS Hospital, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1970-

Board of Directors, Deseret Gymnasium, 1971-75

Board of Directors, Promised Valley Playhouse, 1972-

Board of Directors, Utah Blue Shield, 1969-72

Board of Directors, Utah Blue Cross, 1969-72

Member, National Advisory Board of Utah Symphony, 1976-

Board of Directors, Zions First National Bank, Salt Lake City, 1979-

## **Publications**

1. Nelson, R. M., Friesen, S. R. and Kremen, A. J.: Refractory Alkalosis and the Potassium Ion in Surgical Patients. *Surgery*, 27:26, 1950.
2. Nelson, R. M., Eder, W. P., Eddy, F. D., Karlson, K. E. and Dennis, C.: Production of a Hemorrhagic State by the Infusion of Hemolyzed Blood. *Proc. Soc. Exp. Biol. and Med.*, 73:208, 1950.
3. Dennis, C., Karlson, K. E., Eder, W. P., Nelson, R. M., Eddy, F. D. and Sanderson, D.: Pump Oxygenator to Supplant the Heart and Lungs for Brief Periods. II. A Method Applicable to Dogs. *Surgery*, 29:697, 1951.
4. Dennis, C., Karlson, K. E., Nelson, R. M., Eder, W. P., Thomas, J. V. and Nelson, G. E.: A Simple, Efficient Respirator and Anesthesia Bag for Open Chest Surgery. *Surgical Forum, Am. Coll. Surg.*, 1951, p. 583.

5. Nelson, R. M. and Dennis, C.: Some Effects of Paracolon Bacteremia. *Proc. Soc. Exp. Biol. and Med.*, 76: 737, 1951.
6. Friesen, S. R. and Nelson, R. M.: Occurrence of Massive Generalized Wound Bleeding During Operation: With Reference to Possible Role of Blood Transfusion in its Etiology. *Am. Surgeon*, 17:609, 1951.
7. Dennis, C., Spreng, D. S., Jr., Nelson, G. E., Karlson, K. E., Nelson, R. M., Thomas, J. V., Eder, W. P. and Varco, R. L.: Development of a Pump-Oxygenator to Replace the Heart and Lungs: An Apparatus Applicable to Human Patients, and Application to One Case. *Ann. Surg.* 134:709, 1951.
8. Nelson, R. M.: Discussion of Above Paper at American Surgical Association. *Ann. Surg.*, 134:741, 1951.
9. Nelson, R. M.: Metabolic Effects of Paracolon Bacteremia. *Ann. Surg.*, 134:885, 1951.
10. Nelson, R. M.: Metabolic Effects of Canine Infusion with Paracolon Bacillus. A Contaminant of Pump-Oxygenator Perfusions. Thesis for Ph.D. degree, University of Minnesota, 1951.
11. Shock and Circulatory Homeostasis. Transactions of the First Conference, October 1951 (Participant), Josiah Macy, Jr., Foundation, New York, 1952.
12. Seeley, Brig. Gen. S. F. and Nelson, 1st Lt. R. M.: Intra-Arterial Transfusion: A Review of the Literature. *Surg. Gyn. and Obst. (Inter. Abstr. Surg.)*, 94:209, 1952.
13. Nelson, R. M.: Fluid and ElecrolYTE Problems of the Severely Wounded. Symposium on Treatment of Trauma in the Armed Forces. *Army Med. Serv. Grad. Sch. Bull.*, Washington, D.C., March 1952.
14. Nelson, R. M. and Noyes, H. E.: Permeability of the Intestine to Bacterial Toxins in Shock. *Surgical Forum, Am. Coll. Surg.*, 1953, p. 474.
15. Seeley, Brig. Gen. S. F., Nelson, 1st Lt. R. M. and Wesolowski, 1st Lt. S. A.: Techniques of Intra-Arterial Transfusion. *U.S. Armed Forces Med. J.*, 3:1801, December 1952.
16. Shock and Circulatory Homeostasis. Transactions of the Second Conference, October 1952 (Participant), Josiah Macy, Jr., Foundation, New York, 1953.
17. Nelson, R. M. and Seligson, D.: Studies on Blood Ammonia in Normal and Shock States. *Surgery*, 34:1, 1953.
18. Nelson, R. M. and Noyes, H. E.: Blood Culture Studies in Nor-

- mal Dogs and in Dogs in Hemorrhagic Shock. *Surgery*, 35: 782, 1954.
19. Nelson, R. M. and Seligson, D.: Blood Ammonia Studies in Shock. *Surgical Forum, Am. Coll. Surg.*, 1954, p. 511.
20. Cohen, A. and Nelson, R. M.: A Simplified Method for Clinical Estimation of Acid-Base Balance. *Surgical Forum, Am. Coll. Surg.*, 1954, p. 589.
21. Noyes, H. E., Sanford, J. P. and Nelson, R. M.: The Effect of Chlorpromazine and Dibenzylamine on Bacterial Toxins. *Proc. Soc. Exp. Biol. and Med.*, 92:617, July 1956.
22. Nelson, R. M., Hecht, H. H., Hardy, R. W., McQuarrie, D. G. and Burge, J.: Extracorporeal Circulation for Open Heart Surgery. *J. Thor. Surg.*, 32:638, November 1956.
23. Nelson, R. M.: Current Concepts in the Pathophysiology of Shock. *Am. J. Surg.*, 93:644, 1957.
24. Nelson, R. M., Hecht, H. H. and Carlisle, R. P.: The Determination of the End-Diastolic Gradient Across the Mitral Valve at the Time of Commissurotomy. *AMA Arch. Surg.*, 76:830, 1958.
25. Nelson, R. M., Maxwell, J. G., Mason, J. O., Nelson, J. H. and Peters, J. M.: Right Atrial Pressure Measurements with Changes in Total Blood Volume. Presented before the Western Surgical Association, November 22, 1957.
26. Nelson, R. M.: Studies on Cardioplegic Agents. Extracorporeal Circulation, September 1957, Springfield, Illinois, Charles C. Thomas Co., 1958, p. 487.
27. Nelson, R. M., Nelson, J. H., Mason, J. O., Maxwell, J. G. and Peters, J. M.: Electrocardiographic Patterns Associated with Cardioplegic Drugs. *Clin. Res.* 6:82, 1958 (Abstract).
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30. Nelson, R. M.: "Tranquilization" of the Heart with the Ataractic Drugs. *J. Thor. Surg.*, 38:610, November 1959.
31. Nelson, R. M., Henry, J. W., Frank, C. G., Christensen, D. W. and Peters, J. M.: The Anti-Arrhythmia Properties of the



- Tranquilizer Drugs. *Surgical Forum, Am. Coll. Surg.*, 10:525, 1959.
32. Nelson, R. M.: The Correlation of Tobacco Smoking with Lung Cancer. *The Instructor*, November 1959, p. 362.
  33. Nelson, R. M. and Lyman, J. H.: Non-Penetrating Injury to the Heart. Presented before the American Association for the Surgery of Trauma, September 1959.
  34. Englert, E., Jr., Nelson, R. M., Brown, H., Nielsen, T. W. and Chou, S. N.: Effects of Changing Hepatic Blood Flow on 17-Hydroxycorticosteroid Metabolism in Dogs. *Surgery*, 47, no. 6:982, 1960.
  35. Christensen, F. K. and Nelson, R. M.: Similar Congenital Heart Disease in Siblings. Presented before the Western Society for Clinical Research, January 26, 1961. *Clin. Res.*, 9:84, 1961 (Abstract).
  36. Pearse, H. D. and Nelson, R. M.: Serum Lipase Studies After Median Sternotomy. *Clin. Res.*, 9:101, 1961.
  37. Nelson, R. M., Henry, J. W. and Lyman, J. H.: Influence of 1-Norepinephrine on Renal Blood Flow, Renal Vascular Resistance and Urine Flow in Hemorrhagic Shock. Presented before the Society of University Surgeons, February 10, 1961. *Surgery*, 50:115, 1961.
  38. Nelson, R. M., Henry, J. W. and Frank, C. G.: Critical Evaluation of the Effects of Procaine Amide on Ventricular Fibrillation Threshold. *Circulation*, 24:1004, 1961.
  39. Trautwein, W., Kassebaum, D. G., Nelson, R. M. and Hecht, H. H.: Electrophysiologic Study of Human Heart Muscle. *Circ. Res.*, 10:306, 1962.
  40. Pearse, H. D. and Nelson, R. M.: Studies on Fibrinolysin in Experimentally Produced Hemothorax. *Clin. Res.*, 10:109, 1962.
  41. Nelson, R. M. and Lyman, J. H.: Renal Effects of Tris (Hydroxymethyl) Aminomethane (THAM) in Experimental Hemorrhagic Shock. *Clin. Res.*, 10:109, 1962.
  42. Nelson, R. M.: A Device for Holding Surgical Tubing to the Drapes. *Surgery*, 51:797, 1962.
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  44. Nelson, R. M., Henry, J. W. and Winn, G. M.: Diuretic, Renal, Hemodynamic and Metabolic Effects of Amine Buffers in

- Oligemic Hypotension. *Circulation*, 26:767, 1962.
45. Nelson, R. M. and Poulson, A. M.: Further Studies on Tris (Hydroxymethyl) Aminomethane (THAM) in Experimental Hemorrhagic Shock. *Clin. Res.*, 11:98, 1963.
46. Nelson, R. M. and Christensen, F. K.: Similar Congenital Heart Disease in Siblings. *J. Thor. and Cardiovasc. Surg.*, 45, no. 5: 592, 1963.
47. Nelson, R. M., Lyman, J. H., Poulson, A. M. and Henry, J. W.: Evaluation of Tris (Hydroxymethyl) Aminomethane (THAM) in Hemorrhagic Shock. *Surgery*, 54:86, 1963.
48. Nelson, R. M., Hess, W. E. and Lyman, J. H.: Venous Obstruction With Hypertrophy of Upper Extremity Due to Osteochondroma. *Surgery*, 54:871, 1963.
49. Nelson, R. M.: Renal Problems in Aortic Surgery With and Without a Pump Oxygenator. Postgraduate Course on Pre- and Post-operative Care, 49th Annual Clinical Congress, American College of Surgeons, October 28–November 1, 1963. Manual page 59.
50. Pearse, H. D. and Nelson, R. M.: Study of Fibrinolysin on Clotted Hemothorax. *J. Thor. and Cardiovasc. Surg.*, 48:272, 1964.
51. Nelson, R. M. and Sanders, B. C.: Carbodissection of Perivascular Tissue. *J. Thor. and Cardiovasc. Surg.*, 48:964, 1964.
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53. Nelson, R. M.: Current Status of Tumors of the Thymus (Thymomas). *Prog. in Clin. Cancer*, 2:284, 1966.
54. Goldschmied, F. R., Prakouras, A. G. and Nelson, R. M.: Experimental Investigation of Fluidic and Peristaltic Heart Pumps. *Proc. Am. Inst. Aeronautics and Astronautics*, Boston, Mass., November 29–December 2, 1966.
55. Nelson, J. C. and Nelson, R. M.: The Incidence of Hospital Wound Infection in Thoracotomies. *J. Thor. and Cardiovasc. Surg.*, 54, no. 4:586, 1967.
56. Horsley, B. L. and Nelson, R. M.: Metabolic Acidosis in the Ischemic Limb During Open Heart Surgery. *Ann. Thor. Surg.*, 4:474, 1967.
57. Jenson, C. B. and Nelson, R. M.: Tracheal Stenosis Due to Aber-

- rant Left Pulmonary Artery. Abst. Rocky Mtn. Med. J., 64: 97, 1967.
58. Nelson, R. M. and Jenson, C. B.: Plotocostotomy for Thoracic Outlet Obstruction Syndrome. *Circulation*, 36, suppl. no. 2: II-198, 1967 (Abstract).
59. Nelson, R. M., Jenson, C. B. and Horsely, B. L.: Idiopathic Retroperitoneal Fibrosis Producing Distal Esophageal Obstruction. *J. Thor. and Cardiovasc. Surg.*, 55:216, 1968.
60. Nelson, R. M., Jenson, C. B. and Jones, K. W.: Aortic Valve Replacement. *Ann. Thor. Surg.*, 6:343, 1968.
61. Nelson, R. M., Jenson, C. B. and Davis, R. W.: Differential Atrial Arrhythmias in Cardiac Surgical Patients. *Circulation*, 38, supp. no. 6:147, 1968 (Abstract).
62. Nelson, R. M. and Vaughn, C. G.: Double Valve Replacement in Marfan's Syndrome. *J. Thor. and Cardiovasc. Surg.*, 57: 732, 1969.
63. Nelson, R. M., Warner, H. R., Gardner, R. E. and Mortensen, J. D.: Computer Based Monitoring of Patients Following Cardiac Surgery. *Israel J. Med. Sci.*, 5, no. 4:926, 1969; Proceedings of Fourth Asian-Pacific Congress of Cardiology, September 1-7, 1968, p. 484.
64. Nelson, R. M. and Davis, R. W.: Thoracic Outlet Compression Syndrome. *Ann. Thor. Surg.*, 8, no. 5:437, 1969 (Collective Review).
65. Tikoff, G., Keith, T. B., Nelson, R. M. and Kuida, H.: Clinical and Hemodynamic Observations After Surgical Closure of Large Atrial Septal Defect Complicated by Heart Failure. *Am. J. Cardiol.* 23: 810, 1969.
66. Nelson, R. M., Jenson, C. B. and Smoot, W. M. III: Pericardial Tamponade Following Open-Heart Surgery. *J. Thor. and Cardiovasc. Surg.*, 58, no. 4:510, 1969.
67. Nelson, R. M., Jenson, C. B. and Davis, R. W.: Differential Atrial Arrhythmias in Cardiac Surgical Patients. *J. Thor. and Cardiovasc. Surg.*, 58, no. 4:581, 1969.
68. Vaughn, C. C., Warner, H. R. and Nelson, R. M.: Cardiovascular Effects of Glucagon Following Cardiac Surgery. *Surgery*, 67, no. 1:204, 1970.
69. Nelson, R. M. and Jenson, C. B.: Anterior Approach for Excision of the First Rib. *Ann. Thor. Surg.*, 9, no. 1:30, 1970.
70. Saksena, D. S., Tucker, B. L., Lindesmith, G. C., Nelson, R. M.,



- Stiles, Q. R. and Meyer, B. W.: The Superior Approach to the Mitral Valve: A Review of Clinical Experience. *Ann. Thor. Surg.*, 12, no. 2:146, 1971.
71. Nelson, R. M.: Sovereigns and Servants. *Rocky Mtn. Med. J.*, 68:9, 1971.
72. Lindsay, A. E., Nelson, R. M., Abildskov, J. A. and Wyatt, R.: Attempted Surgical Division of the Preexcitation Pathway in the Wolff-Parkinson-White Syndrome. *Am. J. Cardiol.*, 28: 581, 1971.
73. Nelson, R. M., Jenson, C. B. and Sethi, G. K.: Isolated Aortic Valve Replacements in Patients Over Sixty. Proceedings of the International Society of Surgery, Moscow, Russia, August 24, 1971.
74. Nelson, R. M. and Osborn, A. G.: Systemic Heparinization for Percutaneous Catheter Arteriography. *Circulation*, 44, no 4: II-205, 1971 (Abstract).
75. Sethi, G. K., Nelson, R. M. and Jenson, C. B.: Surgical Management of Acute Pericarditis. Presented at the 24th Annual Meeting of the Southwestern Surgical Congress, May 1-4, 1972, Albuquerque, New Mexico. *Chest*, 63, no. 5:732-35, 1973.
76. Hauser, R. G., Nelson, R. M., Javid, H., Blatt, S. J., Toronto, A. F., Frank, G., Long, M. L. and Peacock, H. C.: Clinical Evaluation of the Dow Hollow Fiber Membrane Oxygenator. *Circulation*, 46, no. 4:II-3, 1972 (Abstract).
77. Nelson, R. M., Jenson, C. B. and Sethi, G. K.: Isolated Aortic Valve Replacement in Patients over Sixty. *Bulletin de la Société Internationale de Chirurgie*, 32:42, 1973.
78. Nelson, R. M., Jenson, C. B. and Sethi, G. K.: Use of the Hollow Fiber Membrane Oxygenator in Open Heart Surgery. *Bulletin de la Société Internationale de Chirurgie*, 32:568, 1973.
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80. Nelson, R. M. and Toronto, A. F.: Use of the Hollow Fiber Membrane Oxygenator in Open Heart Surgery: Clinical Experience. *Bulletin de la Société Internationale de Chirurgie*, 33, no. 4:285, 1974.
81. Nelson, R. M.: Era of Extracorporeal Respiration. Presidential

- Address, Society for Vascular Surgery. *Surgery*, 78:685, 1975.
82. Nelson, R. M., Jenson, C. B. and Kim, C. S.: Ten Year Follow-Up of Isolated Aortic Valve Replacement. *Bulletin de la Société Internationale de Chirurgie*, 34:322, 1975.
  83. Nelson, R. M.: Current Surgical Management for Disorders of the Mitral Valve. Clinical Congress of the American College of Surgeons, Postgraduate Course on Cardiac Surgery, October 1975. Syllabus page 41.
  84. Sethi, G. K. and Nelson, R. M.: Gastroduodenal Arterial Aneurysm: Report of a Case and Review of the Literature. *Surgery*, 79:233, 1976.
  85. Nelson, R. M.: Prophylactic Antibiotics in Open Heart Surgery. *Contemp. Surg.*, 8:75, 1976.
  86. Nelson, R. M.: Extracorporeal Circulation. *In* Sabiston (ed.), *Christopher's Textbook of Surgery*, 11th ed., vol. 2, chap. 23, W. B. Saunders Co., 1977, p. 2436.
  87. Nelson, R. M.: Complications of Cardiac Surgery. *In* Cordell and Ellison (ed.), *The Complications of Thoracic and Cardiac Surgery*, chap. 11, Boston, Little, Brown and Co., 1979, pp. 101-114.
  88. Nelson, R. M.: Cardiovascular Surgery. *In* American Heart Association Encyclopedia of the Heart, 1978 (in preparation).
  89. Prian, G. W. and Nelson, R. M.: Infection Control and Antibiotic Use in Cardiovascular Thoracic Surgery. *J. Surg. Prac.*, 7, no. 4:41, 1978.
  90. Nelson, R. M.: The Selection of a Cardiac Valve Substitute. *Ann. Thor. Surg.*, 26, no. 4:291, 1978.

## Highlights of 1960

January—It was an important year for my career because it was the first year that I did a coronary arteriogram and a coronary artery thromboendarterectomy. This was our first introduction into coronary surgery, which a decade later was to be such a prominent part of our work.

January 5—I spoke at the funeral of my Aunt Phyllis Korth Nelson.

January—I made a trip early in the year to Minneapolis for the Society of University Surgeons.

April 30—Dantzel joined me on a trip to Mexico with Allan and Joanne Barker.

June 29—Marsha and Sylvia each had their tonsils and adenoids removed.

July—We took our family on a vacation to Lake Tahoe.

July—We took our family to Brighton for a week at a rented cabin there.

Later in the year Dantzel and I had a second honeymoon, taking our little Porche to Las Vegas and Palm Springs for a week. This was a used car, but a 1959 model, for which I paid \$3,612. I regarded that as a very extravagant expenditure, but it was a favorite of all the little girls.

Dantzel and I went to the temple with Boyd and Janice, and I noted in my journal that we had now accompanied Boyd and Janice, Beth and Charles, Dick and Donna, and LeRoy and Colleen to the temple. So I asked myself the question, "When will I get any of my family into the temple?"—a question that has oft occurred since then.

September—I gave Sylvia a blessing prior to her going to school, as I had each of the children on the eve of their first day of school. This has been a tradition that I believe the children have enjoyed about as much as I have.

At Homecoming time at the University of Utah, I presided over the fifteen-year reunion of the Class of 1945.

September 27—A week after her birthday, Gloria was baptized.

October 2—Gloria was confirmed on Sunday.

December 25—Dantzel's nephew, Rees White, had a missionary farewell prior to his departure for missionary service in Japan.

During the year, there was one house call I shall always remember. I was asked to see a Sister E.M., who was confined to an



iron lung. Even though her body was completely paralyzed and she was incapable of rendering physical domination over her children, I was moved to the point of tears in watching those three children come to her, one by one, to get the spiritual influence that only a mother can give. One asked her for help with her arithmetic, and another asked her for permission to play with one of the neighbor children. The smallest of the three children came and asked her mother if she could have a cookie. As this dear lady directed the affairs of her family from her iron lung, her only method of communication was with her eyes as reflected in the mirror to these children. This was striking evidence to me of the power of spiritual leadership that mothers may enjoy in righteousness, for she would have had no strength at all to give any physical discipline should those children have chosen to be disobedient. It was a beautiful lesson to me. Hers was such a disabled body, but such a magnificently strong and beautiful spirit.

## Highlights of 1961

February 10—Presented a paper at the Society of University Surgeons in Kansas City. My research work was on "Norepinephrine in Shock."

March 16—Marsha and I went by airplane to El Centro, California, then to Phoenix, Arizona, as she accompanied me to some speaking engagements.

April 26—Was elected to full active membership in the American Association for Thoracic Surgery, the most prestigious of the thoracic surgical honorary societies.

May 22—Spoke at the convocation of the Medical School at the University of Utah.

June 2—Gloria was promoted from the second to the fourth grade.

June 4—Direct Distance Dialing was inaugurated.

June 12—On our family vacation we rented a trailer and took Marsha, Wendy, Gloria, Brenda, and Sylvia on a trip to Kanab, Grand Canyon, Green River, Arches National Monument, and Fish Lake. Grandmother White tended Emily and Laurie. Robert Williams took us for plane rides over the Canyonlands National Monument area. We had a fabulous day of fishing Saturday at Fish Lake. I suggested the possibility of getting up very early on Sunday morning and get-

ting some fishing done before the regular Sunday activities ensued. Wendy offered the classic comment that no matter how early we got up or how many fish we might catch, it was still Sunday and those fish wouldn't be worth our failure to keep the Sabbath day holy.

June 20—Conrad B. Jenson called from Minneapolis to announce that he was nearing the close of his residency and wondered about association. This was followed up by a long meeting with him on July 4, and on July 16 he accepted an offer to come with me and our colleagues at the Salt Lake Clinic.

July 10—Our daughters sang at the Garden Park Ward reunion and roadshow, which took place by the Garden Park pond. The show was entitled *A Showboat*, and the girls sang "Mississippi Mud."

August 25—Dantzel and I took our six eldest children to Sun Valley. While my father was dancing with Emily, a stranger came up and offered him \$1 million for her. Daddy consulted with me and we reasoned that she was worth a lot more than that, so we declined the offer.

September 7—In surgery, I implanted a Starr mitral valve prosthesis, the first one of hundreds that I subsequently implanted.

September 10—The Garden Park Ward had its twenty-fifth anniversary, having been organized September 10, 1936. A special silver anniversary book was published.

September 14—I floated with the Garden Park Ward bishopric down the Snake River. Our trip extended into the dark of night. As we drifted along, a large branch of a tree knocked me off the raft. Weighted down by water rushing into my chest waders, I was submerged for what seemed a lifetime. At one point I thought I was not going to get out of the cold water, but after a great deal of desperate struggling, I finally made it to safety.

October 19—Dantzel's first jet airplane ride. We flew to Miami for meetings of the American Heart Association. While there, we each took water-skiing lessons.

October 26—Wendy and I went to Portland, where I presented a paper at the meeting of the American College of Chest Physicians.

November—Dantzel and I went to Mexico City and Acapulco.

November 10-12—Acapulco. It rained torrents. We finally got out on November 12 on a refugee bus. As we motored from Acapulco to Mexico City, we saw houses and trees floating down the engorged river. Fifty-five people in Acapulco were killed. We were lucky to

escape. Our bus was stuck in the mud in a little Indian village. Myriads of those folks came out to push the bus and finally got us loose. Before we left, we spent quite a bit of time in a little adobe hut with some of the Mexican Indian people. We watched them make tortillas. On our way back home we stopped in Guadalajara and Mazatlan.

December 10—President Henry D. Moyle spoke at stake conference.

December 15—Steve and Donna Mecham were married in the temple.

## Highlights of 1962

February 4—Bonneville Stake conference; Elder Harold B. Lee was the visiting General Authority.

February 7—Rosalie was born at 5:14 a.m.; 10 lbs. 13 oz., 23½ inches.

February 27—Anne Bennion and Conrad B. Jenson were married in the temple by President G. Eugene England. I baptized Brenda at the Tabernacle on the same day.

March 4—Confirmed Brenda a member of the Church and gave Rosalie her name and a father's blessing.

April 16—Attended a meeting of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery in St. Louis.

May 23—Our medical school class held its fifteen-year reunion at the University of Utah Union Building.

May 29—Participated in a panel discussion at meetings of the American College of Cardiology in Denver. Gloria accompanied me.

June 4—I spoke at the University of Utah Medical School convocation as president of the Utah Medical Alumni Association.

June 5—Was awarded a plaque as outstanding attending physician at the University of Utah by the medical students.

June 7—As president of the Utah Medical Alumni Association, I conducted at a testimonial dinner where we presented Philip B. Price with a book of personal tributes written by the graduates from preceding years and made a gift of \$9,000 to the University of Utah to endow a Philip B. Price lectureship.

June 16—Dantzel, Marsha, Wendy, Gloria, Brenda, and I motored to the Seattle World's Fair where we saw the Space Needle.



Then we went via Spokane to Glacier and the Canadian national parks.

July 1—We rented the W. J. Merback cabin in Brighton for two weeks.

August—William J. Peters offered to do pencil portraits of our daughters. He did five and then died before he could complete the set.

September 5—Dantzel and I gave a reception at the Garden Park Ward honoring Ann and Truman Madsen prior to their departure to preside over the New England Mission. Nearly two hundred people were there, including Elders Spencer W. Kimball, Richard L. Evans, and S. Dilworth Young.

September 13—The cornerstone was laid for the new University of Utah Medical Center.

September 27—Dr. Kenneth B. Castleton was appointed as the new dean of the medical school. He had called a few days before to assess my reaction.

October 5—Dr. William P. Longmire of UCLA gave the first Philip B. Price lecture. I participated in the proceedings.

October 6—Marsha and Wendy went with me to Mexico City, where I attended meetings at the Fourth World Congress of Cardiology. Following this, we went to the Balneario San Jose Perua.

October 15—American College of Surgeons meetings were held in Atlantic City. I spoke at the postgraduate course on postoperative care. Dr. Christiaan Barnard of Capetown, South Africa, a former colleague and resident at Minnesota, participated with me on that program. A few years later, Dr. Barnard became rather widely known for performing the first transplantation of the heart from one human to another.

## Highlights of 1963

January 10—Visited Dr. Albert Starr in Portland, Oregon, and watched him put in his aortic ball valve prosthesis. (This is the kind I put in President Spencer W. Kimball nine years later.)

January 13—Paul W. Cox was released as first counselor and Brother A. Lloyd Graham was sustained as second counselor in the Garden Park Ward bishopric.

February 1—Presented a paper at meetings of the Western Society for Clinical Research in Carmel, California, on the effects of

THAM in hemorrhagic shock.

February 9—I presented a paper at the Society of University Surgeons meeting in Seattle, Washington.

February 23—The second private phone line was installed at our home, EL5-1154. This was done because I had too much anxiety each time the phone rang, and as our daughters were getting older I found that the telephone was ringing more and more often.

April 1—Left the Salt Lake Clinic and moved to 508 East South Temple, sharing office space with Dr. Reed S. Clegg on a temporary basis until our own quarters were available.

May 3—Sylvia, age seven, sustained a traumatic amputation of the terminal phalanx of the left fifth finger in an accident in the rest room at Douglas School. She was operated on at the Primary Children's Medical Center by Dr. T. Ray Broadbent, who said that the damage to the distal phalanx was so severe that amputation was the only way. He could not save the fingertip.

May 31—We had our first look at 1347 Normandie Circle. The purchase price was \$64,000, and an additional \$6,000 was needed for remodeling. Suddenly we were in debt an additional \$72,000!

June 2—Sylvia was baptized.

June 13—Dantzel and I took our five eldest daughters to Vernal for three days of camping, fishing, and exploring.

July 7—Family vacation at Brighton, Utah—we rented the Mer-back cabin.

July 27—Conrad B. Jenson and I moved to our own suite of offices on the third floor at 508 East South Temple.

August—We began to prime the heart-lung machine with dextrose. This eliminated the need for blood, which had been used to prime the machine for the first eight years of open-heart surgery.

August 18-20—Family vacation in Sun Valley, Idaho.

September 19-24—Brenda and I went to Minneapolis and Virginia, Minnesota, for some lectures.

October 27 to November 1—American College of Surgeons meetings were held in San Francisco. Dantzel accompanied me.

November 9—Accepted an offer from James B. Hennessy for the purchase of our home at 974 South Thirteenth East for \$25,500.

November 11—We spent our first night at 1347 Normandie Circle.

November 22—President John F. Kennedy was murdered in Dallas.

December 8—Appointed as alternate high councilor in the Bonneville Stake by President Frank B. Bowers.

## Highlights of 1964

January 9-12—Sylvia and I went to meetings of the American Heart Association in Scottsdale and Phoenix, Arizona.

January 18—Concluded four years of service as Program Committee chairman for the Utah Chapter of the American College of Surgeons.

February 18—I first met Dr. Harold V. Liddle, who was in town looking over the advisability of association with Dr. Rumel at the Rumel Chest Clinic. In the years that ensued, Dr. Liddle became a highly respected colleague and friend.

March 14—Spoke at the funeral service for Mother's brother, Ferry Anderson.

March 25-30—Dantzel and I and our four eldest daughters took the train to San Francisco, where I gave medical speeches at the Stanford Medical School. We returned by train also.

April 4—Dantzel was in the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia.

April 25—Dantzel and I were reunited in Montreal, Quebec.

April 29—Gave a paper on carbodissection at meetings of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery.

April 30—We went to Boston and visited with Ann and Truman Madsen, who were presiding over the mission there.

May 2—We went to the New York World's Fair.

May 3—We heard Joan Sutherland sing in the opera *La Sonnambula* at the Metropolitan Opera House.

June 20-30—Family vacation at 2004 East Ocean Boulevard in Balboa, California. All of our children were with us.

July 11—At the White family reunion in Perry, Utah, all the daughters sang "Daddy's Little Girl."

August 29—We became members of the Salt Lake Swimming and Tennis Club. The fee was \$300, plus \$75 a month.

October 4-9—American College of Surgeons meeting in Chicago.

October 31—Halloween. Rosalie dressed as a teddy bear, Emily



as a gypsy, Laurie as a clown.

November—Made decision to limit appointments to patients who were being referred by other doctors.

November 20—Gave a paper entitled "Prophylactic Antibiotics in Open Heart Surgery" at the meeting of the Western Surgical Association in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

December 5—Called to be stake president.

December 6—Set apart by Elders Spencer W. Kimball and LeGrand Richards.

December 17—Richard W. Young was called as stake clerk to succeed Carl W. Huhl, who had served faithfully and well for many years under the presidency of President Bowers. Brother Young was set apart December 19, 1964.

December 24—Dantzel's mother, Maude Clark White, died.

December 28—Her funeral was held on Monday. I dedicated her grave and served as a pallbearer. It was a sad day for all of us. I owe much to the mother of my darling Dantzel. She quietly passed away with no apparent distress—I presume she died of a coronary thrombosis. May God rest her sweet soul.

## Highlights of 1965

January 13—Meeting with Elders Spencer W. Kimball, Alvin R. Dyer, and Robert L. Simpson, along with other stake presidents of the valley, on their concern for young women of the Church who leave their homes to go to school.

January 23—Serving as president of the Utah Heart Association, I awarded a plaque to Dr. Hans Hecht, my esteemed teacher and colleague, in honor of his contributions to the advancement of cardiology in the state and the nation.

February 11—To Philadelphia for meetings of the Society of University Surgeons at the University of Pennsylvania.

February 24—Presided at the premiere showing of *My Fair Lady*, a benefit performance to raise funds for the Utah Heart Association.

March 24—Appeared before the mayor and the city commission to explain the need for an independent Heart Fund drive.

March 20—Presided over the annual meeting of the Utah Heart Association.

March 21—The Yale Second Ward bishopric was changed. Bishop Lionel L. Drage, with counselors Raymond B. Parkinson and Joseph Clarence Frost, were sustained to replace Harold I. Bowman and his counselors, C. O'Neal Rich and Raymond B. Parkinson.

March 21—President Hugh B. Brown dedicated the new addition to the Garden Park Ward chapel.

March 29 to April 3—Dantzel and I flew to New Orleans for meetings of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery. Following this, we drove to Biloxi, Mississippi, and Mobile, Alabama, for tours of the Azalea Trail and Bellingrath Gardens. We stayed at the Grand Hotel on Point Clear, Alabama.

April 6—We hosted President Kenneth Poole of the Leicester Stake in England, who was here for general conference. He attended our high council meetings and other activities of the stake presidency.

May 24—I turned over the gavel to the new president of the Utah Heart Association, Dr. Allan H. Barker. At this meeting Mr. Rome Betts was the speaker.

May 29-30—Stake conference. Visitors were Elder Milton R. Hunter of the First Council of the Seventy, Harold R. Boyer, and Marianne C. Sharp. President Hugh B. Brown also spoke at the Sunday morning session.

June 12—My brother Bob completed law school and received his LL.B. degree.

June 14 to July 9—Dantzel and I had our longest vacation together. We rented a trailer and took Marsha, Wendy, Gloria, Brenda, and Sylvia with us, leaving Emily with Enid, and Laurie and Rosalie with Aunt Beth. We motored across the country to Washington, D.C. In New York City we attended the World's Fair, then went on to Boston, Niagara Falls, and Sharon, Vermont. On our way home, we stopped in Michigan to visit with Boyd and Janice and their family. We also went through Carthage, Illinois, and visited many other important sites. The purpose of the trip was to be with the children, of course, and to teach them about the importance of the history of the nation and the Church, which we felt would be augmented if they could see it firsthand. We drove 6,887 miles, using 974 gallons of gas and spending over \$2,000 for this experience. The girls all shampooed their hair nightly for the first three nights, consuming much time in the process. I arbitrarily outlawed this practice, limiting shampoos to once a week.

August 14—Marsha performed at the Park City Treasure Moun-

tain Festival of Arts program. This turned out to be important, because it was through this contact that she met her future husband, H. Christopher McKellar.

August 23—The key interview was held with respect to the consideration of my candidacy for the position as professor and head of the Department of Surgery at the University of Utah College of Medicine. Earlier in the year, Dr. Walter J. Burdette had been released. He was the one who redirected the Markle Scholarship funds given for my use. Although I had had many interviews with many of the faculty, it was on this day that I was interviewed by the key member of the faculty, Dr. W. He leveled with me right away, telling me frankly that he was standing in the way of my appointment there simply because I was a "labeled Mormon." He said that if I would resign as stake president he would support my candidacy; otherwise, he could not because some of the key financial supporters of the university would be offended by a high-ranking official in the Mormon Church having an appointment as head of a major department. I could scarcely believe his forthrightness, but I knew that what I was hearing was true. Of course I told him that I would not resign as stake president. I had been called by the Lord's anointed apostles to serve in that position, and nothing in my career could equal that in importance.

September 10—Meeting with another department head at the University of Utah, who emphasized the message of the August 23 meeting with Dr. W.—that if I would resign my position as stake president, they would withdraw their opposition to my becoming the professor of surgery there.

September 12—Missionary farewell for John N. Rohlfsing. I spoke on "Faith of His Fathers."

September 25-26—Bonneville Stake conference. Speakers were Elder Mark E. Petersen, Milton L. Weilenmann, Neal A. Maxwell, and Florence B. Pinnock. Brother Layton B. Jones was sustained to the high council circle to replace Benn Broadbent, who was released. Brother Jones was set apart on Tuesday, September 28, 1965.

October 5—Our daughter Marjorie was born at 4:27 p.m., weighing 9 pounds and measuring 21 inches.

October 5—Dean Castleton told me I would not become chairman of the Department of Surgery. So that was over with. I did not seek the position, but would have served if they had wanted me. In fact, as the idea became more prevalent in the minds of many, I began



to pray that the opposition to me as a Mormon might be softened and that I might be allowed to serve in that position. My prayers were answered negatively. In retrospect, the fact that my prayers were answered negatively seems to have been one of the greatest favors the Lord could have done for me. I think it would have been impossible for me to have been considered or to be able to serve as general president of the Sunday School if I had been a salaried employee of the state government at its University of Utah.

October 16—The dedicatory services for the University of Utah Medical Center were held at Kingsbury Hall.

October 17-23—Meetings of the American College of Surgeons at Atlantic City.

October 23—I was interviewed in Chicago by Professor René Menguy and Dr. Hans H. Hecht regarding the possibility of my going to the University of Chicago to serve as professor of surgery and chairman of the Division of Thoracic and Cardiovascular Surgery.

October 31—I gave a father's blessing and name to Marjorie.

November 12—Held conferences with Elder Spencer W. Kimball and Brother Truman G. Madsen regarding the wisdom of accepting the offer from the University of Chicago should it be tendered to me.

November 17—Dantzel and I attended meetings of the Western Surgical Association in Omaha, Nebraska, following which we went to Chicago, where, on November 20, we were given such a warm and gracious reception by officials from the University of Chicago who were interested in my becoming professor of surgery there.

November 21—While in Chicago, we met Dallin and June Oaks for the first time. This turned out to be the beginning of a long and splendid friendship.

November 22—We had serious meetings with the dean of the school, Leon Jacobsen, as well as Dr. Hecht, Dr. Menguy, and others. They all indicated increasing interest. In fact, Dean Jacobsen said, "The reason we want you to come is because we know you are a good Mormon, and we need the influence that you could bring to our school."

November 25—(Thanksgiving.) Bonneville Stake annual Thanksgiving service. Elder Gordon B. Hinckley of the Council of Twelve was the speaker.

November 30—I was invited to give a lecture at the University of Utah regarding the physiology following open-heart surgery.

They were still looking for a professor and head of the department there, and my candidacy was still regarded as a viable one by some. But I knew that there was a determined minority among the executive committee who would block my candidacy.

December 1—My uncle Lloyd C. Nelson died.

December 13—I received a firm offer from the University of Chicago that included a salary of \$60,000 a year. (An equivalent salary at the University of Utah at that time was about \$30,000.) In addition to the salary, they would pay for the college education for each of our nine children—four years at the college of their choosing when the time came. We were overwhelmed by this offer and of course were very much inclined to accept it. The immediate possibility of being able to finance the education for all our children seemed worth it.

December 14—Dantzel and I held a seventy-five-minute meeting with President David O. McKay in his apartment. (See page 150.) He felt that we should not go to Chicago, but that we should remain in Salt Lake City. And so our decision to decline the very generous offer from the University of Chicago was made.

## Highlights of 1966

January 15—Was chosen as president-elect of the Utah Chapter of the American College of Surgeons.

January 24—Emily, Laurie, and I flew to Denver for meetings of the Society of Thoracic Surgeons.

January 28—Baptized Emily.

January 30—Confirmed Emily.

February 10—Attended meetings of the Society of University Surgeons in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

March 14—Mother had a cholecystectomy performed by Dr. Conrad B. Jenson.

March 28—Had meetings with President Joseph Fielding Smith and President Hugh B. Brown regarding the division of the Garden Park Ward.

April 3—The boundary separating the Yale and Yale Second wards was changed from an irregular line going up Thornton Avenue to a new boundary going down the center of Yale Avenue. The new bishopric of the Yale Ward was Raymond B. Parkinson.

bishop, and Donnell E. Leavitt and Russell B. Kinnersley, counselors. Bishop Lionel Drage chose Dr. Hal H. Bourne and Dilworth Strasser as his new counselors in the Yale Second Ward.

May 16—Went to Vancouver, British Columbia, for meetings of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery. Met President Stewart Durrant for the first time. He was there presiding over the Alaskan-Canadian Mission.

June 3—Marsha graduated from East High School. She received a nice violin and case as a graduation present.

June 3—Received the Medici Publici award as distinguished alumnus from the University of Utah College of Medicine.

June 5—The Garden Park Ward was divided. Edmund C. Evans was chosen as the new bishop, and A. Lloyd Graham was called as the new bishop of the Garden Park Second Ward. President Hugh B. Brown, President Joseph Fielding Smith, and Elder Sterling W. Sill were all in attendance at the meeting.

June 20-25—Family vacation. We took Sally with us, and Enid took Marjorie. We went with Dr. and Mrs. Howard C. Sharp as far as Lake Powell, and then drove to Jacob Lake in Grand Canyon National Park before returning home.

June 26-28—Attended meetings of the Society for Vascular Surgery in Chicago and then went on to Cleveland to explore the work going on there in coronary artery surgery.

July 4—Spoke at the Oakley, Utah, Fourth of July celebration.

July 12—Dr. Keith Reemtsma was appointed as professor and chairman of the Department of Surgery at the University of Utah.

July 17—I noted in my diary that I received the inspiration to select Reed J. Webster as new bishop of the North Thirty-Third Ward. He was called on July 31 and sustained and ordained on August 14 by Elder Richard L. Evans. This event is significant also because Bishop and Sister Webster were the parents of a son named David who was then age eleven. Our daughter Sylvia married David nearly eleven years later, on March 15, 1977.

September 14-16—Dantzel and I went to Brewster's cabin at Mack's Inn and shared two days with the Brewsters and the Coxes.

September 17—Dantzel and I gave a party to welcome Dr. Keith Reemtsma and his wife, Ann, into the community. More than a hundred doctors and their wives attended.

September 27—We hosted President and Sister Karl A. H. Imbeck of the Hamburg Stake presidency in our home. He studied



the workings of the Bonneville Stake while attending general conference.

October 9-14—American College of Surgeons meetings in San Francisco. There I hired a tutor by the name of Anna Pablova Oussova, who taught me Russian at the Berlitz School.

October 19—Flew to New York for meetings of the American Heart Association.

October 25—Dantzel joined me, and we set out on our journey around the world. We went to London enroute to Moscow, Russia, where we spent four very interesting days. Several things caught our attention in Russia. One was the very crude and simple workmanship of their buildings. Hospitals, though newly constructed, rapidly appeared old. Doctors were poorly paid. People were married by servants of the state in simple ceremonies. Subways were marvelous—attractive and inexpensive. The absence of free enterprise was so noticeable. There was no way one could tell a clothing or hardware store from a drug store except by close inspection. Nonetheless, we loved the people and enjoyed being with them.

October 30—We went to New Delhi, India. One of the members of our delegation, the president of the American Heart Association, Dr. Helen Taussig of Baltimore, had been to India before. While we were still in Moscow she advised us to "bring plenty of Vodka—it's safer to brush your teeth with Vodka than with tap water in India." Of course, Dantzel and I didn't heed that advice! We arrived there on a Sunday and felt that it would be a good day for us to fast. So, on October 30, we fasted all day long. On Monday, the only members of our delegation who were not ill were Dantzel and I. We awakened hale and hearty. While in India we attended the Fifth World Congress of Cardiology.

November 2—I bought a star ruby for Dantzel while in New Delhi. This ruby came from Burma.

November 3—We went to the little mountain community of Simla up in the Himalayan Mountains just south of the border of Tibet. We had never been so far away from home. People stopped and looked at us as though we were from outer space, and we looked upon them as curious folks as well.

November 4—We went to the American embassy in New Delhi for a party hosted by the United States ambassador to India, The Honorable Chester Bowles.

November 8—Went to see the Taj Mahal.

November 9—Visited Calcutta and Bangkok.

November 12—We went to Singapore and Malaysia.

November 14—Hong Kong.

November 19—Taiwan.

November 20-27—We spent several days in Japan visiting Kyoto, Osaka, Miyashita, Tokyo, Nikko, and other beautiful spots. Then we went to Honolulu and on to Las Vegas, where I presented a speech on pacemakers to the American Medical Association.

November 28—We arrived in Salt Lake City nearly six weeks after we departed. We thus fulfilled one of the two goals I made while I was in the seventh grade—that of going around the world.

December 10-11—Stake conference. Elder Henry D. Taylor, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, was the visiting General Authority, with Dean L. Larsen and Mary Ellen S. Smith representing the missionary and Primary general Church leadership. At the December 11 session, Brother M. Eugene Bridges was set apart as the new stake clerk, replacing Richard W. Young, who was released.

December 15—Was elected chairman of the Thoracic Surgical Division at the LDS Hospital, succeeding Dr. W. R. Rumel, who had been the chairman there since I was in medical school.

## Highlights of 1967

January—I was installed as chief of the Cardiovascular-Thoracic Surgery Division at the LDS Hospital, and Dantzel became a member of the Tabernacle Choir. On January 14, I also became president of the Utah Chapter of the American College of Surgeons.

January 24—Spoke at American College of Surgeons meeting in San Diego.

February 28—Received the Distinguished Alumni Award from the University of Utah, along with Harold H. Bennett, Belle Spafford, Perry Thomas, Rocco Siciliano, and Larry Wilson.

March 22—Hoyt W. Brewster was appointed executive director of the Utah State Medical Association to replace Harold Bowman. I had presented his name as the man I felt was best qualified for the position, and I was delighted that he was chosen.

March 10—I met Bob's wife, Julie, for the first time.

April 30—Confirmed Laurie, having baptized her on her birthday, April 27.

May 16—The twentieth reunion of our medical class was held in Ogden.

June 30—Spoke at the coronation of the queen of the Days of '47 celebration.

June 21—Our family vacation. We drove to Arches National Park, Mesa Verde National Park, Durango, and then to the Philmont Boy Scout Ranch in New Mexico. Church leaders there were Bishop Robert L. Simpson, Superintendent G. Carlos Smith, Sister LaVern W. Parmley, Blaine Watts, and Superintendent George R. Hill.

July 27—The Bonneville Stake presidency and high council took a trip to Jacob Lake and Grand Canyon for about three days.

October 2—Spoke at the American College of Surgeons meeting in Chicago.

October 22—Spoke at the American Heart Association meeting in San Francisco.

November 2—Was called to membership on the Central Committee of the American Heart Association, which meant several subsequent visits to New York City.

November 18—Dantzel and I were joined by Marsha, Wendy, Gloria, Brenda, Sylvia, Mother, and Daddy on a trip to Puerto Vallarta and Guadalajara in Mexico.

December 3—The stake presidency called on President and Sister N. Eldon Tanner, who moved into the Aztec Apartments and thereby became members of our stake.

December 9-10—Bonneville Stake quarterly conference. Presiding was Elder Gordon B. Hinckley of the Council of Twelve, assisted by Brother Ralph J. Hill and Brother Rex D. Pinegar, representing the missionary and Sunday School leadership of the Church. At the Sunday, December 10, session Brother Reed S. Fairbanks was called to the high council.

## Highlights of 1968

January 7—Mother and Daddy moved to their new apartment at 875 Donner Way.

January 13—As president of the Utah Chapter of the American College of Surgeons, I presided at its annual meeting in Park City.

January 17-20—Served as visiting professor of surgery at the Baylor College of Medicine in Houston and also spoke to the Hous-



ton Surgical Society.

January 28-31—Attended the Society of Thoracic Surgeons meetings in New Orleans.

February 8-10—Attended meetings of the Society of University Surgeons in New York.

February 11—Had the privilege and honor of calling W. McKinley and Belle M. Oswald to serve as missionaries in Fiji.

February 21-24—Emily, Laurie, and I went to New York City, where I attended meetings of the American Heart Association.

March 2—My colleague Dr. Christiaan Barnard presented a paper on cardiac transplation to the American College of Cardiology in San Francisco. This was a very important event in cardiac surgery.

March 23—Dantzel and I went to Vancouver, where I gave a paper at the sectional meeting of the American College of Surgeons.

April 19—Became the first University of Utah graduate to be elected to membership in the American Surgical Association, the most prestigious of all the honorary surgical societies.

April 21—Attended meetings of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery in Pittsburgh.

May 9—Dantzel, our seven eldest daughters, and I performed in the roadshow *All in Favor* at the Bonneville Stake Center. We enjoyed this very much.

May 12, and also October 13—Served as a consultant to the National Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta, Georgia.

May 29—Wendy graduated from seminary.

June 7—Marsha had an operation on her left foot.

June 9—W. Stanford Wagstaff was released as bishop of the Thirty-Third Ward along with his counselors, Veloy H. Butterfield and Ken Smith. The new bishopric was sustained, with Don B. Hales as bishop and James A. Bailey and Jess Elgan as counselors.

June 13—Dantzel and I took Gloria, Brenda, Sylvia, Rosalie, and Marjorie on a trip to San Francisco on the train.

June 16—Was elected as secretary of the Society for Vascular Surgery.

July 7-21—Summer vacation at the Merback cabin in Brighton.

July 18—Spoke to the American Association for Medical Instrumentation in Houston.

July 21-27—Dantzel went to Mexico with the Tabernacle Choir.

July 24—Marsha, Brenda, Sylvia, Emily, Laurie, Rosalie, Mar-

jorie, and I went to Sun Valley for a little vacation. Dantzel was in Mexico; Wendy and Gloria stayed home.

July 27—The Thoracic Surgical Division of the LDS Hospital moved from 6 West to division 4 North East, in a brand-new wing of the hospital.

August 18 to September 9—Dantzel and I went to London, Paris, Rome, Vatican City, Athens, and Israel. Steve and Shirley Taylor tended the children. We spent a week in the Holy Land and were truly inspired to walk where the Savior had walked. What we felt there does not lend itself to verbal expression. We were moved to visit the Yad Vashem, where the names, dates, and identification of the six million Jews who were killed in the holocaust are recorded. The thought occurred to us then, and has done subsequently, that this museum is a vast treasure house for those who will want to do temple work for these dead souls in the future.

September 15—The stake presidency was privileged to welcome President and Sister O. Leslie Stone into the stake. They moved here to preside over the Salt Lake Temple.

September 17-18—Spoke to the American Academy for General Practice in Las Vegas. Rosalie and Marjorie accompanied me on their first airplane ride.

September 29—Bishop Raymond B. Parkinson was released as bishop of the Yale Ward. Royden J. Glade was sustained as the new bishop. He kept the previous counselors, Brothers Leavitt and Nixon. None of the stake presidency had known Brother Glade prior to our first meeting with him on September 20.

October 5—Had the great honor of speaking to more than 150,000 men and young men at the priesthood session of general conference. The title of my talk was "Placing Our Homes in Order." My father was there with me.

October 12—Gave the Lillienthal Lecture at the Mount Sinai Hospital in New York. Dantzel went with me. Afterward we went to the American College of Surgeons meeting in Atlantic City.

November 21—Spoke in Miami at the American Heart Association meeting on "Differential Atrial Arrhythmias."

November 28—Annual Thanksgiving service at the Bonneville Stake Center. Elder Thomas S. Monson was the speaker.

December 12-14—Marsha and I went to New York City for meetings of the American Heart Association. When Marsha was asked what she wanted to do most of all in New York, she replied that she

wanted to go to the *Nutcracker* ballet. So this we did, along with going to the Metropolitan Opera performance of *La Sonnambula* starring Joan Sutherland.

## Highlights of 1969

January 24—Dantzel and I drove with Steve and Annette Richards to San Diego for meetings of the Society of Thoracic Surgeons.

February 20-26—Attended meetings of the American Heart Association in New York City and then went to Atlanta, Georgia, for meetings with the U.S. Public Health Service as consultant to the National Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta.

April 3—Awakened at three in the morning with a sense of uneasiness about our home. I searched the place over and went to Wendy's room in time to find a man breaking in. He scurried away once he saw me there. How blessed we were that the Lord awakened me at that time and brought me to the place where I was needed.

April 3—Dantzel, Rosalie, and Marjorie joined me in a drive to Idaho Falls, where I spoke to the Idaho Academy of General Practice.

April 23—Dr. Orson W. White removed a cataract from Daddy's left eye at the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City.

April 30—I was introduced as a new member of the American Surgical Association at its annual meeting in Cincinnati. From there I went to New York City for meetings of the American Heart Association and thereafter to Atlantic City for a meeting of the program committee of the American College of Cardiology.

May 10—Gloria was elected historian at East High School.

May 18—Elisa Wirthlin was installed as president of the Bonneville Stake Relief Society, following which I left for Atlanta once again. Sister Wirthlin replaced Lucretia Evans.

June 2—Brenda graduated from Roosevelt Junior High School.

June 5—Flew to St. Luke's Hospital in Denver to be by my father and mother. Daddy had an operation done on his left eye by Dr. Lemuel Moorman to repair a detached retina. I stayed there to shave him, feed him, and read to him during the hours of his need.

June 24 to July 3—Dantzel, Marsha, Wendy, and I went to London for meetings of the British Surgical Research Society. I took one day away from them to go to Amsterdam, Holland, to work with Dr. Dirk Durrer on electrographic mapping of the heart.



July 10-15—To New York City for meetings of the Society for Vascular Surgery, followed by meetings of the American Medical Association.

July 20—Men landed on the moon.

July 25—Eight daughters—Wendy through Marjorie—drove with me to Newport Beach for our summer vacation. Dantzel had already gone with Freddie Gasser, and Marsha flew down on July 27. There we had a wonderful two-week period, including a boat trip to Catalina Island with the Gassers. While there, I served as visiting professor of surgery at the University of California at Irvine.

August 18—Dantzel went with the Tabernacle Choir to Toronto.

August 22—The Yale Ward production of *The Music Man* was presented. Gloria, Brenda, Sylvia, Emily, Laurie, and Rosalie all had roles and did so very well.

August 25—Dantzel lost her fiftieth pound; this she accomplished in seventeen and a half weeks.

August 25—Funeral service for Lorraine Bowman, who was accidentally killed on August 22. Elder Richard L. Evans was the principal speaker. She had taught all of our daughters who had attended East High School.

August 25—Mother and Daddy celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at our home. We served dinner to thirty-nine people.

September 4—I performed my first aorto-coronary bypass graft operation on Clarence Jacobs and remarked in my journal what an important stepping stone this was. It opened a new era in open-heart surgery, and in the next decade this was to become my most frequently performed operation.

September 10—Installed as president-elect of the Utah State Medical Association.

September 21—Glenn L. Momberger was sustained as the new bishop of the Yale Second Ward to replace William P. Hanson, who was released.

October 5-10—Emily and Laurie joined me at meetings of the American College of Surgeons in San Francisco.

October 20—Pronounced the benediction at the funeral of our good friend Sarah Owens Mortensen, who died of a brain tumor.

October 31—Flew to Chicago to speak to the American College of Chest Physicians, following which I flew to Phoenix to join other officials of the Utah State Medical Association in a regional meeting on comprehensive medical planning.

November 11-16—Dantzel and I went to Dallas, where I spoke at meetings of the American Heart Association.

December 4—Was appointed to serve on the board of directors of Blue Cross and Blue Shield.

During the year Rosalie, Laurie, and Marjorie were noted to have had chicken pox.

## Highlights of 1970

January 11—After visiting with Daddy on his seventy-third birthday, I flew to Atlanta for meetings of the Society of Thoracic Surgeons.

January 16—Spoke in Houston at a meeting of the South Texas Chapter of the American College of Surgeons.

January 18—While coming home from Houston, I called Dantzel from the airport in Denver and learned the news of the death of President David O. McKay. The new First Presidency consisted of Joseph Fielding Smith, president, Harold B. Lee, first counselor, and N. Eldon Tanner, second counselor, with Spencer W. Kimball as acting president of the Council of the Twelve.

January 25 to February 15—Dantzel was hospitalized at the Pennsylvania Hospital.

February 8—Francis M. Gibbons was called to be bishop of the Yalecrest Ward, replacing Bishop Keith S. Smith.

February 19—Baptized Rosalie.

February 26—In New Orleans I spoke to the American College of Cardiology on our research on glucagon. I chaired a program on valve replacement with colleagues Dr. Albert Starr, Dr. John W. Kirklin, and Dr. Robert Litwak.

March 1—Confirmed Rosalie.

March 12—I was offered a position as director of medical services at the Artificial Heart Test and Evaluation facility at the University of Utah.

March 24—Counseled with President Spencer W. Kimball regarding this offer.

April 2—Gave them a letter of acceptance, this subject to favorable approval by officials of the National Institutes of Health in Washington, D.C.

April 5—On Wendy's nineteenth birthday, Gloria and Brenda

accompanied me to Washington, D.C., for interviews with officials of the National Institutes of Health. While there, I attended meetings of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery and the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs.

April 6—Elder Boyd K. Packer was sustained as a new apostle.

April 11—Official approval was given for my appointment as research professor of surgery at the University of Utah and director of medical services at the Artificial Heart Test and Evaluation facility, this job to be in addition to my work as director of the Thoracic Surgical Division at the LDS Hospital and my private practice.

April 24—Annual high priests social of the Bonneville Stake was held at the Yalecrest Ward. The Relief Society Singing Mothers performed under Dantzel's direction. This event was held as a tribute to Joseph W. and Norma Anderson, in recognition of Brother Anderson's new call to serve as a General Authority.

April 26-30—Dantzel and I went to the Greenbriar Hotel in White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, for meetings of the American Surgical Association.

May 18—Aunt Chloe died. I spoke at her funeral in Nephi on May 22.

May 23—Marsha spoke at stake conference and did so very well.

May 29—(Enid's forty-fourth birthday.) I was awarded an honorary Doctor of Science degree from Brigham Young University. Elder Mark E. Petersen and Sam Brewster were awarded honorary doctorates also. All of my family were there to support this recognition.

June 3—Sylvia graduated from Roosevelt Junior High School.

June 6—I spoke at the coronation of Nancy Jackson as queen of the Days of '47 celebration.

June 18—Chicago. I was elected to membership in the International Cardiovascular Surgical Society.

July 11—Dantzel away with the Tabernacle Choir to South Carolina.

July 19-25—Dantzel, Marsha, Brenda, Sylvia, Emily, Laurie, Rosalie, Marjorie, Sally Ogaard, and I went on vacation to Colter Bay, Yellowstone, and Mack's Inn. (Wendy and Gloria did not join us.)

August 1—I made a note in my journal that I was feeling burdened by the heavy responsibility of four jobs in six offices. In addition to my private practice, I was serving as director of medical services at the Artificial Heart Test and Evaluation facility, research pro-



fessor with an office at the University of Utah, director of the Division of Thoracic Surgery at LDS Hospital, stake president, and president of the Utah State Medical Association. I felt heavily loaded by these responsibilities.

August 2—Annual sunset service was held at the Garden Park Ward chapel. Brother Neal A. Maxwell was the speaker. He had just been named commissioner of education for the Church.

August 5—Marsha and Chris counseled with us regarding their desire for a temple marriage. We gave our approval.

August 8—We had our first look at the cabin behind our home owned by George and Virginia Nelson, who offered to sell it to us. We accepted the proposal and bought it for \$10,000. This included the additional land. We spent another \$10,000 landscaping and gaining access to it, since we had nothing but heavy jungle between our place and theirs prior to that—in fact, we hadn't even known the cabin existed.

August 13—Marsha got a diamond engagement ring from H. Christopher McKellar.

August 22—We went to Sun Valley for a couple of days to get Brenda, who was already there. Dantzel, Wendy, Emily, Rosalie, and Marjorie joined me in picking up Brenda, and we brought her home to see our new cabin for the first time.

August 31—Dantzel's and my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Mother and Daddy took Dantzel and me and all nine of our girls for dinner at the Sky Room in the Hotel Utah. We spent the night in our new cabin and expressed such gratitude to our Father in heaven for twenty-five wonderful years together.

September 9—My forty-sixth birthday. I became president of the Utah State Medical Association. We held a family party in our cabin that night.

September 19-20—Stake conference. Released from the high council were: Harold H. Bennett, Jesse K. Wheeler, Joseph G. Jeppson, William H. Clawson, Alfred C. Nielson, Frank W. McGhie, and Paul W. Cox. Sustained to the high council were: Keith S. Smith, Arben O. Clark, Lewis H. Lloyd, Keith B. Romney, Reed M. Gardner, and Elliott D. Landau. Brother Bennett, as the senior high councilor, thereby concluded thirty-seven consecutive years of service on the Bonneville Stake high council.

September 26—Marsha's open house and announcement party.

October 7—President and Sister Kenji Tanaka from Japan were

our house guests. He subsequently became president of the Tokyo Stake and later a mission president.

October 11-16—Chicago, American College of Surgeons. I presented two papers.

October 26-28—Sylvia and I went to New York for meetings of the American Heart Association. While there we enjoyed *La Traviata*, with Joan Sutherland performing.

November 12—American Heart Association meetings in Atlantic City.

November 16—I gave the Paul A. Turner Memorial Lecture at a meeting of the Southern Chapter of the American College of Chest Physicians in the Municipal Auditorium in Dallas.

November 18—Attended my first meeting as a new member of the Board of Governors of the LDS Hospital.

November 19—Marsha went through the temple for her endowment. We were privileged to accompany her.

November 20—Marsha and H. Christopher McKellar were married for time and all eternity in the holy temple by Elder Boyd K. Packer. (See p. 215.) They had a reception at the Bonneville Stake Center that evening.

November 22—Change in the Yalecrest Second Ward bishopric. Released were Bishop L. Clayton Dunford, with counselors Allen H. Lundgren and W. Richard Horton. Sustained as the new bishop was Robert M. Bridge, with counselors H. J. M. Hoole and Greg Hosford.

November 23—Marsha and Chris went to Spokane to live, Chris as principal violist and Marsha as violinist with the Spokane Symphony.

November 26—Thanksgiving service at the Bonneville Stake Center. Elder Bruce R. McConkie was the speaker. President Joseph Fielding Smith was in attendance.

November 27—Dantzel and I went to New York City and then to Boston, where I was delegate to the American Medical Association representing the Utah State Medical Association as its president. We went with the Dr. J. Louis Schrickers and enjoyed operas at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

December 9—As president of the Utah State Medical Association, I presented honorary membership to Dr. Homer R. Warner.

December 16—Dantzel went to Washington, D.C., with the Tabernacle Choir.

December 19—Marsha and Chris arrived home from Spokane for the Christmas holidays.

## Highlights of 1971

January 2—Dantzel and I went to President and Sister Tanner's home for New Year's brunch. What a delightful occasion!

January 6—Mother had a cataract removed from her right eye by Dr. Orson W. White. I gave her a blessing preoperatively.

January 10—Brenda received a new flute.

January 11—As president of the Utah State Medical Association, I presented a resolution to Governor Calvin L. Rampton regarding the decision of all the doctors in the state to no longer prescribe amphetamines.

January 12-15—To San Diego for a special research conference of the National Institutes of Health.

January 17-20—To Dallas for meetings of the Society of Thoracic Surgeons. While there, I was elected president of the Directors of Thoracic Residencies.

January 29—San Francisco. Meetings of the American Heart Association.

February 2-3—Emily and I went to Las Vegas and then to Phoenix, where I spoke at a sectional meeting of the American College of Surgeons. Doug Driggs, Regional Representative, was so kind to us; he hosted us voluntarily and introduced us to the mayor of Phoenix.

February 27-28—Stake conference. Elder Ezra Taft Benson was our presiding General Authority, assisted by Elder L. Brent Goates. Brother Harold H. Bennett was called to be stake patriarch.

March 2—Chicago. Meetings of the Society for Vascular Surgery. On to New York. Metropolitan Opera performance of *Carmen*.

March 7—President Harold B. Lee spoke at the Douglas Ward on the occasion of the blessing of his first great-grandson, the son of David and Patsy Goates.

March 12—Meeting in Washington, D.C. Wendy flew from Salt Lake City to join me in New York, and then we took the Metroliner to Washington. There I met with Senator Wallace F. Bennett to discuss the possibility of establishing a professional review organization for Utah doctors.



March 14—Wendy and I returned home from New York and Washington.

March 17—I was interviewed by Elders Marion G. Romney, Boyd K. Packer, and Marion D. Hanks regarding the presidency of Brigham Young University.

March 19—I was interviewed by President Harold B. Lee and President N. Eldon Tanner for more than two hours regarding the presidency of BYU. (Fortunately for the Church and for BYU, they subsequently appointed Dallin Oaks to that position.)

March 23—Dantzel and I went to Ft. Lauderdale, then to Boca Raton for meetings of the American Surgical Association. I spoke while there. Following that we went to Miami.

April 3-10—Marsha and Chris were home for a week from Spokane.

April 5—On Wendy's twentieth birthday, she wrote little personal notes to every member of the family.

March 25-28—Brenda and I went to Atlanta for meetings of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery. As president of the Association of Directors of Thoracic Residencies, I presided at that meeting.

May 8—I offered Karen McKellar a job as my personal scrub nurse. She accepted.

May 16—Moved by the absence of Marsha and Chris in Spokane, I spoke at the Bonneville Stake quarterly conference on the theme "Return with Honor."

May 18—Brenda graduated from seminary. I gave the certificate to her.

May 22—Dantzel and I attended my thirty-year class reunion at East High School.

May 23—Change in bishopric of the Garden Park Ward. Released was Edmund C. Evans as bishop. Sustained as the new bishop was Sidney L. Manning, with his counselors J. Lee Eakle and R. Lee Hanson. The stake presidency called on Elder and Sister Mark E. Petersen, who had recently moved into the stake.

June 4—I was called to the office of the First Presidency, where I was told by President Harold B. Lee and President N. Eldon Tanner of their inspiration to call me as general superintendent of the Sunday School of the Church. I was then interviewed and counseled by Elders Richard L. Evans, Gordon B. Hinckley, Thomas S. Monson, and Boyd K. Packer of the Council of the Twelve.

June 7—I told President Harold B. Lee of my desire to have Joseph B. Wirthlin and Richard L. Warner as my counselors. He was enthusiastic about these recommendations. Following this, Dantzel and I took all nine of our daughters to Hawaii for medical meetings and our summer vacation. Marsha came from Spokane to join us, while Chris went on tour with the Utah Symphony to South America.

June 15—I had another conference with President Lee and President Tanner regarding the organization of the Sunday School.

June 16—Traveled to Philadelphia with Wendy for meetings of the Society for Vascular Surgery, then went on to Atlantic City for meetings of the American Medical Association. President Richard M. Nixon gave an outstanding address there. Following this, Wendy flew on to Boston for a summer of work there.

June 27—At conference, I was sustained as the ninth general superintendent of the Sunday School for the Church, along with my counselors Joseph B. Wirthlin and Richard L. Warner. We all spoke at that general conference session.

June 29—A transfer-of-leadership meeting was held in the Sunday School office. President David Lawrence McKay, Lynn S. Richards, and Royden G. Derrick were the outgoing general superintendency. Jay Mitton, who was their executive secretary, stayed on to serve with us.

July 2—The First Presidency set us apart for our callings. (A picture on page 130 portrays this event.) President Francis M. Gibbons was sustained as the new president of the Bonneville Stake. I was released after six years and seven months as stake president. At these services, President Harold B. Lee spoke, as did Elder Delbert L. Stapley and Elder L. Brent Goates.

July 12—Karen McKellar started as my new scrub nurse. Also during this year we employed Florence Corson as our secretary.

July 14—In my position as president of the Utah State Medical Association, I called a special meeting of the House of Delegates and succeeded in getting passed, with only one dissenting vote, a measure establishing the Utah Professional Review Organization. This organization would enable doctors to review each others' work in an effort to try to contain the rapidly escalating costs of medical care.

July 17—I called the following brethren to serve as committee chairmen on the general board of the Sunday School: Elliot D. Landau, William B. Smart, A. Harold Goodman, G. Homer Durham, Ben E. Lewis, B. Lloyd Poelman, Kenneth H. Beesley, Ruel A.

Allred, and J. Fielding Nelson.

July 18—The ninety-fifth birthday of President Joseph Fielding Smith was commemorated at a special sacrament service at the Bonneville Ward. His son Douglas A. Smith was bishop, and another son, Milton E. Smith, was one of the main speakers. There was a large crowd there to honor the prophet.

July 21-22—To Chicago and New York for meetings at the Illinois Institute of Technology and Research and for meetings of the American Heart Association.

July 27—As president of the Utah State Medical Association, I met with Governor Calvin L. Rampton to announce the establishment of the Utah Professional Review Organization. He was very well pleased with this and complimented us highly.

July 31—I spent an hour with President N. Eldon Tanner and an hour and a half with President Harold B. Lee on further thoughts regarding the organization, structure, and function of the general board of the Sunday School.

August 1—President N. Eldon Tanner spoke at the Bonneville Stake sunset service, following which he and Sister Tanner came to our home along with Mother and Dad. We had a little party for them down at our cabin.

August 6—I resected the entire small bowel and half of the colon of my good friend E. Earl Hawkes, publisher of the *Deseret News*. Jessie E. Smith, wife of President Joseph Fielding Smith, died during this week.

August 14—Dantzel and I departed for New York en route to Europe. Earlier that day, I received my first pair of bifocal glasses and she a positive pregnancy test—which elicited from her the comment that "the only thing weak about you is your eyes!" From New York we went to Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Russia. On August 24, at a meeting of the International Surgical Society in Moscow, I gave a paper entitled "Aortic Valve Replacement in Patients over Sixty."

August 26—Dantzel and I were privileged to be in attendance at meetings with the First Presidency and other General Authorities in Manchester, England.

August 27-28—Manchester area conference. I gave two speeches. It was a real thrill to be there. President Smith, President Lee, and President Tanner all did so very well, as did President Kimball and



all of the other Brethren. This was the first area conference of the Church. Many others followed.

August 29—Dantzel and I went from Manchester via London back to Moscow, and thence to Yalta to resume our commitments in Russia.

August 31—Our twenty-sixth wedding anniversary. We went to Kiev, and on the following day we were honored with an invitation for dinner at the home of Professor Nicolai Amasov, one of Russia's foremost open-heart surgeons.

September 2—We went to Leningrad.

September 3—We received a call from Robert F. Rohlfsing, who said that my mother was critically ill, having had a stroke, and that we should come home quickly. Forty-five minutes later, we were on our way.

September 4—We arrived in Salt Lake City to see Mother. We were so grateful to know that President N. Eldon Tanner and Elder Joseph B. Wirthlin had given her a blessing, following which her deterioration had begun to level off. After our arrival she seemed to stabilize, then gradually to improve.

September 9—On my forth-ninth birthday we gave Marsha a sewing machine as a present upon her graduating from the University of Utah.

September 10—Went to Provo to call Truman G. Madsen to serve on the general board of the Sunday School.

September 14—I gave a presidential address to the Utah State Medical Association, concluding my year as president. During my service in the leadership of the Utah State Medical Association, four significant accomplishments may be recorded: (1) The appointment of Hoyt W. Brewster as the executive director. Actually this was done while I was secretary, but the benefits were very much in evidence by the time I became president, and his service has continued to inure to the benefit of the doctors and people of the state since that time. (2) The resolution to the governor regarding the discontinuation of the prescription of amphetamines by doctors in this state. (3) The reorganization of the entire structure and function of the Utah State Medical Association. We introduced councils with committees reporting to the chairmen of those councils. (4) The establishment of the Professional Standards Review Organization, known as UPRO. I appointed Alan R. Nelson to be the first director of this activity.

September 22—Governor Calvin L. Rampton and I were given

awards by the Utah State Nursing Home Association.

September 25—I spoke at the funeral of my uncle, Dr. Ross Anderson, Mother's eldest brother. Rosalie, Marjorie, and I then flew to New York City. The following day, September 26, we were honored to have Sunday dinner with President and Sister David Lawrence McKay at the mission home. From there I went to meetings of the American Heart Association, and on the twenty-seventh we returned home.

October 1—I conducted the annual general conference of the Sunday School, speaking on the three-fold purpose of the Sunday School.

October 4—Dedication of the medical library at the University of Utah. I participated by giving the prayer.

October 8—Did open-heart surgery on President Ernest L. Wilkinson.

October 9—Did coronary arteriograms on Dr. Irving Ershler and President Spencer W. Kimball.

October 15—Was given an honorary Duty to God Award from the Bountiful Eighth Ward, Bishop M. Lee Cox presiding.

October 17—We brought Mother home from the hospital after she had suffered more than seven weeks of critical illness.

October 17-22—Meetings of the American College of Surgeons in Atlantic City.

October 31—Mother and Daddy came to our home for dinner, the first time they had been able to be there since August 1.

November 1—Elder Richard L. Evans died of a fulminating viral infection. Prior to his demise, a tracheotomy was required to allow him to breathe, and I remember the anguish I felt as I was asked to do this—to operate on the throat of a man whose voice was known throughout the world, and who had been so kind and close to me for so many years.

November 10-16—Dantzel and I went to Disneyland for meetings of the American Heart Association.

November 19—To Portland to discuss a paper at meetings of the Western Surgical Society. Returned the same day.

November 20—We gave a welcoming party for Dr. and Mrs. Frank G. Moody upon his becoming professor and head of the Department of Surgery at the University of Utah College of Medicine. About an hour before the guests were to arrive, we had a large fire in our home. It started in Brenda's closet, where we had carelessly

deposited some red-and-white pom poms under the ceiling light. The situation was frantic for a time, but the party went on as scheduled. On this day also, we gave a gift of a baby crib to Marsha and Chris; it was their first wedding anniversary, and they were happily expecting their first child.

## Highlights of 1972

January 14—Wendy accompanied me to Houston for a regional meeting. We stayed at the home of Glendon E. Johnson, president of the Houston Stake.

January 19—Ogden Temple dedication. We were in attendance in the main room. President Joseph Fielding Smith presided.

January 22—Sun Valley, Idaho. I had the dream that our baby to be born was the long-awaited son and that his name was to be Russell Marion Nelson, Jr.

January 25—Completed a year of service as president of the Thoracic Surgical Directors Association of the United States and Canada.

February 5—Gloria accompanied me on a Sunday School assignment to Little Rock, Arkansas, and did very well.

February 9—Dedication of the Provo Temple. We were honored again to be in attendance in the main room as President Smith presided.

February 10—In San Francisco for meetings of the Society of University Surgeons.

February 15—Our first grandson, Nathan Christopher McKellar, was born at 2:30 a.m.—birthweight, 7 pounds 3 ounces; length, 20½ inches. Shortly after his birth, Emily and I went to St. Louis, Missouri, for meetings of the central section of the American College of Surgeons, at which I gave a speech entitled "Complications Following Myocardial Infarction."

February 26—Regional meeting in Sacramento, California. Brenda accompanied me and played the flute. Elder Robert L. Backman was the Regional Representative.

February 29—Dr. C. Gordon Frank was resuscitated following a rollover accident near the Utah Biomedical Test Laboratory. Workers nearby took the car off his chest with their heavy equipment, and Dr. Alan F. Toronto and I successfully revived him employing cardiopulmonary resuscitation techniques.



March 11—Regional meeting in Kaysville. All of our daughters sang and did so well.

March 21—Russell Marion Nelson, Jr., was born by cesarean section at 1:13 p.m. He weighed 12 pounds and was 23 inches long.

April 1—Regional meeting in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Laurie accompanied me. The meeting was under the direction of Elder Robert D. Hales. William D. Oswald went with us as a representative from the Sunday School.

April 8—General conference. Elder S. Dilworth Young gave an address in which he used as his subject matter the events surrounding the birth of Russell Marion Nelson, Jr. Elder Young subsequently presented that manuscript to us for our records.

April 11—Received a blessing from the First Presidency to prepare me for open-heart surgery on President Spencer W. Kimball.

April 12—Performed open-heart surgery on President Spencer W. Kimball—aortic valve replacement and single coronary graft (left internal mammary artery to the left anterior descending coronary).

April 13—Open-heart surgery on Bishop Hoyt W. Brewster.

May 14-17—I sat for my portrait by Alvin Gittins in New York City. The portrait now hangs in the Sunday School office.

May 19—Regional meeting assignment in Monterrey, Mexico.

May 26—I gave the commencement address at the BYU College of Nursing convocation. Title of the speech was "Sisyphus or Solon."

June 3—Yale Ward performance of *Fiddler on the Roof* for June Conference. Dantzel played Golde, and Wendy and Emily played the roles of two of the daughters.

June 9-17—Family vacation. Thirteen of us floated the Colorado River through the entire state of Arizona, embarking at Page and taking out where the Colorado River drains into Lake Mead. Enid tended Russ, Jr. All the rest of us were there, including Marsha and Chris, who left their son, Nathan, with Chris's family. It was an exciting trip. Gloria and I were thrown from the raft as we plunged over Horn Creek Rapid. This was a terrifying experience, but it taught me an important lesson: "Cling to the Iron Rod." If a man will do that and let his wife and children cling to him, they will be safe. As we went over that rapid I erroneously tried to cling to my wife and Marjorie, fearful for their survival. As we took more difficult rapids later, I learned to hang on to the ropes tightly and have Marjorie hang on to me.

June 24—I completed four years of service as secretary of the

Society for Vascular Surgery.

June 25—At June Conference, President Harold B. Lee, speaking for the First Presidency, changed the title of "superintendent" to "president" for officers of the Sunday School and YMMIA.

July 2—President Joseph Fielding Smith died. Harold B. Lee subsequently became president of the Church.

July 18—I gave the BYU Devotional address. The title was "Keep the Commandments."

August 5—President Marion G. Romney dedicated the Promised Valley Playhouse. The First Presidency had appointed me and the other presidents of the auxiliaries to comprise a board of directors.

September 10-14—The twenty-fifth reunion of our University of Utah College of Medicine class of 1947 was held at the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel in Hawaii. Following this, I flew to New York City for a meeting of the American Heart Association.

September 28 to October 4—Rosalie and Marjorie accompanied me to San Francisco for meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery. On that occasion I became one of the fifteen directors, to serve a six-year term. This is the most prestigious and important position that one can attain in our profession. The American Board of Thoracic Surgery is to my profession as the Supreme Court is to the legal profession. It has the responsibility for examining and certifying qualified thoracic surgeons—and, possibly more importantly, for *not* certifying those surgeons who are not qualified.

October 22—Our home teacher, Bishop Harold I. Bowman, and I administered to Dantzel; she was very miserable with disc trouble in her back. Plans had been made for operative surgery, but through her faith and the power of the priesthood, that was not required and she experienced a spontaneous remission. How grateful we were.

October—Our good friend Truman G. Madsen was appointed to be the first occupant of the Richard L. Evans Chair of Christian Understanding at Brigham Young University.

November 1—Performed an appendectomy on Camilla Eyring Kimball. She was really quite ill. President Kimball asked me to give her a blessing prior to the operation. He assisted me in that sacred privilege. She developed a pelvic abscess after the surgery, which made it necessary for me to visit their home frequently to care for her. This I did very gladly indeed.

November 14—Dantzel was hospitalized for her disc discomfort, but came home a few days later without the expected operation

having been performed.

November 25—My little office in the LDS Hospital was moved from 7 West down to 1 Central after thirteen years and eight months in one location.

December 9—Went to a regional meeting in Flagstaff, Arizona, with Laurie. Dantzel had now been disabled for eight weeks.

December 18—Robert Harold Nelson, Jr., was born at 5:13 a.m., weighing 6 pounds 9 ounces.

December 28—Death of Richard White's wife, Donna. I spoke at her funeral on December 30.

The year 1972 was also memorable for the fact that we paid off our mortgage and got out of debt for the first time in our twenty-seven years of married life.

## Highlights of 1973

During this year I studied Spanish each Thursday night at the University of Utah. The instructor was Mrs. Cleonice Ruf, who, in addition to being a wonderful teacher, was clearly a very special, sweet spirit. I enjoyed this experience tremendously.

January 5-6—Sylvia and I went to Dallas on a regional meeting assignment for the Church.

January 7—G. Homer Durham was called as a stake president, necessitating his release from the Sunday School General Board, where he had served so faithfully and well as chairman of the Adult Committee.

January 11—Richard S. Johns II replaced Jay W. Mitton as executive secretary of the Sunday School.

January 12—Gave a priesthood blessing to my partner, Conrad, who was ill with hepatitis.

January 14—Little Russell, age 9¾ months, took his first steps. Also on this day, we held the first meeting of the Sunday School presidency in our new offices on the twentieth floor of the Church's recently completed high-rise office building. (All of our meetings prior to this time had been held on the second floor of the Beehive Bank Building, at State Street and First South.) We called Judge Aldon Anderson to chair the Adult Committee to fill the vacancy created when Brother G. Homer Durham was released.

January 20-21—I attended meetings of the Society of Thoracic Surgeons in Houston, Texas.



January 22-23—To Minneapolis and St. Paul to testify in the court trial of the United States Government vs. Dr. C. Walton Lillehei. President Lyndon B. Johnson died.

January 23 (Tuesday)—The war in Vietnam ended. We interrupted the meeting of the Sunday School General Board to hear President Richard M. Nixon announce this great news on the radio.

January 31—We established Nelson and Jenson, Incorporated, having practiced as a partnership up to this time. Prior to taking the legal steps to incorporate, I had consulted with President N. Eldon Tanner, who concurred that this would be advisable.

February 1—Dantzel and I went to regional meetings in Argentina, accompanied by Sister Velma Harvey and Brother John Grover representing the Young Women and Young Men respectively. We were met by the Regional Representative, Elder Angel Abrea. We held meetings in Buenos Aires, Rosario, Mar del Plata, and Bahia Blanca. This allowed me to give my first speech in Spanish. We returned on February 13 via Rio de Janeiro and New York City.

February 24—Marjorie and I went to a stake Sunday School meeting in Ogden.

March 1—Dantzel and I were privileged to go on a regional meeting assignment to the islands of the South Pacific. We were accompanied by Sister Betty Jo Reiser, representing the Relief Society General Board, and her husband, Dr. A. Hamer Reiser, Jr. The Regional Representatives with whom we worked were Elder Percy Rivers for Samoa, and Elder John Groberg for Tonga. Ralph G. Rodgers, Jr., was president of the mission in Samoa. With him we not only went to the Samoan Islands of Upolu, Savai'i, and Tutuila, but we also had the great privilege of going to the sacred spot of Sauniatu on March 4. This is where President David O. McKay prophesied that there would be stakes in Samoa and that the Saints there would have all of the advantages of membership in the Church accorded to those in mainland USA.

March 9—We went to the island kingdom of Tonga. The mission president was Charles Woodworth.

March 12—We flew to the northern island outpost of Vava'u. We were told that I was the first general officer of the Church to visit Vava'u since President David O. McKay went there in the 1920s.

March 14—We went to Fiji. The mission president there was Ebbie Davis.

March 15—On to Rarotonga in the Cook Islands, where we held

a regional meeting and then returned to Fiji.

March 20—We returned home in time for Russell's first birthday on March 21. His hair was so long that on March 22 he had his first haircut.

March 25—My brother Robert's son, Robert Harold Nelson, Jr., received a name and a blessing, and it was my privilege to assist. Also on this day, Glenn L. Momberger was released as bishop of the Yale Second Ward (our own home ward), and Joseph Fielding Smith, Jr., was sustained as his successor.

March 31—I changed my status at the Utah Biomedical Test Laboratory from a salaried employee to that of a volunteer aide to them.

April 12—I met with the American Board of Thoracic Surgery in Dallas. This was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the board. A very nice party was held, and most of the previous members of the board were in attendance. At this time I was put in charge of the cardiac half of the Thoracic Board examination, which position I held for four years.

April 15 (Sunday)—While in Dallas, I spent about fifteen hours in Church work under the leadership of D. Carl Richards, Regional Representative, who is a wonderful leader of the Church in the Dallas area.

April 16-18—Attended meetings of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery in Dallas.

April 24—Delighted to see my father situated in a new, modern office of Gillham Advertising, Inc. Prior to this he had been in the Continental Bank Building. Now he was in the Deseret Plaza Building adjacent to the First Security Bank at 15 East First South.

April 25-27—Brenda joined me to attend meetings of the American Surgical Association in Los Angeles.

May 12—Gloria accepted a fraternity pin (Pi Kappa Alpha) from Richard A. Irion.

May 20—I gave the commencement address at Viewmont High School in Bountiful, Utah.

May 26—The Brethren decided to return the Family Relations and Gospel Essentials courses to Sunday School. They had been administered as separate priesthood courses on Sunday mornings for quite a few years.

May 29—I operated on Ann Wirthlin Farnsworth, the daughter of my beloved associate Joseph B. Wirthlin. Her liver had ruptured

in the course of toxemia of pregnancy and was exsanguinating. The Lord blessed us to be able to treat that lesion as we would a lacerated heart. By sewing the capsule of the liver together, we were able to hold the lifeblood in that organ and allow her to survive.

June 1—Wedding of Dantzel's brother Dick to Anna.

June 3—I spoke at a missionary farewell for President Arnold and Frances Knapp, who had been important members of the Sunday School General Board and were now called to preside over a mission in England.

June 4—Emily graduated from Roosevelt Junior High School, having served as student body secretary.

June 5—Sylvia graduated from East High School on the eve of her eighteenth birthday.

June 6—On Sylvia's eighteenth birthday, Emily went to Rexburg, Idaho, for special schooling in dance. She returned home on the twenty-ninth of June.

June 9—To Chicago for just a one-day meeting at the office of the American College of Surgeons and then home again.

June 10—Gloria went to Europe with the University A Cappella Choir, returning on July 15.

June 15—The Sunday School presidency had a meeting with the First Presidency, at which time President Harold B. Lee asked us to make a movie rather than travel extensively to regional meetings in the future.

June 20-23—Toronto, Canada, for meetings of the International Cardiovascular Society and the Society for Vascular Surgery. At that meeting I was chosen as president-elect of the Society for Vascular Surgery.

July 6-8—Dantzel and I were joined by Wendy, Brenda, Sylvia, Emily, Laurie, Rosalie, Marjorie, Sally Ogaard, and Mother and Daddy for a trip to Rexburg, Idaho, Jackson, Wyoming, and Driggs, Idaho. I had been asked to speak at a Church meeting in Jackson and also to participate in other ancillary events.

July 20—All fourteen of our family went in two cars to Las Vegas for a night, then on to Newport Beach, California, at 507½ Seashore Ave. While we were there we had two surprise visitors, Richard A. Irion and Joey Williams. Rich had come to ask us for the hand of Gloria in marriage. This wasn't exactly what we had in mind when we all went on our family vacation, but we told him that if she gave



her acceptance we would welcome him lovingly and with our best wishes.

August 5—President Harold B. Lee was the speaker at the Bonneville Stake sunset service.

August 10—I did cerebral arteriography on Sister Flora Benson, the wife of President Ezra Taft Benson.

August 22 to September 1—Dantzel and Enid flew to Europe with the Tabernacle Choir. Dantzel had such an arduous assignment there, which resulted in an exacerbation of previous difficulties with her back. She could hardly walk when she got home. Upon her return, we made our portion of the movie *Thanks for the Sabbath School*, starring President Harold B. Lee and including the Sunday School general presidency and our families as a supporting cast.

September 12—A breakfast was held honoring David Pierpont Gardner as the new president of the University of Utah. On the same day, I received a call from President Ezra Taft Benson, who mentioned that a four-acre plot of ground just west of their home in Midway was available for sale. It was good farm land and would be ideal for a family. We were immediately interested. So on the eve of our departure for Europe, we went to look at the property and decided to buy it. It was indeed a fine piece of ground, and we now have a lovely second home there next to the Bensons.

September 13—Dantzel and I went to New York City and then to Amsterdam.

September 16—We went to Berlin and then to Munich and Garmisch-Partenkirchen. On the nineteenth we continued on to Mittenwald, Innsbruck, and Salzburg.

September 20—To Zurich.

September 22—To Barcelona.

September 26—While in Barcelona I delivered my paper on the capillary membrane oxygenator at meetings of the International Society for Surgery. On the twenty-seventh we visited the island of Mallorca and the city of Palma, returning home on October 1.

October 4-5—The annual Sunday School general conference was held. This was also Marjorie's eighth birthday, but because of my commitments to the Church on this day I was not able to spend the time with her that I had with the other children on their birthdays. Yet, she was rewarded with a kiss and a dollar and a special greeting by the president of the Church, President Harold B. Lee. (See page 259.)

October 12-18—Chicago. I attended meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery and also of the American College of Surgeons. While there, I was elected chairman of the Council for Thoracic Surgery for the American College of Surgeons. This was a two-year term of office.

October 25—I baptized Marjorie.

November 3—I gave a special blessing to Darrel J. Monson, chairman of the Instructional Services Committee of the general board of the Sunday School, who had become afflicted with one of the most malignant of all cancers, linitis plastica of the stomach. On this day we also had lunch with Rich Irion's mother and father, Robert and Beverly, and in the evening we held an open house in our home for the Utah Symphony. In addition to the regular symphony leaders and patrons, we had visiting soloist Vladimir Ashkenazy as a guest.

November 4—I confirmed Marjorie a member of the Church.

November 10—Gloria and I went to Washington, D.C., to participate as invited guests at the ceremonies commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the Washington Ward chapel. Elder Ezra Taft Benson and Sister Benson were the General Authority representatives invited to attend that important festivity. We felt greatly privileged to be with them. President J. Willard Marriott was our gracious host and was so kind to us.

November 14—I did cerebral vascular studies on President Spencer W. Kimball. President Lee called me and wanted to know what I had found. He was very protective and concerned for President Kimball, wanting to make sure that President Kimball's health would be sufficient to allow him to take an assignment that he, President Kimball, had given himself to go to London and South Africa in the near future.

December 8—*The Sound of Music* was presented at the Yale Second Ward. Gloria played the role of Maria, Brenda played Liesl, Sylvia played Louisa, Laurie played the part of one of the nuns, and Rosalie played the part of Gretl.

December 11—The Sunday School Christmas party was held. President Harold B. Lee, President N. Eldon Tanner, President Marion G. Romney, and Elder Thomas S. Monson were all present. President Lee gave a marvelous informal talk to the members of the board and their families.

December 21—I took Anne Gregory Osborn in to meet President Lee.

December 26—President Harold B. Lee died. From home I went to the hospital to be at the side of President Spencer W. Kimball. He was so shocked by this turn of events, but I expressed my confidence in his ability to handle his new responsibilities as president of the Church without undue regard for health problems he'd had in the past. I knew that the Lord had prepared him for this important assignment and that he would be successful.

Many important events transpired in 1973. We were privileged to go to South America, the islands of the Pacific, and Europe (twice for Dantzel), and to be close to two presidents of the Church, President Lee and President Kimball. We enjoyed many faith-promoting experiences. Some of those were in the South Pacific. In Tonga, I was so impressed with their ability to worship through music that I came home and changed the musical part of the Sunday School services from "Hymn Practice" to "Worship through Music," for there I saw that the prayer they raised in song was even more powerful than that which was given verbally. Perhaps one of the most memorable experiences was in a little home in Tonga. After a long day with a number of meetings, the mission president and his wife, President and Sister Charles Woodworth, drove Dantzel and me and the Reisers to the end of the road and we walked along the coral reef toward the sea. Then we carefully tiptoed along some planks that had been laid over the swamps where we were greeted by a man and his wife and their little children. We climbed the boards to their one-room home that had been constructed atop stilts. A freshly woven mat was on the floor; there was no furniture. The Woodworths, the Nelsons, and the Reisers were seated on the floor. This man and his wife with their children then sang a song they had written about the first vision of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and a second one about the history of the Church in Tonga. But even more inspiring than the music was the scene of this man and woman with their children, obviously filled with love for one another. Through President Woodworth as interpreter, they said that their lives had been blessed beyond measure and that they were so happy for their membership in the Church and for the great blessing of this transcendent joy in their lives. This moving experience taught us once again that happiness and joy are relative, never related to the absolute possession of material items, but always related to the spirit and to the attitudes of the mind.



## Highlights of 1974

January 6-7—Our family was photographed and interviewed for a story to be run in the journal *Paris Match*.

January 9—The Brethren returned the Genealogy course to Sunday School.

January 11—Daddy's seventy-seventh birthday. Our little family put on a program for the Parley's Stake leadership at the invitation of Marjory and Bob Rohlfing.

January 19—Gloria's luncheon was held, at which her engagement to Richard A. Irion was announced.

January 23—Went to Los Angeles for meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery and the Society for Thoracic Surgeons. While there, I had the privilege of meeting Dr. Rod Brady and his wife, Mitzi, who invited me to dinner at their home. With them I spoke at three sacrament meetings on Sunday evening. In 1978, Dr. Brady was to become the president of Weber State College.

January 28—In Los Angeles, I conducted meetings of the Advisory Council for Thoracic Surgery of the American College of Surgeons. Returned home on January 29.

February 6—Dantzel and I flew to Rio de Janiero and Buenos Aires. Our companions were President and Sister Jack and Gwen Goaslind of the presidency of the Young Men's organization, and Marilyn and Beech Adams representing the Young Women. Elder Angel Abrea was the Regional Representative with whom we worked. Mission presidents were President Marvin Brown in Córdoba and President Joseph T. Bentley in Rosario. (In March of 1977, in the Provo Temple, President Bentley sealed Mother and Daddy for time and all eternity.) We also went to Mendoza, Tucumán, and Salta with President Fernandez, later going to Montevideo, Uruguay, with President Roberto Mazal.

February 17—Dantzel's forty-eighth birthday. We returned home with Patricia Abrea, who was our borrowed "daughter" for two months.

February 19—I reported to President Kimball regarding the assignment he had given me to inquire into the welfare of a Latter-day Saint in Mendoza.

February 21—We went through the temple with Rich Irion for his endowment.

February 22—Daddy-daughter party at the ward with Rosalie.

March 13—Went through the temple with Gloria for her endowment.

March 14—Gloria and Rich were joined in celestial marriage in the temple by President N. Eldon Tanner. A wedding breakfast followed at Log Haven, and more than eight hundred guests were served at a reception that evening at the Lion House. Fifteen General Authorities and their partners came.

March 17—William D. Oswald was released from the general board of the Sunday School to become bishop of the Monument Park Second Ward, succeeding Lyle Ward. This is President Kimball's home ward.

March 23—Wendy and I went to Tallahassee, Florida, to assist in the "Meet the Mormons" week. President Spencer Osborn was the mission president; we were guests in his home.

March 25—Stephen Hugh McKellar was born, weighing 8 pounds 3 ounces. I was privileged to be there.

March 27—President Wirthlin, President Warner, and I presented a copy of the movie *Thanks for the Sabbath School* to Sister Harold B. Lee.

April 4—Dantzel and I went to a meeting of the Regional Representatives of the Twelve in the large assembly room in the upper floors of the temple. I was asked to speak.

April 6—A solemn assembly was celebrated on the occasion of the first general conference at which President Spencer W. Kimball presided. Elder L. Tom Perry was sustained as the new apostle.

April 9—The Abreas took Patricia back home with them to Argentina.

April 18—Norman A. Maxfield asked for Wendy's hand in marriage.

April 19—Marjorie and I went to Las Vegas for meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery. We spoke at a regional youth conference while there, and returned home on April 24. Wendy then left for two months in Mexico.

April 30—Dantzel and I went to the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs for meetings of the American Surgical Association.

May 3—We returned home a day early, inspired to do so for reasons that were then not clear. Upon returning home, we discovered that Elder Paul H. Dunn was gravely ill. I performed a selective coronary arteriogram and emergency triple coronary artery graft on him the next day. Dr. Ernest Wilkinson and I assisted President

Spencer W. Kimball in giving Elder Dunn a blessing preoperatively.

May 5—Stephen Hugh McKellar received a name and blessing by his father, Chris.

May 7—I did open-heart surgery on President A. Ray Curtis, who in 1978 was to become president of the Salt Lake Temple.

May 14—I spoke at a BYU Devotional.

May 15—At the request of the United States Public Health Service's National Institutes of Health, I made a site visit to the Stanford University Medical Center.

May 17—Mother's eighty-first birthday party. We had a dinner at our home with twenty-six people in attendance.

June 4—Laurie graduated from Roosevelt Junior High. President Spencer W. Kimball called me in to notify me that Dantzel and I were to report to the temple on June 9.

June 5—Emily went to Rexburg. Daddy had a fall in a darkened stairway at his office building during a power outage. He fractured his clavicle, radius, shoulder, and bones in the back and was really miserable. After getting him settled, I took a later plane to meet a commitment in Chicago with the council chairmen of the American College of Surgeons. The following day I returned to be at his bedside and to participate in Sylvia's birthday party.

June 9—Dantzel and I were privileged to enter the temple on this Sabbath day to attend a special meeting at the invitation of President Spencer W. Kimball. The sacred nature of this event precludes our mentioning more about it here other than to say that it did take place, but this experience is of the greatest importance to us and to our family.

June 12—Sunday School general presidency had a meeting with the First Presidency and our advisers.

June 13-14—Went to Philadelphia to the National Board of Medical Examiners for meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery.

June 16—I ordained Todd N. Ogaard as an elder.

June 19-22—Went to Chicago, where on June 20 I was installed as president of the Society for Vascular Surgery.

June 23—General conference. President Robert L. Backman and his counselors, Jack Goaslind and LeGrand Curtis, were released as the general presidency of the Young Men. They were not replaced, since this responsibility was reassigned to the Presiding Bishopric.

June 29—Emily returned from Rexburg, Wendy returned from



Mexico, and Brenda departed for the summer in Boston.

July 1—I gave a blessing to Gloria, who had just sustained a miscarriage.

July 6—Wendy and Norman's wedding announcement luncheon was held.

July 8—Emily and Laurie went to Sun Valley.

July 16—Our family trip started in Sun Valley. We went to Red Fish Lake and then to Missoula, Montana, and Spokane, Washington, where we stayed at the home of Boyd and Janice White. Dantzel sang with the Tabernacle Choir in the coliseum in conjunction with the Expo '74 world's fair. After spending a few days of enjoyable reunion with Boyd and Janice and their family—swimming, water-skiing, golfing, and just visiting—we returned home on July 22 via Salmon and Idaho Falls.

July 24-30—Dantzel and I went to Japan. We flew to Tokyo, where we were met by President Kan Watanabe. After a short visit there, we went to Sapporo on the northern island of Hokkaido. There we were met by Elders Andrus and Garrison.

July 27—Gave a paper on the replacement of aortic valve prostheses at the Second Asian Congress on Cardiovascular and Thoracic Surgery. We spoke to a special youth conference at the chapel in Sapporo.

July 28—After dinner at Dr. and Mrs. Juro Wada's home we returned to Tokyo, where we were met by President K. Tanaka and his first counselor, President Yoshihiko Kikuchi, who was in charge of Sunday School work. President Adney Y. Komatsu was our host at dinner on July 29, and President Kikuchi took us to the airport the next day. We knew Presidents Komatsu and Kikuchi to be very special men, as are all these Saints, and were not surprised when they were called to be General Authorities of the Church.

August 3—I did cerebral arteriographic studies on Elder Henry D. Taylor.

August 10—Russell and I had the great privilege of spending three hours with President and Sister Ezra Taft Benson, meeting their friends and neighbors in Midway and Heber City. During this week President Richard M. Nixon resigned and Gerald R. Ford became president of the United States.

August 18—I spoke to the Bonneville Stake priesthood on "The Pursuit of Excellence."

August 21—We went through the temple with Wendy for her endowment.

August 23—The bishop of the Yale Second Ward, Joseph Fielding Smith, Jr., was killed when he missed his footing on the edge of the Grand Canyon and plummeted to his death.

August 25—Brenda returned home from Boston.

August 26—I gave Wendy a father's blessing at family home evening on the eve of her marriage.

August 27—Wendy and Norman were married in the Salt Lake Temple by President Spencer W. Kimball. The wedding breakfast was held at The Heidelberg in Farmington, and the reception was at the Garden Park Ward, where we served more than eight hundred people.

August 31—Our twenty-ninth wedding anniversary. I flew first class (as a guest of the Argentine government) to Buenos Aires, Argentina, to participate in meetings of the World Congress of Cardiology and receive a Gold Medal from the Republic of Argentina. Spokesman at the award ceremony was the president of the Argentine Senate, Dr. José Antonio Allende. The minister of health, Dr. Domingo Liotta, was also there. Nine surgeons throughout the world were honored on this occasion.

September 3—I gave my speech at the World Congress of Cardiology; on September 5, I spoke at a luncheon panel.

September 7—I skied at Bariloche in the Argentine Andes.

September 8—Had a birthday dinner at the home of Angel and Maria Abrea.

September 8-9—Flew to Salt Lake City, where I had another birthday dinner with twenty-eight members of the family at our cabin.

September 13—Dantzel flew to Washington, D.C., to sing with the Tabernacle Choir.

September 14—Conrad Jenson had a right pyelolithotomy.

September 20—Had a one-hour meeting with President Spencer W. Kimball.

September 22—Spoke at Todd Ogaard's missionary farewell. His call was to Sendai, Japan.

September 26—Attended meetings of the American College of Surgeons in Chicago.

October 3—Conference. Among many highlights, Sister Belle Spafford, with her counselors Marianne C. Sharp and Louise Madsen,

were released after many years of service as the general presidency of the Relief Society. Newly installed were President Barbara B. Smith, Janeth Cannon, and Marian R. Boyer.

October 7—Dr. Charles Smart was approved by the Board of Governors to become chief of surgery at the LDS Hospital.

October 9—Daddy was honored as a former student body president (1915-16) at East High School in a special assembly there.

October 11-12—Chicago. Meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery.

October 16—Meetings in Miami with the United States Technical Standards group. While in Miami, I spoke in stake conference on October 20 with Elder Mark E. Petersen and then remained for meetings of the American College of Surgeons during that week, at which time I was reelected as chairman of the Advisory Council for Thoracic Surgery.

November 12—I spoke to the missionaries at the Language Training Mission in Provo.

November 13—Was given a summons to be a defendant in my first lawsuit, *Z.B. vs. Russell M. Nelson*, for \$150,000. (This suit went to court in 1977 and I won, eight votes to zero from the eight-member jury.)

November 15—Because Dantzel was losing blood and couldn't receive regular blood transfusions without reaction, I gave her a pint of blood directly in an effort to sustain her life.

November 18—Dantzel and I went to Washington, D.C., with President Tanner. There we joined Ann and Truman Madsen, Mary Brown Firmage, Manley Brown, and President Hugh B. Brown to attend the Washington Temple dedicatory services.

November 20—President Brown, his son and daughter, Ann, Truman, Dantzel, and I flew to Puerto Rico and St. Thomas where we were joined by Jim and Renee Dyer for several days on their yacht, the *Sealestial*. We cruised around the Virgin Islands having a glorious experience with President Brown and the others. We returned home November 24.

December 8—The Sunday School presidency and wives went to a Kolob Stake meeting in Springville.

December 25—Gloria and Rich announced that they were expecting their first baby the following June.

While the foregoing list of travel to various places around the world may sound a bit routine, there were many circumstances that



made us realize that the Lord was really with us. For example, when we arrived in Argentina in February, one of our assignments was to go to regional meetings in Tucumán and Salta. The first frustration came when, in Buenos Aires, we were told that our travel agency had made no reservations for us to go north to those two cities. When I asked them to do so, they said it was impossible. In the first place, there had been torrential rain for many days and there were no planes going in or out of Salta. In the second place, when planes did start to fly, there were so many people waiting to go that there was no chance for us to get space. Nonetheless, each day I kept checking and said, "We have to go to Salta and Tucumán. We have important meetings there. The Lord has required that we be there and we must be there." To make a long story short, we got on the first plane going in to Salta and Tucumán. It had been raining for fifteen days. The torrents had killed ten people. Ten thousand people had been evacuated. But the rain stopped the day we came in; and on the day we left, our plane flew through the one opening that was to be found in the densely clouded sky. Then the clouds reconverged and inundated the land with more rain after we left. We could hardly believe how the Lord had answered our prayers that we might be able to fulfill our assignment.

### Highlights of 1975

January 18—Flew via Chicago to Montreal to conduct a meeting of the Advisory Council for Thoracic Surgery of the American College of Surgeons.

January 19—Met with the mission president in Montreal, President John M. K. Olson, and his wife, Sylvia. They gave us a lovely book on Quebec. At two sacrament services I spoke in French.

January 20—Montreal. Meetings of the Society of Thoracic Surgeons.

January 22—Flew to Dr. Clarence Dennis's home in New York, gathering material for my presidential address in June. Returned home on January 23.

January 24—Conducted a panel at the Utah Thoracic Conference meeting in Snowbird.

January 25—Our family joined with the Wirthlin family for a lovely snowmobiling party.

February 14—Dantzel and I left for regional meeting assign-

ments in South America and Africa. Our companions were Clifton I. Johnson and his wife, Josephine. Clifton was a Regional Representative of the Twelve. En route we went to Lima, Peru, where we had meetings with Stake President Mario Perotti.

February 17—Dantzel's forty-ninth birthday. I bought her a lovely amethyst ring in Rio de Janiero.

February 18—We arrived in Johannesburg and were met by the mission president, Robert Thorn, and the stake president, Lewis Heifer. We went immediately to Capetown for regional meetings and spent three days there.

February 21—We went to regional meeting assignments in Durban on the east coast of South Africa.

February 22—Returned to Johannesburg and visited Pretoria.

February 23—Attended stake conference at the Johannesburg Stake. President Brian Chater, first counselor in the stake presidency, was released to become stake clerk. There were 10,000 Saints and 97 missionaries in South Africa.

February 24—We went to Victoria Falls.

February 25—Regional meeting in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

February 26—Traveled to Blantyre, Malawi, then to Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, and on to Nairobi, Kenya, where we saw the Concorde aircraft for the first time. It took us nearly four hours to get out of the airport, which was literally filled with people.

February 27—We went to Amboselli National Park with the Johnsons.

March 1—To Tsavo National Park.

March 3—To Nairobi National Park. In these three national parks we saw most of the animals indigenous to Africa in a perfectly fascinating experience. We traveled via Nigeria, Liberia, and Senegal to New York, arriving home on March 4.

March 12-15—To Dallas for American Board of Thoracic Surgery examinations. We examined more than two hundred candidates.

March 15—Brenda and Sylvia went to Palm Springs for a brief vacation with Mother and Daddy.

March 21—Russell's third birthday. Daddy's brother, Uncle LaMar, died.

March 27—My beloved counselor, Joseph B. Wirthlin, confided in me that President Spencer W. Kimball had just called him to be an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve. My counselor Joseph to be a General Authority! That would mean the end to an association

of eleven years during which he had been my able and devoted counselor.

March 28—The Sunday School general presidency and board hosted a party honoring President Spencer W. Kimball on his eightieth birthday. We served dinner to 225 people, including all of the Kimball family, all the General Authorities and their wives, and the heads of the other auxiliaries.

March 30—Gave the Easter sermon at the Monument Park Ward.

April 1—President Kimball dedicated the new fountain in the Church Office Building plaza.

April 3—The last annual Sunday School general conference was held. Joseph B. Wirthlin and Richard L. Warner were released as my counselors, Brother Wirthlin to become a General Authority and Brother Warner to become a Regional Representative of the Twelve. President Kimball then asked for the sustaining vote of the conference in behalf of B. Lloyd Poelman as first counselor and Joe J. Christensen as second counselor.

April 4—Sunday School breakfast meeting with officers who were attending general conference. We served more than two thousand people.

April 8—President Poelman and President Christensen were set apart by Elders Mark E. Petersen and Thomas S. Monson. Their families were in attendance.

April 10—Emily and I went to New York City.

April 11—While there, we visited the Church's new visitors center and were shown through that institution by Charles Graves. Then I attended meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery.

April 13—We spoke at the Manhattan Ward.

April 14—Meetings of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery. In the evening we went to the Metropolitan Opera to see their performance of *La Boheme*.

April 16—Emily and I returned home.

April 20—Released from the general board of the Sunday School were Ruel A. Allred, Aldon J. Anderson, Terrell H. (Ted) Bell, Norman R. Bowen, Owen W. Cahoon, John R. Halliday, Lewis H. Lloyd, and Jay A. Quealy, Jr., in addition to my counselors Joseph B. Wirthlin and Richard L. Warner. Thus we said good-bye to ten of our colleagues all at one time.

May 5-7—Traveled to Philadelphia to the National Board of



Medical Examiners for meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery.

May 7—Returned home two days early rather than going to meetings of the American Surgical Association as I had planned, enabling Dantzel and me to have some time by ourselves. We went to dinner, to a movie, and to a hotel in the evening, and I didn't check in until the following day to my responsibilities in Salt Lake City.

May 12—Did a carotid endarterectomy on Dr. Kenneth B. Castleton, dean of the Medical School.

May 13—Spoke to the Sunday School General Board emeriti at Weber State College.

May 16—Dantzel and I unveiled a portrait painted by Alvin Gittins showing Keene Curtis in four different poses. This unveiling at the Pioneer Memorial Theater commemorated the gift we had given previously to sustain our dear friend Keith Engar as head of the theater.

May 17—On Mother's eighty-second birthday, we held dinner for thirty-three members of the family at our home and took pictures to document that occasion.

May 28-29—Went to Santa Barbara for the first annual meeting of the Samson Thoracic Surgical Society.

June 1—Flew back to Los Angeles—this time to Anaheim, where I spoke at the graduation exercises of the Anaheim Stake Seminary.

June 5—I was greatly privileged to join with my counselors in making a presentation to the General Authorities in the temple. What an awesome experience to be in their midst in their sacred rooms in the temple.

June 11—Elizabeth Irion was born at 1:39 p.m., weighing 5 pounds 12 ounces, and measuring 19 inches tall.

June 13—Family vacation. Dantzel and I were accompanied by Wendy and Norman, Brenda, Laurie, Rosalie, Marjorie, and Russell. We flew to Boston on Russell's first plane ride. We stayed in the home of Kenneth T. Howe at 204 Prospect Street in Belmont, Massachusetts, and were joined by Emily, who arrived on June 15.

June 16—With Paul and Nancy Dredge we went to Lexington and Concord, later enjoying family home evening at their home in Somerville.

June 17—We went to Wellesley and Plymouth, concluding the evening at an open house given by Naomi and A. J. Cranney at their home.

June 18—We went to Salem and Marblehead.

June 20—I gave the Presidential Address at meetings of the Society for Vascular Surgery at the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston. The address, entitled "Era of Extracorporeal Respiration," was a multimedia presentation employing two 35-mm slide projectors concurrently. It was well received. I conducted all of the meetings of the society.

June 22—We met the Allen C. Rozsa family. Brother Rozsa, president of the Massachusetts Boston Mission, was so kind to take us to the airport when we returned home on June 23.

June 29—The last June Conference of the Church was held.

July 5—The Sunday School presidency joined with the presidencies of the Primary and Relief Society in meeting with our apostle advisers, headed by Elder Thomas S. Monson, at which time we discussed the possible alternate delivery systems to take the place of the now cancelled general conferences of the auxiliaries.

July 7—We bade farewell to Joseph and Elisa Wirthlin as they were departing for his assignment as area supervisor for the Church in Frankfurt, Germany.

July 17—Sylvia returned after six weeks in Hawaii.

July 24—Attended the new Church Office Building dedication. Just prior to the ceremonies, Elder Boyd K. Packer spoke to me about his achalasia and the need for surgical relief. (Achalasia is an obstruction at the outlet of the esophagus just as it connects to the stomach.)

August 3—I met with Elder Boyd K. Packer in his office to discuss his medical problem of achalasia. It was a glorious two-hour period, during which we visited about many important matters. He asked me at that time to review the manuscript of his new book, *Teach Ye Diligently*.

August 3—Elizabeth Irion was given a name and a blessing by her father, Rich.

August 11—Norman A. Maxfield was accepted to the Georgetown Dental School. It was a great blessing for them, because they had wanted this acceptance so very much.

August 17—At my request, I received a blessing from President N. Eldon Tanner on the eve of my performing an operation on Elder Boyd K. Packer for achalasia of the esophagus.

August 18—Performed an esophageal gastric myotomy on Elder Packer.

August 20—Dantzel and other members of the Tabernacle Choir flew to Canada for four days of concerts.

August 23—Wendy and Norman packed their belongings into a car and a rented trailer and left for Washington, D.C., to make their home there. Dantzel and I had done the same thing some twenty-eight years previously.

August 30—We signed a contract with George Knight to build a home for us on our four-acre plot of ground in Midway, Utah.

August 31—(Our thirty-first wedding anniversary.) President Spencer W. Kimball and Emily both spoke at the Bonneville Stake conference.

September 5—I went to the dedicatory services for the J. Reuben Clark Law School at BYU. Chief Justice Warren E. Burger and Associate Justice Lewis Powell spoke. While there we gave another priesthood blessing to Darrel J. Monson, who had complete bowel obstruction.

September 12—Dantzel and I flew to New York City, London, and Glasgow, Scotland, and then motored to Edinburgh.

September 14—Spoke at a fireside at the Edinburgh Branch and had the great privilege of getting better acquainted with President and Sister Derek Cuthbert.

September 15—The Twenty-sixth Congress of the International Surgical Society was convened.

September 17—I was interviewed on BBC Scotland television by Mr. James Harrison. Associated with me in that interview was Elder Klevansky, who stole the show as he completely captivated the interest of Mr. Harrison. (About two years later, Mr. Harrison joined the Church.)

September 18—I addressed the International Surgical Society on our ten-year follow-up on patients with aortic valve replacements.

September 19—We flew from Edinburgh to London and then to Vienna, where we had a mission presidents seminar. We were privileged to meet with thirteen mission presidents: Presidents Wirkus, Langeland, Oscarson, Mahoney, Clayson, Grincer, O'Brien, Radman, Larcher, Sasser, Kelling, Hansen, and G. Schwendiman.

September 21—We spoke at sacrament service in the Vienna Second Branch and participated in a fireside thereafter.

September 23—From Vienna we flew to Prague, Czechoslovakia, for a visit to the medical institute there. We also had inspiring visits with the Saints in Prague.



October 1—Dantzel had a hysterectomy performed by Dr. M. S. Sanders.

October 3—General conference. President Kimball made the historic announcement of the activation of the First Quorum of the Seventy. The conference sustained the appointment of three General Authorities to that quorum, in addition to the seven presidents of the quorum.

October 10—To San Francisco for meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery and the American College of Surgeons. During the week I presented a movie on "The Superior Approach to the Mitral Valve."

October 15—Gave a talk on the current status of mitral valve surgery to the American College of Surgeons in San Francisco. Came home and met with Dick Miles and Brenda; Dick asked for her hand in marriage.

October 29—We had dinner with Dick Miles's parents, L. C. and LaRae Miles. We all were anxious to get better acquainted.

November 5-7—Brenda and I went to Cincinnati, where I spoke to a national surgical residents symposium on the use of antibiotics in open-heart surgery.

November 8—Brenda and Dick had their announcement dinner.

November 16—Went to Anaheim for meetings of the American Heart Association, returning on November 18.

November 25—Dr. W. Rolfe Kerr was announced as president of Dixie College, which would necessitate his being released as a member of the general board of the Sunday School.

November 26—The Sunday School presidency made a presentation to all of the General Authorities.

December 2—I saw Elder Hugh B. Brown before he died that day. He was joined in death on the same date by Elder ElRay L. Christiansen, an Assistant to the Twelve, and Brother Darrel J. Monson of the general board of the Sunday School.

December 5—President Hugh B. Brown's funeral.

December 6—Brother Darrel J. Monson's funeral, at which I spoke.

December 13—Brenda went through the temple for her own endowment. She was joined by my dear sister Enid, who completed her desire to go through the temple. This had not been possible before, but now she was divorced from Richard Ogaard and was able to go through.

December 15—I gave Brenda a father's blessing on our last family home evening together.

December 16—Brenda and Richard L. Miles were joined in celestial marriage by Elder Thomas S. Monson of the Quorum of the Twelve in the Salt Lake Temple. Following this there was a breakfast at the Hilton Hotel given by the Mileses and a reception at the McCune Mansion where we served more than seven hundred people. All of our children were there, Wendy having flown in from Washington, D.C.

December 21—Spoke at the Ensign Stake priesthood meeting.

December 28—Wendy returned to Washington, D.C.

Summary: There were many highlights in the year 1975. Dantzel and I were privileged to go to South America, Africa, and Europe. Brenda married Dick. I lost my first and second counselors after four years in the general presidency of the Sunday School, but gained two new ones.

I'm still impressed with the faith of the Saints. For example, in South Africa, President Brian Chater, who had been in the stake presidency, was released to become stake clerk. How his wife sustained him in that call! I know some wives might have questioned such an action; but his dear wife, Barbara, enthusiastically complimented him on the way home, saying, "Now you will be in a position to see that the records are just as they should be, after all these years of your wishing that could be the case." I've never seen a woman magnify her husband's calling as did she.

Mingling with the Saints in Czechoslovakia was a choice experience. We were met by the branch president and his wife in Prague under the cover of night. (Their names are engraven in our hearts, but won't be mentioned here, for reasons of security.) We went to a darkened apartment building and climbed dimly lit stairs to an upper-story flat. There, a secret knock on the door admitted us to the presence of thirteen wonderful Latter-day Saints, one of whom was a fifteen-year old girl whose father told us that this was the first meeting of the Saints she had been permitted to attend. He said, "We have to be careful not to let our children know we're Mormons, or that we attend church. We are only permitted by law to meet in the homes of friends and associates; we cannot have church meetings as such. But tonight we wanted her to have the privilege of meeting the general president of the Sunday School of the Church." During the course of the evening, I responded to the request of the branch pres-

ident for a special priesthood blessing. Later on, as the branch president and his wife took us back toward the hotel, they dropped us off about two blocks away and said, "We hope you don't mind walking the rest of the way. If we were found with you, it could mean our lives. So we'll leave you here and bid you Godspeed." As they drove away, Dantzel and I realized how precious life is, but that even more precious than life is the freedom to live and to worship as we please. How we tend to take for granted the blessing of teaching the gospel to our children as we proudly proclaim our testimonies to them. These wonderful people in Czechoslovakia keep their membership in the Church a dark secret even from those they love the most.

Finally, I should pay a tribute to my wonderful counselors, Presidents Joseph B. Wirthlin and Richard L. Warner. Faithfully we served together as the general presidency of the Sunday School for four years. Prior to that, President Wirthlin served as my counselor in the presidency of the Bonneville Stake for seven years. Hardly a day went by but what I was asked by one or both of them, "Can I do more for you? Isn't there more I can do?" To have that kind of help is a transcendent blessing, and I am well aware of the fact that their dutiful service made it possible for me to serve more effectively than I could possibly have done otherwise.

## Highlights of 1976

January 9—The appointment of Elder David B. Haight as the new apostle to fill the vacancy created by the death of Elder Hugh B. Brown was announced.

January 13—W. Rolfe Kerr and Joseph Bishop were released from the general board of the Sunday School.

January 18—Dedication of the Perry Ward chapel by President Ezra Taft Benson. Brother Clark White led the choir; Dantzel and I spoke.

January 23—Douglas H. and Barbara B. Smith and all of their family were in our home.

January 24—Dantzel and I went to Washington, D.C., for meetings of the Society of Thoracic Surgeons. We went to the temple together and were privileged to watch as Wendy was sustained as a



stake missionary. We had a wonderful visit with Wendy and Norman. Returned home on January 28.

February 6—The General Authorities approved the concept that members of the general board may make visits to stakes in the Wasatch Front area.

February 12 to March 3—We traveled to nine area conferences in the South Pacific. Dantzel and I were privileged to go with Presidents Spencer W. Kimball and N. Eldon Tanner; Elders Bruce R. McConkie, David B. Haight, Robert L. Simpson, Loren C. Dunn, Marion D. Hanks, Robert D. Hales, and William H. Bennett; Bishop Victor L. Brown; and Brothers D. Arthur Haycock and David M. Kennedy and the wives of all these brethren. Wendell J. Ashton and other staff members were there as well. Several faith-promoting experiences occurred, some of which are cited in Chapter 22 of this book.

February 13—Ground was broken for the new library at the BYU-Hawaii Campus.

February 14—Pago Pago, American Samoa.

February 16—Apia, Western Samoa.

February 17—Dantzel's fiftieth birthday. President Kimball, President Tanner, and the others sang to her.

February 18—President Tanner and I were interviewed on Samoan television station KVZK.

February 19—President Tanner and I gave blessings to President and Sister Kimball, who were both afflicted with high fever. We then traveled from Pago Pago to Auckland, New Zealand.

February 20—Cultural program in Hamilton, New Zealand.

February 21—New Zealand area conference. Ten thousand people were in attendance.

February 22—Sunday. President Kimball and President Tanner took Dantzel and me to the temple and then conducted a tremendous area conference.

February 23—To Wellington, New Zealand, and from there to Suva, Fiji. I met with President Ken Palmer, who was found to be very ill with coronary artery disease. The area conference was held that night in Suva.

February 24—Area conference in Tonga. More than eight thousand people were there.

February 25—Tonga area conference, where I gave a talk enti-

tled "Cling to the Iron Rod." The Saints didn't want to leave after the meeting was over.

February 26—We flew from Tonga to Auckland, and from there to Sydney, Australia.

February 27—Melbourne, Australia, for a priesthood session of the area conference.

February 28—From Melbourne to Sydney for an area conference.

February 29—Area conference at the Sydney Opera House. This was televised nationwide. President Kimball spoke for fifty minutes! Then we held another area conference in Brisbane, Australia.

March 1—We flew to Papeete, Tahiti.

March 2—We met with Governor Charles Schmitt, who attended the area conference. The Kennedys then went to Japan and the Simpsons to Fiji. The rest of us flew from Papeete to Los Angeles on March 3. On this journey we had visited fifty thousand saints, traveling more than twenty-eight thousand miles.

March 10-13—Chicago. American Board of Thoracic Surgery exams.

March 17—Operation on Kenneth Palmer, president of the Fiji Mission.

March 22—Russ and I flew kites.

March 24-25—Sylvia and I went to Las Vegas, Phoenix, and Tucson, where I gave the Henry Eyring Lecture at Arizona State University. The lecture was entitled "Trial and Testimony."

March 28—Sunday. President Kimball's eighty-first birthday. I spoke at the Monument Park Ward on his life.

April 3—General Conference. The new scriptures were ratified by the vote of the conference.

April 5—I spoke at the Regional Representatives Seminar.

April 6—Daddy went with me to general conference—the first time he had been there in his seventy-nine years, excepting when I spoke at general priesthood meeting on October 5, 1968.

April 7-9—To New Orleans for meetings of the American Surgical Association. Dr. Owen H. Wangenstein received a special award, which pleased me very much.

April 15—Laurie received her patriarchal blessing from Patriarch Harold H. Bennett.

April 17—Emily spent a week in Washington, D.C., and New York City with an East High School musical group.

April 21—Dantzel and the children and I performed for the

Kaysville Literary Club.

April 22—Laurie and I flew to Los Angeles for meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery and the American Association for Thoracic Surgery. We were there until April 26, while Dantzel and Russell were with Freddie Gasser and his family in Mexico for ten days.

April 28—Went to Provo to give a blessing to Scott Whitaker, of the Sunday School General Board, who was afflicted with cancer of the bone (multiple myeloma).

May 5—Dantzel and Russell returned home from Puerto Vallarta.

May 6-8—To Philadelphia for meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery.

May 9—Mother's Day dinner for twenty-four of us at Anne Osborn's.

May 15—Sylvia performed in *Of Thee I Sing* at the Promised Valley Playhouse.

May 25—I spoke at the funeral of Harold G. Johns, father of Richard S. Johns II.

May 29—The Tabernacle Choir and the Utah Symphony performed together for the first time in their history. Dantzel, Enid, and Christopher all did very well.

June 3—Rosalie graduated from Clayton Junior High School.

June 4—Emily graduated from East High School.

June 5—Brenda graduated from the University of Utah.

June 7—I spoke at Scott Whitaker's funeral in Provo.

June 10—Wendy and Norman arrived, having driven from Washington, D.C.

June 11—Flew to Anchorage, Alaska, with Brother Ed Pinegar for regional meetings. We went fishing on Monday, June 14, and arrived home June 15.

June 16—Dantzel and I flew to Albuquerque for meetings of the Society for Vascular Surgery, following which we went to Farmington, New Mexico, to represent the Sunday School at June 18 regional meetings. We arrived home on June 20.

June 21—We held our first dinner in our new Midway home.

June 25—Emily performed at the Pioneer Memorial Theater in *The Patriots*.

June 26—We spent our first night at the Midway home.

June 28—Dantzel, Enid, and the Tabernacle Choir went to New



York City, Washington, D.C., and other cities for the Bicentennial celebration.

July 4—I gave Bicentennial messages at the Bonneville Second Ward and a combined stake gathering at the Valley Music Hall.

July 5—We watched fireworks at Midway.

July 17-18—I flew to Iowa City to assess Dr. Don Doty's interest in the possibility of joining Conrad and me.

July 29—Gave a blue Ford to Marsha and Chris.

July 29 to August 1—Went to Cedar City for the Shakespeare festival.

August 7—Don and Cheryl Doty came to look over their opportunities here in Salt Lake City.

August 11—We began an eleven-day family vacation in Midway.

August 15—Wendy and Norman returned to Washington, D.C.

August 18—I spoke at Margaret Baumgart's funeral.

August 31—Sylvia had a left tympanoplasty on our thirty-first wedding anniversary. Emily enrolled at Brigham Young University.

September 11—Brenda and Dick moved into the home that Dick built for them at 1894 East 7200 South.

September 14—Laura McKellar was born at 9:03 a.m., weighing 8 pounds 1 ounce, and measuring 20 inches long.

October 2—I fasted all day in preparation for speaking to Mother and Daddy about their going to the temple to have their wedding solemnized and the family sealed to them. I was thrilled when they said they thought they were ready. Enid and Dantzel were present at the time of this historic commitment.

October 3—At general conference, President Kimball announced that the First Quorum of the Seventy was to be filled.

October 10—Laura McKellar was given a name and a blessing by her father, Christopher. I went to Chicago for meetings of the American College of Surgeons and the American Board of Thoracic Surgery, staying until October 16.

October 19—Jesse Stay was called to the general board of the Sunday School.

November 5—To Boston on a Church assignment, and for New England Mutual Life Insurance Company meetings. Arrived home on the eighth of November.

November 12—Flew to St. George. When one of the small airplane's engines exploded, I expected to be killed. But after a precipitous dive in the disabled plane, the pilot made a safe emergency land-

ing in Delta. I was going to St. George to give the opening prayer at the inaugural services at which Rolfe Kerr became president of Dixie College.

November 13—Sylvia was called to the Pennsylvania Pittsburgh Mission.

November 14—Todd Ogaard's homecoming. After attending that service, I flew to San Diego for Church meetings and the Western Surgical Association annual meeting.

November 15—Flew to Miami.

November 16—I was elected chairman of the Council on Cardiovascular Surgery of the American Heart Association, and also to the Board of Directors of the American Heart Association.

November 25—I dedicated our new Midway home to the Lord on this Thanksgiving day, after making final payment to George Knight for his portion of the contract. Present were Mother and Daddy, the R. F. Rohlfings, Ogaards, McKellars, Mileses, Sylvia, Emily, Laurie, Rosalie, Marjorie, Russell, Dantzel, and I.

December 7—Sunday School Christmas party. We drove President and Sister Kimball there. Russell and President Kimball had their exchange on the "marriage temple." (See page 174.)

December 12—Emily received her patriarchal blessing from Patriarch Harold H. Bennett.

December 14—Sylvia received her endowment in the temple.

Note: I performed 163 open-heart operations in 1976. All but one of those patients survived, making the mortality rate for this year 0.6 percent.

Accompanying President Kimball and others to the area conferences in the South Pacific was a choice experience. There were so many lovely people we met there. To watch President Kimball respond to revelation and priesthood blessing was indescribably great.

## Highlights of 1977

January 9—Sunday. Sylvia's farewell.

January 10—David R. Webster proposed to Sylvia and won our approval in a conversation we held at dinner at the Five Alls restaurant.

January 12—Sylvia was released from her mission call by the General Authorities of the Church.

January 16—Charles E. Mitchener was appointed to replace Richard S. Johns II as executive secretary of the Sunday School.

January 17-20—My first malpractice trial was held. After four days in court, the jury awarded me a unanimous decision, finding no cause for action. What a bitter experience! My hair started to turn gray during this ordeal.

January 25—To San Francisco for meetings of the Society of Thoracic Surgeons and the American Board of Thoracic Surgery.

January 25—To Dallas for American Heart Association meetings.

January 28—I was scheduled to arrive home in Salt Lake, but was unable to because of fog. Spent the night in Boise, arriving in Salt Lake on Saturday, January 29.

January 30—All of our family participated in sacrament service at the Midway First Ward.

February 5—A string of 118 consecutive open-heart operations without a death was brought to a close. This was my longest consecutive series without a fatality.

February 6—Ordained my father an elder.

February 9—Marjorie had a tonsillectomy and bilateral myringotomies.

February 17—For Dantzel's fifty-first birthday she received a Rodgers organ.

February 19—I spoke at the funeral of Orvilla Brown Maxfield, grandmother of Norman A. Maxfield and the mother of Naomi M. Shumway, who is general president of the Primary.

February 22—Emily and I went to Logan to speak at the Utah State University Institute of Religion.

February 25—Laurie performed the role of Kim McAfee in *Bye Bye Birdie* at East High School.

February 26—I spoke at the funeral of Matthew Hansen, seventeen-year-old son of W. Eugene and Jeanine Hansen.

March 1—Russell and I flew to Rexburg, Idaho, for my speaking engagement to the student body there. Five thousand students were gathered for that devotional assembly.

March 2—I began a series of weekly German lessons, tutored in our home by Richard Sutherland. (When Dantzel and I were last in Germany, I made a promise to her that I would never go to Germany again without studying the language first. Therefore, when my regional meeting assignment was changed from Mexico to Germany,

I had to honor this personal commitment and begin the study of German.)

March 3—Brenda had her first miscarriage.

March 11—Wendy and Norman flew home from Washington, D.C.

March 12—Emergency open-heart operation on President Marion G. Romney's sister, Arta Ballif.

March 12—Had a meeting with Conrad B. Jenson and Frank W. Moody to discuss with Kent W. Jones the possibility of his joining our practice.

March 15—The temple marriage of Sylvia to David R. Webster was performed by Elder W. Grant Bangerter. All of our first five daughters were there in the temple, and all of the sons-in-law who were available. The wedding breakfast was held at the Hilton Hotel, and a reception was held later at the Heritage House, where we served six hundred people.

March 16—Had a 1:00 p.m. meeting with the First Presidency and all the General Authorities, following which I flew to Chicago for American Board of Thoracic Surgery examinations. I returned home on March 19.

March 20—Wendy and Norman returned to Washington, D.C.

March 26—MOTHER AND DADDY WERE SEALED FOR TIME AND ALL ETERNITY by President Joseph T. Bentley of the Provo Temple presidency, Daddy at age eighty, Mother at age eighty-three. Following this we had a dinner celebration at our Midway home, serving thirty-three people. It was a tremendous celebration, honoring as well my brother Bob on his forty-sixth birthday.

March 28—Gloria and Rich moved into their new home at 2740 East Kenton Drive.

March 29—Neal E. Lambert and Charles E. Mitchener were called to the general board of the Sunday School.

April 3—Sunday of general conference. President Spencer W. Kimball called me at 7:00 a.m. about L. Malloy, who was scheduled to undergo surgery on April 7. Later, I gave a blessing to Robert F. Rohlfsing in the hospital where the diagnosis of multiple myeloma was rendered.

April 13—I flew to Dallas for meetings of the American Heart Association.

April 15—To Toronto for meetings of the American Board of



Thoracic Surgery and the American Association for Thoracic Surgery, and also for service in the Church with Elder M. Russell Ballard, president of the Canada Toronto Mission.

April 25—Elder Boyd K. Packer gave Dantzel a special blessing.

April 28—Laurie and I flew to Boston for meetings of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, following which we served with President Allen C. Rozsa in missionary activity in the New England states.

May 1—Returned home.

May 5—To Chicago for meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery, returning home May 6.

May 13—Neil D. Schaerrer was called to be the new general president of the Young Men. His counselors were Graham H. Doxey, Jr., and Quinn G. McKay. Brother Keith M. Engar was called as chairman of the Activities Committee of the Church.

May 27—Laurie graduated from seminary and from East High School; Marjorie graduated from Uintah Elementary School; Dick Miles graduated from the University of Utah; and Rich Irion graduated from medical school.

June 1-13—Dantzel and I went on regional meeting assignments to West Germany, East Germany, Switzerland, Finland, Sweden, and England. We labored with Elders Joseph B. Wirthlin and Bernard P. Brockbank. The mission presidents with whom we served were Richard Eyre, Gary O'Brien, Karl Clayson, Paul Oscarson, Stephen Mahoney, Henry Burkhardt, and Douglas A. Smith. The Regional Representatives with whom we worked were Dan C. Jorgensen and Joseph Hamstead. At these meetings I spoke in German, having worked hard with my tutor. Dantzel sang at the request of Elder Thomas S. Monson.

June 13—We flew from London to Washington, D.C., on the Concorde in a 3½ hour flight at 1,500 miles an hour.

June 14—Dantzel and I attended the temple with Wendy and Norman, and that evening we prayed that Wendy might be able to deliver her child before I had to leave for Rochester, New York.

June 15—In direct answer to prayer, Marissa Maxfield was born at 8:54 a.m.—6 pounds 10½ ounces, 18½ inches long. Later on in the day, I flew to Rochester, and Dantzel remained with Wendy, Norman, and Marissa.

June 18—I served with Elder Bryant W. Rossiter, Regional

Representative of the Twelve, at regional meetings in Rochester, New York.

June 19—Returned home on Father's Day.

June 23—Dick Miles and I took Russell fishing at Strawberry reservoir. Russell caught an 18½ inch trout, and he also caught a seagull!

July 5—Dr. Kent W. Jones joined us in medical practice after Dr. Jenson and I had worked for sixteen years as a two-man group.

July 17—The girls all sang a musical rendition of section 4 of the Doctrine and Covenants at Elder Brad Wittwer's farewell.

July 20—Began our family vacation. Dantzel and I took Emily, Laurie, Rosalie, Marjorie, Russell, Mother, and Daddy to Rochester, New York, where I spoke at the Hill Cumorah to the cast performing in the pageant there.

July 21—Uncle Irv and Aunt Grace Nelson joined us from Oakland.

July 22—Attended the Hill Cumorah Pageant.

July 23—We flew to Washington, D.C., to visit Wendy, Norman, and Marissa Maxfield.

July 26—Accompanied by the Maxfields, we went to Monticello and Williamsburg, Virginia, then motored back to Washington, D.C.

July 30—Returned home by air, concluding a wonderful ten-day trip together.

August 7—Attended the sunset service at the Garden Park Ward, where President Spencer W. Kimball and President N. Eldon Tanner spoke. There I was inspired by President Kimball to begin the preparation of this personal history.

August 13—Marsha and Chris moved into their new home at 1370 South 1900 East.

August 15—Marjorie Mecham, Boyd White, Beth Dredge, and Dantzel and their partners went to our Midway home for a great reunion.

August 19—Bought fifteen acres of land in Center Creek from A. Ray Mair.

August 28—Marjorie graduated from Primary.

September 5—Labor Day. Ten of us in the family worked six hours freezing and preserving corn that had been grown on our Midway property. I gave Russell a father's blessing on the eve of his starting school, as I had done for each of his nine sisters.

September 7—Gave a blessing to President Spencer W. Kimball

in the hospital. (See pages 183-85.)

September 9—Received written tributes from the children on my fifty-third birthday.

September 13—Kathryn Irion was born at 7:33 p.m.: 6 pounds 12 ounces, 20½ inches long.

September 16—Marsha and Chris went to Europe with the Utah Symphony. It was our privilege to tend Nathan, Stephen, and Laura a good share of the time while they were gone.

September 22—To Chicago for a Veteran's Administration hospital study.

September 24—Sylvia and Dave moved into their new home at 1072 East Sixth South.

September 25—Marjorie, Russell, and I spoke in Logan at the Utah State University Institute of Religion.

September 28—I was given the Utah State Medical Association's Distinguished Service Award for my service as chairman of its long-range planning committee. While I was chairman, the committee outlined a course of action for the next decade.

October 1—Went to general priesthood meeting with my father.

October 5—Dantzel and I received a large Kerman Persian rug as a gift from Dr. Saeed Esmaili.

October 6—Flew with Marjorie to Boston for meetings of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company. Then, with President Jae R. Ballif, we went to Sharon, Vermont, to show Marjorie the Prophet Joseph Smith's birthplace. Returned home October 9.

October 15—Gave a lemon-colored Ford Gran Torino to Gloria and Rich.

October 16—Dantzel and I went to Dallas for meetings of the American College of Surgeons and the American Board of Thoracic Surgery, returning home October 22.

October 27—Dantzel fractured her right calcaneus doing physical fitness activities at Relief Society.

November 4—President Kimball gave us an autographed copy of his biography, *Spencer W. Kimball*. It was compiled by his son Edward and his grandson Andrew.

November 6—Kathryn Irion was given her name and a blessing by her father, Rich.

November 6—We went with President and Sister Kimball to Bountiful, where he dedicated the Bountiful Tabernacle.

November 12—Brenda and Dick moved from their duplex at

1896 East 7200 South to a new single dwelling built by Dick at 1927 East Gunther Drive.

November 13—Rosalie and I went to Las Vegas, where we spoke for a Church fireside and then attended meetings of the Western Surgical Association, returning home November 15.

November 19—Did an emergency quintuple coronary artery bypass graft on my classmate, Dr. Dewey MacKay.

November 27—Emily and I flew to Miami for meetings of the American Heart Association. Included in our list of memorable events was a visit to Everglades National Park. We returned home December 2.

December 8-10—Went to Billings, Montana, at the request of the Deaconess and St. Vincent hospitals to help them adjudicate a dispute.

The highlight of the year was the fulfillment of my prayerful hope of some forty years as my parents were married in the temple and we were sealed to them. Silent shouts of joy could be felt as Mother and Daddy entered the celestial room to be greeted there by all of their endowed loved ones.

## Highlights of 1978

January 4—Emily left for Europe on the BYU Semester Abroad Program based in Vienna, Austria. She had saved money earned at two jobs, one at Castleton's and one as a waitress at Grandmother's House.

January 15—President Benson and I were speakers at the Heber Stake conference, following which the Bensons visited us at our home in Midway.

January 21-26—Dantzel, Marjorie, Russell, and I went to Orlando, Florida, for meetings of the Society of Thoracic Surgeons. While there, we went to Disney World as well as to Church meetings.

January 26—Dantzel, Marjorie, and Russell returned home. I returned a day later, having stopped off in Dallas for meetings of the American Heart Association.

February 5—Dantzel and I went to Washington, D.C., to stay with the Maxfields. The following day, we were snowbound in their apartment.

February 7—Met with the Board of Directors of the American Heart Association, and attended Congressional delegation meetings



pertaining to the thirtieth anniversary of the establishment of the American Heart Association. We returned home on February 9.

February 20-26—Dantzel and I went to the Las Hadas Hotel in Manzanillo, Mexico, for a medical meeting to commemorate the thirty-first anniversary of our graduation from medical school.

March 1—Met with President Spencer W. Kimball regarding the selection of new counselors. We agreed that Joe J. Christensen should be called as first counselor and William D. Oswald as second counselor in the general presidency of the Sunday School. B. Lloyd Poelman had been called to preside over the mission in Nashville, Tennessee.

March 19—The girls sang at Elder Peter Williams's farewell.

March 21-23—Production of *Our Town* at the Yale Second Ward. Dr. Frank Whiting was the director. Dantzel and I played the parts of Dr. and Mrs. Gibbs; Rosalie played the part of our daughter, Rebecca.

March 22—Because of cardiac irregularities in my own heart, Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson prescribed quinaglute to control extra systoles. (Stopped this treatment September 1, 1978, after the trouble disappeared.)

March 24—Marjorie, Russell, and I spoke to the Alpha Epsilon Delta fraternity, a premedical group at BYU.

March 29—President N. Eldon Tanner was awarded the "Giant in Our City" Award at a special banquet given in his honor at the Hotel Utah. Daddy prepared the honorary booklet given at this affair.

March 30—On the eve of general conference, I incised and drained a cyst on the nose of President Spencer W. Kimball.

April 4—A Sunday School General Board temple session was held, following which we held a farewell dinner for President B. Lloyd Poelman and Brother Neal E. Lambert, who were released to serve in other Church assignments.

April 5—Met with the First Presidency to set apart my new counselors in the general presidency of the Sunday School. Joe J. Christensen was set apart by President N. Eldon Tanner, and William D. Oswald was set apart by President Spencer W. Kimball. The First Presidency asked me to offer the opening prayer at that meeting. Later that evening, Maria Zepeda moved in with us at home.

April 6-9—Rosalie and I went to Boston for meetings of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, following which we

participated in missionary activities under the direction of President Jae R. Ballif.

April 11—Did a triple coronary artery bypass graft on Elder Robert L. Simpson.

April 12—Called President Kimball to congratulate him on the sixth anniversary of his open-heart operation and to have Elder Simpson speak to him. Afterward, I flew to Dallas for meetings of the American Heart Association. I participated later in meetings with Gilman J. Housley, president of the Dallas East Stake Sunday School. We spoke at a fireside for the youth of the Dallas East Stake and adjoining stakes. Returned home April 15.

April 16—David R. Webster was installed as a counselor in the bishopric of the Emigration Ward.

April 19—David R. Webster, Jr., was born at 7:40 p.m. (7 pounds 13½ ounces, 20 inches long), delivered by Dr. Howard C. Sharp by cesarean section because of the baby's double footling breach position.

April 20—Flew to Chicago for a Veterans Administration study.

April 21—Went to the Promised Valley Playhouse for dinner, after which we went to the University of Utah for a performance of *Third Nephi*.

April 26-28—To Dallas for meetings of the American Surgical Association.

May 1—Met with Norm Kohler and Edd Thacker regarding the landscaping of our Midway home.

May 4-10—Dantzel and I flew to New Orleans for meetings of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery and the American Board of Thoracic Surgery. I served during this month as chairman of the nominating committees for three important professional organizations: (1) the American Heart Association Council on Cardiovascular Surgery, (2) the Society for Vascular Surgery, and (3) the Thoracic Surgical Directors Association.

May 11—I concluded my year as president of the Timpanogos Club by conducting the Ladies Night festivities, at which our musical program was furnished by H. Christopher McKellar, Lynn Sanders Nelson, and Camille Sanders Cook.

May 14-15—To Chicago for meetings of the American Board of Thoracic Surgery.

May 15—Russell prayed that Emily would telephone us. (I hadn't spoken with her since she left in January.) We were really

thrilled when she called about two hours after Russell's prayer.

May 16—Brenda's second miscarriage.

May 17—Mother's eighty-fifth birthday. Forty-five people came to our home to celebrate this occasion.

May 23-25—Flew to Dallas for meetings of the American Heart Association and later to Fort Worth for Church meetings.

May 28—David Reed Webster, Jr., was given a name and a blessing by his father.

June 2—Dantzel and I went to Mexico City with Addie Fuhrman of the Relief Society General Board for meetings under the direction of Regional Representative Ronald Stone and his wife, Pat.

June 4—Regional meetings were held for the Industrial Region in Mexico City.

June 5—Fazur Estrada drove us to Cholula and Puebla with the Stones.

June 6—Flew to Guatemala, accompanied by Dr. John and Pat Bevan of the Young Men General Board. Met with Elder G. Enrique Rittscher, Regional Representative of the Twelve.

June 7—We flew to Tikal to see the remnants of an ancient American civilization that existed there from 600 B.C. to A.D. 800 or so.

June 8—We went to Chichicastenango and later spent the night at Lago Atitlan, one of the most beautiful lakes we've ever seen.

June 9—While we were attending a cultural meeting on the evening prior to regional meetings in Quetzaltenango, news of the revelation enabling blacks to hold the priesthood was announced to us by President Juan O'Donnell.

June 10—Regional meetings in Quetzaltenango, Guatemala, under the direction of Elder G. Enrique Rittscher. We returned home on June 12. Shortly after our trip to Latin America, Emily returned home from her semester abroad.

June 20—Heber G. Wolsey was released from the Sunday School General Board.

June 21-22—To Las Vegas for meetings of the Society for Vascular Surgery, completing eight years of service on the council in that organization.

June 23—Attended the mission presidents seminar, at which time President Kimball shared with me his reaction to the revelation that all worthy males may hold the priesthood.

July 7—Wendy, Norm, and Marissa arrived from Washington,

D.C. They were able to visit with us until August 7.

July 9—At the Bonneville Ward sacrament meeting, our nine daughters sang together for the first time in three years.

July 12—The new Young Women presidency was announced: Elaine A. Cannon, president; Arlene B. Darger and Norma B. Smith, counselors.

July 14—Family vacation with fourteen of the twenty-three of us present, including Dantzel and me, Emily, Laurie, Rosalie, Marjorie, Russell, Wendy and Norm, Gloria and Rich, Brenda and Dick, and David Webster. We took five days to float down the Green River.

July 20—Maria Zepeda left after four months with us.

July 29—Marsha and the children returned from California where they had been vacationing with Chris, he having been there since June.

August 3—Open-heart surgery was performed on Marian and Smith Griffin, the first time I've done a husband and wife the same day. They're the parents of Dr. Glen Griffin, who was in the operating room to observe the operations on his parents.

August 4—Our family portrait was taken.

August 10—First meeting with Elder Joseph B. Wirthlin as my new leader. This is significant because he served as my counselor for eleven years, and now he has been appointed managing director of that section of the Priesthood Department to which the Sunday School reports. How I honor and sustain that man.

August 11—The Primary celebrated its one hundredth anniversary with a commemorative dinner held on the twenty-sixth floor of the Church Office Building. We were privileged to be there along with all the General Authorities and other invited guests. It was an outstanding occasion.

August 16—Marjorie had a right tympanoplasty performed by Dr. Dean Zobell.

August 16—Dr. Jenson, our staff, and I moved from 508 East South Temple, where our professional office had been located for fifteen years. The new office is in the LDS Hospital Office Building, 324 Tenth Avenue, Suite 160.

August 19—Elder Delbert L. Stapley died, having served for twenty-eight years as an apostle.

August 24—Russell learned how to ride a two-wheel bike



(without training wheels) today.

August 25—Dantzel spent a week in Provo at the BYU Education Week.

August 31—Dantzel and I celebrated our thirty-third wedding anniversary in the temple, following which Mother and Daddy took us and all of our married children to dinner at the Country Club.

September 7—Emily and I went to Dallas for meetings of a special task force of the American Heart Association, following which she and I participated in a stake Sunday School leadership meeting.

September 9—We returned home for my fifty-fourth birthday party. Dantzel gave a dinner for thirty of our beloved family.

September 16—First women's fireside was held in the Tabernacle. Dantzel and seven of our daughters were there. (Wendy was in Washington. Marjorie, a little too young to be invited, served as babysitter for the older sisters' children.)

September 18—Norman Maxfield was operated on for a ruptured appendix in Washington, D.C.

September 21-22—To New Orleans for meetings of the American Heart Association.

September 30—General conference. This was a very historic conference because: (1) The revelation regarding the priesthood becoming available to all worthy male members of the Church regardless of race was ratified by vote of the conference. (2) A new emeritus status for General Authorities was created and granted to seven. (3) Elder James E. Faust was named as a new apostle to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Elder Delbert L. Stapley. (4) Other new General Authorities named were Elders F. Burton Howard, Teddy E. Brewerton, and Jack H. Goasland, Jr.

October 6-7—To Phoenix for American Heart Association meetings.

October 12-13—To Boston for meetings of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, then to the mission home for a fireside talk.

October 14—Flew from Boston to San Francisco. There I was joined by Dantzel, Russell, and Marjorie for a weekend with Dr. and Mrs. Richard W. Hardy. I spoke at a fireside at the Saratoga Stake Center.

October 16-21—San Francisco. Meetings of the American College of Surgeons and the American Board of Thoracic Surgery. I retired as director of the board, concluding six years of service.

October 26-27—To Chicago as a consultant to the Veterans Administration.

November 6-7—To Los Angeles for Lilly Conference.

November 12-18—Dallas-Fort Worth. Annual convention of the American Heart Association. I was released after two years of service as chairman of the Council on Cardiovascular Surgery, and from the Board of Directors of the American Heart Association. Met with leaders of the Fort Worth and Fort Worth North stakes while there.

November 30 to December 1—Went to Dallas for American Heart Association meetings.

December 5—Annual Sunday School board Christmas party. We had the privilege of escorting President and Sister N. Eldon Tanner to and from the party.

December 4-23—Emily and Laurie performed in the Promised Valley Playhouse production of *A Christmas Carol*. They did so well.

December 13—Bonnevillie Stake Christmas party. Sat beside President and Sister Kimball.

December 14—First Presidency's annual Christmas devotional held for Church employees and families. The Tabernacle Choir (with Enid and Dantzel) sang. Elaine Cannon and I were privileged to share the podium with the First Presidency in giving Christmas messages.

December 14-15—To Dallas for American Heart Association meetings.

December 23—Rosalie was elected as Junior Class Queen of Christmas at East High School.

December 28—Met for one hour with President Spencer W. Kimball reviewing the contents of this book. He studied it carefully and approved my publishing the chapters referring to my privilege of being his servant and surgeon. He was so happy to see his request honored that this book be written. It seems fitting that the first entry refers to his generating the idea; the last entry pertains to his approbation of the completed manuscript.

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*Overleaf:* Family portrait, August 1978. *Foreground:* Nathan McKellar, Laura McKellar. *Middle:* Richard Irion with Elizabeth, Gloria N. Irion holding Kathryn, Marsha McKellar, Stephen McKellar, Russell, Jr., Dantzel W. Nelson, Marjorie, Wendy N. Maxfield holding Marissa, Rosalie. *Back row:* Christopher McKellar, Laurie, Richard Miles, Brenda N. Miles, Russell M. Nelson, Emily, Norman Maxfield, David Webster, Sylvia N. Webster holding David, Jr.







Part G

## **Genealogical Exhibits**



Note: Family group sheets are in alphabetical order *after* pedigree charts and group sheets for Russell M. Nelson and his immediate family members.

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

NAME OF PERSON SUBMITTING CHART \_\_\_\_\_

STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS  
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. \_\_\_\_\_  
ON CHART NO. \_\_\_\_\_

Marsha NELSON (or any  
other child)

BORN \_\_\_\_\_  
WHERE \_\_\_\_\_  
WHEN MARRIED \_\_\_\_\_  
DIED \_\_\_\_\_  
WHERE \_\_\_\_\_

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE \_\_\_\_\_

SOURCES OF INFORMATION \_\_\_\_\_

2 Russell Marion NELSON  
BORN 9 Sep 1924  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah  
WHEN MARRIED 31 Aug 1945  
DIED \_\_\_\_\_  
WHERE \_\_\_\_\_

3 Dantzel WHITE  
BORN 17 Feb 1926  
WHERE Perry, Utah  
DIED \_\_\_\_\_  
WHERE \_\_\_\_\_

4 Marion Clavar NELSON  
BORN 11 Jan 1897  
WHERE Manti, Utah  
WHEN MARRIED 25 Aug 1919  
DIED \_\_\_\_\_  
WHERE \_\_\_\_\_

5 Floss Edna ANDERSON  
BORN 17 May 1893  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah  
DIED \_\_\_\_\_  
WHERE \_\_\_\_\_

6 LeRoy Davis WHITE  
BORN 15 Jul 1888  
WHERE Perry, Utah  
WHEN MARRIED 25 Jun 1913  
DIED 7 Dec 1955  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

7 Maude CLARK  
BORN 14 Mar 1892  
WHERE Benson, Utah  
DIED 24 Dec 1964  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

8 Andrew Clarence NELSON  
BORN 20 Jan 1864  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah  
WHEN MARRIED 5 Aug 1885  
DIED 26 Dec 1913  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

9 Amanda JENSEN  
BORN 28 Mar 1863  
WHERE Oslo, Norway  
DIED 22 October 1945  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

10 Andrew Charles ANDERSON  
BORN 1 Oct 1860  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah  
WHEN MARRIED 31 Mar 1881  
DIED 28 Dec 1943  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

11 Sarah Elizabeth WILLIAMS  
BORN 13 Feb 1864  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah  
DIED 13 Apr 1945  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

12 Barnard WHITE  
BORN 9 Nov 1839  
WHERE London, England  
WHEN MARRIED 1 May 1876  
DIED 8 Mar 1912  
WHERE Ogden, Utah

13 Sarah Jane FIFE  
BORN 10 Jul 1855  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah  
DIED 14 Sep 1932  
WHERE Ogden, Utah

14 Cyrus Edward CLARK  
BORN 13 Sep 1846  
WHERE Lee County, Iowa  
WHEN MARRIED 3 Jan 1875  
DIED 21 Mar 1923  
WHERE Logan, Utah

15 Sarah Jane DUNN  
BORN 24 Nov 1857  
WHERE Bountiful, Utah  
DIED 21 Jan 1934  
WHERE Logan, Utah

16 \_\_\_\_\_  
CONT. ON CHART

17 Margrethe HANSEN  
CONT. ON CHART

18 Johan Andreas Iversen JENSEN  
CONT. ON CHART

19 Petra Andrine AMUNDSEN  
CONT. ON CHART

20 Niels Christian ANDERSON  
CONT. ON CHART

21 Ingeborg PAULSEN  
CONT. ON CHART

22 Stephen Henry WILLIAMS  
CONT. ON CHART

23 Emma Jane HILLARD  
CONT. ON CHART

24 William WHITE  
CONT. ON CHART

25 Mary Ann SYER  
CONT. ON CHART

26 William Nichol FIFE  
CONT. ON CHART

27 Diana DAVIS (or DAVIES)  
CONT. ON CHART

28 Israel Justus CLARK  
CONT. ON CHART

29 Elizabeth Angeline TUTTLE  
CONT. ON CHART

30 John Johnson DUNN  
CONT. ON CHART

31 Sarah Wrihten HAWKINS  
CONT. ON CHART

# PEDIGREE CHART

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

NAME OF PERSON SUBMITTING CHART \_\_\_\_\_

STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS  
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. \_\_\_\_\_  
ON CHART NO. \_\_\_\_\_

**Russell Marion NELSON**  
BORN 9 Sep 1924  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah  
WHEN MARRIED 31 Aug 1945  
DIED \_\_\_\_\_  
WHERE \_\_\_\_\_  
**Dantzel WHITE**  
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

2 **Marion Clavar NELSON**

BORN 11 Jan 1897  
WHERE Manti, Utah  
WHEN MARRIED 25 Aug 1919  
DIED \_\_\_\_\_  
WHERE \_\_\_\_\_

3 **Floss Edna ANDERSON**

BORN 17 May 1893  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah  
DIED \_\_\_\_\_  
WHERE \_\_\_\_\_

4 **Andrew Clarence NELSON**

BORN 20 Jan 1864  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah  
WHEN MARRIED 5 Aug 1885  
DIED 26 Dec 1913  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

5 **Amanda JENSEN**

BORN 28 Mar 1863  
WHERE Oslo, Norway  
DIED 22 Oct 1945  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

6 **Andrew Charles ANDERSON**

BORN 1 Oct 1860  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah  
WHEN MARRIED 31 Mar 1881  
DIED 28 Dec 1943  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

7 **Sarah Elizabeth WILLIAMS**

BORN 13 Feb 1864  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah  
DIED 13 Apr 1945  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

8 **Mads Peder NIELSEN**  
BORN 3 Aug 1833  
WHERE Mialholm, Denmark  
WHEN MARRIED \_\_\_\_\_  
DIED 27 Jan 1891  
WHERE Redmond, Utah  
9 **Margrethe HANSEN**  
BORN 11 Jan 1830  
WHERE Vjerup, Denmark  
DIED 6 Nov 1914  
WHERE Redmond, Utah

10 **Johan Andreas Iversen JENSEN**

BORN 16 Nov 1795  
WHERE Glemmen, Norway  
WHEN MARRIED 4 Mar 1852  
DIED 24 Jun 1882  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah  
11 **Petra Andrine AMUNDSEN**  
BORN 3 Mar 1828  
WHERE Glemmen, Norway  
DIED 17 Apr 1909  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah

12 **Niels Christian ANDERSON**

BORN 26 Nov 1835  
WHERE Lund, Sweden  
WHEN MARRIED 15 Nov 1857  
DIED 11 Jun 1913  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah  
13 **Ingeborg PAULSEN**  
BORN 9 Apr 1823  
WHERE Dyver, Norway  
DIED 25 Feb 1908  
WHERE Ephraim, Utah

14 **Stephen Henry WILLIAMS**

BORN 31 May 1816  
WHERE Hartford, England  
WHEN MARRIED 10 Jun 1844  
DIED 8 Jun 1897  
WHERE Emery, Utah  
15 **Emma Jane HILLARD**  
BORN 31 Mar 1826  
WHERE Dichey, England  
DIED 27 June 1897  
WHERE Emery, Utah

16 **Niels CHRISTENSEN**

17 **Bodil PEDERSEN**

18 **Christen HANSEN**

19 **Kirsten NIELSEN**

20 **Jens IVERSEN**

21 **Ingeborg S. N. O.**

22 **Amund PEDERSEN**

23 **Oliana (or Cleane**

24 **Anders Paul JONSS**

25 **Elna ANDERSON**

26 **Paul JENSEN**

27 **Sire (Sarah) OLES**

28 **Thomas WILLIAMS**

29 **Sarah ELLIOTT**

30 **Andrew HILLARD**

31 **Mary Jane HIGGINS**

# PEDIGREE CHART

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

NAME OF PERSON SUBMITTING CHART \_\_\_\_\_

STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS  
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. \_\_\_\_\_  
ON CHART NO. \_\_\_\_\_

**Dantzel WHITE**  
BORN 17 Feb 1926  
WHERE Perry, Utah  
WHEN MARRIED 31 Aug 1945  
DIED \_\_\_\_\_  
WHERE \_\_\_\_\_  
**Russell Marion NELSON**  
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

2 **LeRoy Davis WHITE**

BORN 15 Jul 1888  
WHERE Perry, Utah  
WHEN MARRIED 25 Jun 1913  
DIED 7 Dec 1955  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

3 **Maude CLARK**

BORN 14 Mar 1892  
WHERE Benson, Utah  
DIED 24 Dec 1964  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah

4 **Barnard WHITE**

BORN 9 Nov 1839  
WHERE London, England  
WHEN MARRIED 1 May 1876  
DIED 8 Mar 1912  
WHERE Ogden, Utah

5 **Sarah Jane FIFE**

BORN 10 Jul 1855  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah  
DIED 14 Sep 1932  
WHERE Ogden, Utah

6 **Cyrus Edward CLARK**

BORN 13 Sep 1846  
WHERE Lee County, Iowa  
WHEN MARRIED 3 Jan 1875  
DIED 21 Mar 1923  
WHERE Logan, Utah

7 **Sarah Jane DUNN**

BORN 24 Nov 1857  
WHERE Bountiful, Utah  
DIED 21 Jan 1934  
WHERE Logan, Utah

8 **William WHITE**  
BORN 7 May 1779  
WHERE England  
WHEN MARRIED 17 Apr 1837  
DIED 21 Oct 1842  
WHERE London, England  
9 **Mary Jane SYER**  
BORN Jan 1793-1798  
WHERE Nacton, England  
DIED 22 Aug 1882  
WHERE Ogden, Utah

10 **William Nichol FIFE**

BORN 16 Oct 1831  
WHERE Kincardine, Scotland  
WHEN MARRIED 9 Jul 1854  
DIED 21 Oct 1915  
WHERE Ogden, Utah  
11 **Diana DAVIS (or DAVIES)**  
BORN 11 Apr 1836  
WHERE Llystyn, South Wales  
DIED 12 Sep 1884  
WHERE Cochise County, Arizona

12 **Israel Justus CLARK**

BORN 25 Dec 1821  
WHERE Dansville, New York  
WHEN MARRIED 1839  
DIED 13 Sep 1905  
WHERE Vernal, Utah  
13 **Elizabeth Angeline TUTTLE**  
BORN 6 Mar 1822  
WHERE Victor, New York  
DIED 15 May 1884  
WHERE Vernal, Utah

14 **John Johnson DUNN**

BORN 12 Feb 1824  
WHERE Martinville, Virginia  
WHEN MARRIED 3 Jan 1853  
DIED 20 June 1890  
WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah  
15 **Sarah Wrihten HAWKINS**  
BORN 31 Jul 1826  
WHERE Loxley, England  
DIED 23 Aug 1912  
WHERE Perry, Utah

16 **Barnard WHITE**

17 **Elizabeth**

18 **William SYER**

19 **Ann or Mary Ann**

20 **John FIFE**

21 **Mary Meek NICHOL**

22 **Daniel DAVIS (or**

23 **Sarah THOMAS**

24 **Eli CLARK**

25 **Mary Tiffany SMA**

26 **Jessee TUTTLE**

27 **Diana Hacombe GI**

28 **John DUNN**

29 **Elizabeth JOHNSTON**

30 **Daniel HOWKINS**

31 **Mary GREEN**

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<b>HUSBAND</b>		Name: 9 Sep 1924		Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		Wife: Dantzel WHITE		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON		
Chr:		Place:		Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		Ward Examiners: 1. 2.				
Mar: 31 Aug 1945		Place:		Place:		State or Mission:				
Died:		Place:		Place:						
Bur:		Place:		Place:						
HUSBAND'S FATHER: Marion Clavar NELSON		HUSBAND'S MOTHER: Floss Edna ANDERSON						RELATION OF ABOVE TO H		
WIFE: Dantzel WHITE		Date: 17 Feb 1926		Place: Perry, Box Elder, Utah				FOUR GENERATION SHEET YES <input type="checkbox"/>		
Chr:		Place:		Place:				DATE SUBMITTED TO GEN		
Died:		Place:		Place:				LDS		
Bur:		Place:		Place:				BAPTIZED (Date) E		
WIFE'S FATHER: LeRoy Davis WHITE		WIFE'S MOTHER: Maude CLARK						HUSBAND: 30 Nov 1940 3		
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS								WIFE: 3 Mar 1934 3		
SEX	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN		WHERE BORN		DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED		
1	Let each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Given Names SURNAME	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY MONTH YEAR	
1	F Marsha NELSON	29	Jul	1948	Minneapolis	Hennepin	Minn.	20 Nov 1970		
2	F Wendy NELSON	5	Apr	1951	Washington		D.C.	Hugh Christopher McKELLAR	31 Jul 1956 1	
3	F Gloria NELSON	21	Sep	1952	Washington		D.C.	27 Aug 1974	28 Apr 1959 2	
4	F Brenda NELSON	3	Feb	1954	Boston	Suffolk	Mass.	14 Mar 1974	27 Sep 1960 1	
5	F Sylvia NELSON	6	Jun	1955	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah	Richard Alan IRION	27 Feb 1962 1	
6	F Emily NELSON	15	Jan	1958	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah	16 Dec 1975	2 Jul 1963 1	
7	F Laurie NELSON	27	Apr	1959	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah	15 Mar 1977	28 Jan 1966	
8	F Rosalie NELSON	7	Feb	1962	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah	David Reed WEBSTER	27 Apr 1967	
9	F Marjorie NELSON	5	Oct	1965	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah		19 Feb 1970	
10	M Russell Marion NELSON, Jr.	21	Mar	1972	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah		25 Oct 1973	
11										
SOURCES OF INFORMATION						OTHER MARRIAGES				NECESSARY EXPLANATION

<b>HUSBAND</b>		Name: 11 Apr 1948		Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		Wife: Hugh Christopher McKELLAR		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON		
Chr: 6 Jun 1948		Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		Ward Examiners: 1. 2.				
Mar: 20 Nov 1970		Place: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah		Place:		State or Mission:				
Died:		Place:		Place:						
Bur:		Place:		Place:						
HUSBAND'S FATHER: Hugh Archibald McKELLAR		HUSBAND'S MOTHER: Lila Jeanne WADE						RELATION OF ABOVE TO H		
WIFE: Marsha NELSON		Date: 29 Jul 1948		Place: Minneapolis, Hennepin, Minnesota				FOUR GENERATION SHEET YES <input type="checkbox"/>		
Chr: 7 Sep 1948		Place: Minneapolis, Hennepin, Minnesota		Place:				DATE SUBMITTED TO GEN		
Died:		Place:		Place:				LDS		
Bur:		Place:		Place:				BAPTIZED (Date) E		
WIFE'S FATHER: Russell Marion NELSON		WIFE'S MOTHER: Dantzel WHITE						HUSBAND: 29 Apr 1956		
WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS								WIFE: 31 Jul 1956		
SEX	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN		WHERE BORN		DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED		
1	Let each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Given Names SURNAME	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY MONTH YEAR	
1	M Nathan Christopher McKELLAR	15	Feb	1972	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah			
2	M Stephen Hugh McKELLAR	25	Mar	1974	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah			
3	F Laura McKELLAR	14	Sep	1976	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah			
4	F Angela McKELLAR	13	Jun	1979	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah			
5										
6										
7										
8										
9										
10										
11										
SOURCES OF INFORMATION						OTHER MARRIAGES				NECESSARY EXPLANATION

HUSBAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FOR FILING ONLY

NO ☐

A LOGICAL SOCIETY

## ORDINANCE DATA

INDOWED (Date) SEALED (Date and Temple)

WIFE TO HUSBAND

1 Aug 1945 31 Aug 1945

1 Aug 1945 SEALED (Date and Temple)

CHILDREN TO PARENTS

9 Nov 1970 BIC

1 Aug 1974 BIC

3 Mar 1974 BIC

3 Dec 1975 BIC

4 Dec 1976 BIC

BIC

BIC

BIC

BIC

BIC

NATIONS

396

HUSBAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FOR FILING ONLY

NO ☐

A LOGICAL SOCIETY

## ORDINANCE DATA

INDOWED (Date) SEALED (Date and Temple)

WIFE TO HUSBAND

20 Mar 1968 20 Nov 1970

19 Nov 1970 SEALED (Date and Temple)

CHILDREN TO PARENTS

BIC

BIC

BIC

BIC

NATIONS

397

<b>HUSBAND</b> Norman Albert MAXFIELD (dentist)		<b>Husband</b> Norman Albert MAXFIELD		<b>Wife</b> Wendy NELSON		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON	
<b>Date</b> 10 Mar 1951	<b>Place</b> Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah	<b>Ward</b> 1.		<b>Examiners:</b> 2.			
<b>Ch.</b> 27 Aug 1974	<b>Place</b> Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah						
<b>Place</b>							
<b>Place</b>							
<b>HUSBAND'S FATHER</b> Albert Vard MAXFIELD	<b>HUSBAND'S MOTHER</b> Nina Elaine HICKMAN						
<b>WIFE</b> Wendy NELSON						RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND	
<b>Date</b> 5 Apr 1951	<b>Place</b> Washington, District of Columbia					FOUR GENERATION SHEET	
<b>Ch.</b> 6 May 1951	<b>Place</b> Washington, District of Columbia					YES <input type="checkbox"/>	
<b>Place</b>						DATE SUBMITTED TO GENERATION SHEET	
<b>Place</b>							
<b>WIFE'S FATHER</b> Russell Marion NELSON	<b>WIFE'S MOTHER</b> Dantzel WHITE					LDS (C)	
<b>WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS</b>						BAPTIZED (Date) EN	
						21 Mar 1959 2	
<b>CHILDREN</b>	<b>WHEN BORN</b>	<b>WHERE BORN</b>			<b>DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE</b>	<b>WHEN DIED</b>	<b>WIFE</b>
<b>NAME</b>	<b>DAY MONTH YEAR</b>	<b>TOWN</b>	<b>COUNTY</b>	<b>STATE OR COUNTRY</b>	<b>TO WHOM</b>	<b>DAY MONTH YEAR</b>	
1 <b>F</b> Marissa MAXFIELD	15 Jun 1977	Fairfax	Fairfax	Va.			28 Apr 1959 21
2 <b>M</b> Blake Jeremy MAXFIELD	1 Jun 1979	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah			
3							
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<b>SOURCES OF INFORMATION</b>					<b>OTHER MARRIAGES</b>		<b>NECESSARY EXPLANATION</b>

<b>HUSBAND</b> Richard Alan IRION (Doctor)		<b>Husband</b> Richard Alan IRION		<b>Wife</b> Gloria NELSON		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON	
<b>Date</b> 18 Jul 1951	<b>Place</b> Marysville, Marshall, Kansas	<b>Ward</b> 1.		<b>Examiners:</b> 2.			
<b>Ch.</b> 14 Mar 1974	<b>Place</b> Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah						
<b>Place</b>							
<b>Place</b>							
<b>HUSBAND'S FATHER</b> Robert Earl IRION	<b>HUSBAND'S MOTHER</b> Beverly Ann WARE						
<b>WIFE</b> Gloria NELSON						RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND	
<b>Date</b> 21 Sep 1952	<b>Place</b> Washington, District of Columbia					FOUR GENERATION SHEET	
<b>Ch.</b> 5 Oct 1952	<b>Place</b> Washington, District of Columbia					YES <input type="checkbox"/>	
<b>Place</b>						DATE SUBMITTED TO GENERATION SHEET	
<b>Place</b>							
<b>WIFE'S FATHER</b> Russell Marion NELSON	<b>WIFE'S MOTHER</b> Dantzel WHITE					LDS (C)	
<b>WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS</b>						BAPTIZED (Date) EN	
						10 Feb 1973 2	
<b>CHILDREN</b>	<b>WHEN BORN</b>	<b>WHERE BORN</b>			<b>DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE</b>	<b>WHEN DIED</b>	<b>WIFE</b>
<b>NAME</b>	<b>DAY MONTH YEAR</b>	<b>TOWN</b>	<b>COUNTY</b>	<b>STATE OR COUNTRY</b>	<b>TO WHOM</b>	<b>DAY MONTH YEAR</b>	
1 <b>F</b> Elizabeth IRION	11 Jun 1975	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah			27 Sep 1960 1
2 <b>F</b> Kethryn IRION	13 Sep 1977	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah			
3							
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<b>SOURCES OF INFORMATION</b>					<b>OTHER MARRIAGES</b>		<b>NECESSARY EXPLANATION</b>

IN SUBMITTING SHEET

ISSAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FOR FILING ONLY

NO ☐

ALOGICAL SOCIETY

ORDINANCE DATA

DOWED (Date) SEALED (Date and Temple)  
WIFE TO HUSBAND

Apr 1970 SL 27 Aug 1974

Aug 1974 SEALED (Date and Temple)  
CHILDREN TO PARENTS

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IATIONS

398

ON SUBMITTING SHEET

ISSAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FOR FILING ONLY

NO ☐

ALOGICAL SOCIETY

ORDINANCE DATA

DOWED (Date) SEALED (Date and Temple)  
WIFE TO HUSBAND

1 Feb 1974 SL 14 Mar 1974

3 Mar 1974 SEALED (Date and Temple)  
CHILDREN TO PARENTS

BIC

BIC

IATIONS

399



<b>HUSBAND</b> <b>David Reed WEBSTER</b>						<b>Husband</b> <b>David Reed WEBSTER</b>		<b>Wife</b> <b>Sylvia NELSON</b>		<b>NAME &amp; ADDRESS OF PERSON TO WHOM THIS CARD IS SENT</b>	
<b>Date</b> <b>15 Oct 1954</b>		<b>Place</b> <b>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</b>				<b>Ward</b> <b>1.</b>					
<b>Cir</b> <b>1 May 1955</b>		<b>Place</b> <b>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</b>				<b>Examiners:</b> <b>2.</b>					
<b>Died</b> <b>15 Mar 1977</b>		<b>Place</b> <b>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</b>				<b>State or Mission</b>					
<b>Other</b> <b>Place</b>											
<b>HUSBAND'S FATHER</b> <b>Reed Johnson WEBSTER</b>				<b>HUSBAND'S MOTHER</b> <b>Mabel Norma CHRISTENSEN</b>						<b>RELATION OF ABOVE TO DECEASED</b>	
<b>WIFE</b> <b>Sylvia NELSON</b>										<b>FOUR GENERATION SHEET</b>	
<b>Date</b> <b>6 Jun 1955</b>		<b>Place</b> <b>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</b>								<b>YES</b> <input type="checkbox"/>	
<b>Cir</b> <b>3 Jul 1955</b>		<b>Place</b> <b>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</b>								<b>DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY</b>	
<b>Died</b> <b>Place</b>										<b>LDS</b>	
<b>Other</b> <b>Place</b>										<b>BAPTIZED (Date)</b>	
<b>WIFE'S FATHER</b> <b>Russell Marion NELSON</b>				<b>WIFE'S MOTHER</b> <b>Dantzel WHITE</b>						<b>HUSBAND</b>	
<b>WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS</b>										<b>30 Nov 1962</b>	
<b>CHILDREN</b>											
SEX or #	Last name child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. <small>(Given Name)</small> SURNAME	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE TO WHOM	DAY	WHEN DIED MONTH	YEAR
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY				
1	David Reed WEBSTER, Jr.	19	Apr	1978	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah				
2											
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4											
5											
6											
7											
8											
9											
10											
11											
<b>SOURCES OF INFORMATION</b>						<b>OTHER MARRIAGES</b>			<b>NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS</b>		

HUSBAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FOR FILING ONLY

NO ☐

OLOGICAL SOCIETY

## ORDINANCE DATA

ENDOWED (Date) SEALED (Date and Temple)  
WIFE TO HUSBAND

2 Aug 1971 SL 16 Dec 1975

3 Dec 1975 SEALED (Date and Temple)  
CHILDREN TO PARENTS

ATIONS

400

HUSBAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

T FOR FILING ONLY

NO ☐

EALOGICAL SOCIETY

## ORDINANCE DATA

ENDOWED (Date) SEALED (Date and Temple)  
WIFE TO HUSBAND

2 Jan 1974 SL 15 Mar 1977

14 Dec 1976 SEALED (Date and Temple)  
CHILDREN TO PARENTS

BIC

ATIONS

401

Born _____ Place _____ Chr. _____ Place _____ Mar. _____ Place _____ Died _____ Place _____ Bur. _____ Place _____		Wife <u>Emily NELSON</u> Ward Examiners: 1. _____ 2. _____ Stake or Mission _____		NAME & ADDRESS OF PER																																																																																																																																											
HUSBAND'S FATHER _____		HUSBAND'S MOTHER _____		RELATION OF ABOVE TO																																																																																																																																											
HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES _____				FOUR GENERATION SHEET YES <input type="checkbox"/>																																																																																																																																											
WIFE <u>Emily NELSON</u> Born <u>15 Jan 1958</u> Place <u>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</u> Chr. <u>2 Mar 1958</u> Place <u>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</u> Died _____ Place _____ Bur. _____ Place _____		WIFE'S FATHER <u>Russell Marion NELSON</u> WIFE'S MOTHER <u>Dantzel WHITE</u>		DATE SUBMITTED TO GEN																																																																																																																																											
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Born _____ Place _____ Chr. _____ Place _____ Mar. _____ Place _____ Died _____ Place _____ Bur. _____ Place _____		Husband <u>Laurie NELSON</u> Wife _____ Ward Examiners: 1. _____ 2. _____ Stake or Mission _____		NAME & ADDRESS OF PE																																																																																																																																											
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HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES _____				FOUR GENERATION SHEET YES <input type="checkbox"/>																																																																																																																																											
WIFE <u>Laurie NELSON</u> Born <u>27 Apr 1959</u> Place <u>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</u> Chr. <u>7 Jun 1959</u> Place <u>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</u> Died _____ Place _____ Bur. _____ Place _____		WIFE'S FATHER <u>Russell Marion NELSON</u> WIFE'S MOTHER <u>Dantzel WHITE</u>		DATE SUBMITTED TO GE																																																																																																																																											
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<b>HUSBAND</b>						<b>Husband</b>		<b>Wife</b> <u>Rosalie NELSON</u>		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON
Born _____	Place _____					Ward	1. _____			
Chr _____	Place _____					Examiners:	2. _____			
Mor _____	Place _____					State or Mission				
Died _____	Place _____									
Mar _____	Place _____									
<b>HUSBAND'S FATHER</b>						<b>HUSBAND'S MOTHER</b>		RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND		
<b>WIFE</b> <u>Rosalie NELSON</u>								FOUR GENERATION SHEET		
Born <u>7 Feb 1962</u>	Place <u>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</u>							YES <input type="checkbox"/>		
Chr <u>4 Mar 1962</u>	Place <u>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</u>							DATE SUBMITTED TO GENERAL		
Died _____	Place _____									
Mar _____	Place _____							<b>LDS</b>		
<b>WIFE'S FATHER</b> <u>Russell Marion NELSON</u>						<b>WIFE'S MOTHER</b> <u>Dantzel WHITE</u>		BAPTIZED (Date)		
<b>WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS</b>								HUSBAND		
<b>CHILDREN</b>						<b>WHEN BORN</b>		<b>WHERE BORN</b>		<b>DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE</b>
List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Surname						DAY MONTH YEAR		TOWN COUNTY STATE OR COUNTRY		TO WHOM
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<b>SOURCES OF INFORMATION</b>						<b>OTHER MARRIAGES</b>				<b>NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS</b>

<b>HUSBAND</b>						<b>Husband</b>		<b>Wife</b> <u>Marjorie NELSON</u>		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON
Born _____	Place _____					Ward	1. _____			
Chr _____	Place _____					Examiners:	2. _____			
Mor _____	Place _____					State or Mission				
Died _____	Place _____									
<b>HUSBAND'S FATHER</b>						<b>HUSBAND'S MOTHER</b>		RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND		
<b>WIFE</b> <u>Marjorie NELSON</u>								FOUR GENERATION SHEET		
Born <u>5 Oct 1965</u>	Place <u>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</u>							YES <input type="checkbox"/>		
Chr <u>11 Oct 1965</u>	Place <u>Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah</u>							DATE SUBMITTED TO GENERAL		
Died _____	Place _____									
Mar _____	Place _____							<b>LDS OF</b>		
<b>WIFE'S FATHER</b> <u>Russell Marion NELSON</u>						<b>WIFE'S MOTHER</b> <u>Dantzel WHITE</u>		BAPTIZED (Date)		
<b>WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS</b>								HUSBAND		
<b>CHILDREN</b>						<b>WHEN BORN</b>		<b>WHERE BORN</b>		<b>DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE</b>
List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Surname						DAY MONTH YEAR		TOWN COUNTY STATE OR COUNTRY		TO WHOM
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11										
<b>SOURCES OF INFORMATION</b>						<b>OTHER MARRIAGES</b>				<b>NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS</b>

HUSBAND	RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE
FOR FILING ONLY	
NO <input type="checkbox"/>	
EALOGICAL SOCIETY	

### ORDINANCE DATA

ENDOWED	(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
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SEALED (Date and Time)  
CHILDREN TO PARENTS.

## ANNATIONS

404

3AND	RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE
OR FILING ONLY	
NO <input type="checkbox"/>	
OLOGICAL SOCIETY	

### ORDINANCE DATA

WED	(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
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SEALED (Date and Temple)  
CHILDREN TO PARENTS

## IONS

405



407

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[illegible]

UBMITTING SHEET

ND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FILING ONLY  
NO ☐

SICAL SOCIETY

FINANCE DATA

IED	(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
		EH
ov 1859	12 Nov 1859	
ov 1859		SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS
		SG
ug 1882	13 Jun 1947	
ar 1881	BIC	
ct 1888	BIC	
Child	BIC	
ep 1946	BIC	

ONS

408

SUBMITTING SHEET

ND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FILING ONLY  
NO ☐

SICAL SOCIETY

FINANCE DATA

IED	(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
lov 1938	23 Jan 1939	
lov 1938		SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS
lay 1927	27 Mar 1943	
hild	27 Mar 1943	
ov 1938	27 Mar 1943	
un 1870	27 Mar 1943	
pr 1935	27 Mar 1943	
un 1941	27 Mar 1943	
ec 1939	27 Mar 1943	

NS

409

<b>LAND</b> Cyrus Edward CLARK (farmer)					Husband Cyrus Edward CLARK		Wife Sarah Jane DUNN	
13 Sep 1846	Place	On Plains, Lee County, Iowa			Ward Examiners:	1.	NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBM	
3 Jan 1875	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah			2.			
21 Mar 1923	Place	Logan, Cache, Utah			State or Mission			
23 Mar 1923	Place	Smithfield, Cache, Utah						
HUSBAND'S FATHER Israel Justus CLARK					HUSBAND'S MOTHER Elizabeth Angeline TUTTLE		RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND	
(1) Eliza Olivia STOKES, 25 Dec 1866							FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR F	
(2) Sarah Jane DUNN							YES <input type="checkbox"/>	
24 Nov 1857	Place	Bountiful, Davis, Utah			DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOG			
21 Jan 1934	Place	Logan, Cache, Utah						
	Place	Smithfield, Cache, Utah						
FATHER John Johnson DUNN					WIFE'S MOTHER Sarah Wrighten HAWKINS		LDS ORD	
OTHER							BAPTIZED (Date) ENDOWED	
WIFE							6 May 1854 20 Dec	
CHILDREN					DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WIFE	
WHEN BORN					TO WHOM		18 Jun 1865 3 Jan	
TOWN					DAY		WHEN DIED	
COUNTY					MONTH		YEAR	
STATE OR COUNTRY					YEAR			
John Edward CLARK					24 Dec 1902 12 Oct 1934		7 Jan 1886	
Israel Justus CLARK					Georgena IZATT		3 Oct 1889 29 Ma	
Sarah Edith CLARK					10 Oct 1901 22 Feb 1956		2 Jun 1892 15 Ma	
Lewis Henry CLARK					Elma Charlotte TAYLOR		Child Ch	
Ernest Ephraim CLARK					15 May 1901 29 Feb 1940		7 Dec 1897 25 Ju	
Mary CLARK					James Collins MAUGHAN		7 Dec 1897 25 Ju	
Maudie CLARK					6 Apr 1890		16 Jun 1901 25 Ju	
Lawrence Melvin CLARK					19 Jun 1912		2 Jun 1904 31 Ma	
					Adelaide KENT			
					29 Sep 1910			
					Howard Nephi MARTINEAU			
					25 Jun 1913 24 Dec 1964			
					LeRoy Davis WHITE			
					31 Mar 1913 28 Dec 1959			
					Asenoth AUSTIN			
ICES OF INFORMATION					OTHER MARRIAGES		NECESSARY EXPLANATI	

<b>2 Oct 1846</b>					Husband Eli CLARK		Wife Mary Tiffany SMALLEGE	
Place William, Hampden, Massachusetts					Ward Examiners:		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON S	
-5 Mar 1861					1.			
2 Dec 1828					2.			
Place Union, Connecticut					State or Mission			
Place Dansville, Steuben, New York								
HUSBAND'S FATHER (Rev.) Seth CLARK					HUSBAND'S MOTHER Mary EDWARDS		RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBA	
(1) Matilda NEWTON							FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR	
FE Mary Tiffany SMALLEGE (nickname Polly)							YES <input type="checkbox"/>	
1780							DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOG	
Place near Boston, Massachusetts								
Place								
10 Jan 1864								
Place								
FATHER James SMALLEGE					WIFE'S MOTHER Mary TIFFANY		LDS ORC	
OTHER							BAPTIZED (Date) ENDOW	
WIFE							26 May 1885 27 M	
CHILDREN					DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WIFE	
WHEN BORN					TO WHOM		2 Jun 1885 4 J	
TOWN					DAY		WHEN DIED	
COUNTY					MONTH		YEAR	
STATE OR COUNTRY					YEAR			
John S. CLARK					Elmira LOCKWOOD		28 May 1885 28 M	
Eli CLARK					28 Dec 1878			
Harriet CLARK					Nancy ROOT		29 May 1885 29 M	
Cyrus CLARK					Allen PHILEMAN			
Edward CLARK					Sophna WILLIAMS			
Israel Justus CLARK					Clarissa HOWARD			
Mary CLARK					1839 13 Sep 1905		9 Mar 1844 30 J	
Joseph CLARK					Elizabeth Angeline TUTTLE			
					9 months old			
ICES OF INFORMATION					OTHER MARRIAGES		NECESSARY EXPLANATI	

HITTING SHEET

RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

LING ONLY

NO ☐

AL SOCIETY

VANCE DATA

ED	(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
		EH
y 1867		3 Jan 1875
y 1875		SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS
	1898	BIC
y 1924		BIC
y 1901		BIC
ild		BIC
n 1912		BIC
n 1912		BIC
n 1913		BIC
r 1913		BIC

DNS

410

JBMITTING SHEET

ND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FILING ONLY

NO ☐

ICAL SOCIETY

FINANCE DATA

ED	(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
ay 1885		21 Sep 1894
un 1885		SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS
		LG
ay 1885		20 Sep 1894
		20 Sep 1894
ay 1885		20 Sep 1894
		20 Sep 1894
		20 Sep 1894
an 1846		20 Sep 1894
		20 Sep 1894
		20 Sep 1894

DNS

411



<b>BAND</b>		Israel Justus CLARK		Husband		Israel Justus CLARK		Wife		Elizabeth Angeline TUTTLE	
25 Dec 1821		Place		Dansville, Steuben, New York		Ward		1.		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON 5	
1839		Place				Examiners:		2.			
13 Sep 1905		Place		Vernal, Uintah, Utah		State or Mission					
WIFE'S FATHER		Eli CLARK		HUSBAND'S MOTHER		Mary SMALLEGE					
WIFE'S MOTHER		Louisa EYNON		HUSBAND'S FATHER		Emily Jane PEARSON					
F		Elizabeth Angeline TUTTLE								RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND	
6 Mar 1822		Place		Victor, Ontario, New York						FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR YES <input type="checkbox"/>	
15 May 1884		Place		Vernal, Uintah, Utah						DATE SUBMITTED TO GENERAL	
F		Jesse TUTTLE		WIFE'S MOTHER		Diana Macombe GILLETTE				LDS ORI	
BAPTIZED		(Date)		ENDOW							
HUSBAND											
WIFE		9 Mar 1844		30 J							
HUSBAND		9 Mar 1844		30 J							
CHILDREN		WHEN BORN		WHERE BORN		DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED			
Last name (child's name) living or dead? in order of birth. Surname		DAY MONTH YEAR		TOWN COUNTY STATE OR COUNTRY		TO WHOM		DAY MONTH YEAR			
Jesse Tuttle CLARK		8 Mar 1840		Ossian Allghny NY		17 Mar 1864		2 Jun 1918			
Israel James CLARK		10 Oct 1842		Burdell Allghny NY		1866		21 or 22 Nov 1832		1847 16 J	
Cyrus Edward CLARK		13 Sep 1846		Lee Iowa		25 Dec 1866		21 Mar 1923			
Mary Elizabeth CLARK		12 Oct 1852		Farmington Davis Utah		5 Sep 1855				6 May 1954 20 D	
Diana CLARK		1854		Farmington Davis Utah		1854				Child (	
Sarah CLARK		1856		Farmington Davis Utah		1856				Child (	
OTHER MARRIAGES											
NECESSARY EXPLANATION											

<b>BAND</b>		Daniel DAVIS (DAVIES)		Husband		Daniel DAVIS (DAVIES)		Wife		Sarah THOMAS	
16 Sep 1793		Place		Llystyn, Carmarthen, Wales		Ward		1.		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON 5	
7 May 1819		Place				Examiners:		2.			
29 Apr 1849		Place		Missouri River, USA		State or Mission					
WIFE'S FATHER		John LEWIS		HUSBAND'S MOTHER		Margaret					
WIFE'S MOTHER		Sarah THOMAS		HUSBAND'S FATHER		Lettice DAVID					
F		May 1797		Place		Llanegwad, Carmarthen, Wales				RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND	
17 Jan 1864		Place		Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah						FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR YES <input type="checkbox"/>	
F		Stephen THOMAS		WIFE'S MOTHER		Lettice DAVID				DATE SUBMITTED TO GENERAL	
BAPTIZED		(Date)		ENDOW						LDS ORI	
HUSBAND											
WIFE		6 Nov 1833									
CHILDREN		WHEN BORN		WHERE BORN		DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED			
Last name (child's name) living or dead? in order of birth. Surname		DAY MONTH YEAR		TOWN COUNTY STATE OR COUNTRY		TO WHOM		DAY MONTH YEAR			
Stephen DAVIS											
Margaret DAVIS		1822				Daniel William THOMAS		1844			
John Ira DAVIS						Jane					
Lettice DAVIS						Benjamin THOMAS					
Ann DAVIS		1827									
Sarah DAVIS		1 Jan 1829									
Mary DAVIS		22 Dec 1834									
Diana DAVIS		11 Apr 1836		Llystyn Carm S. Wales		9 Jul 1854		12 Sep 1884		18 Mar	
Daniel DAVIS						William Nichol FIFE					
						Mary Ann DAVIS					
OTHER MARRIAGES											
NECESSARY EXPLANATION											

UBMITTING SHEET

ND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FILING ONLY

NO ☐

SICAL SOCIETY

INANCE DATA

ED (Date) SEALED (Date and Temple)  
WIFE TO HUSBAND

in 1846 24 Nov 1851

in 1846 SEALED (Date and Temple)  
CHILDREN TO PARENTS

in 1857 21 Sep 1894

21 Sep 1894

ec 1867 21 Sep 1894

Child BIC

Child BIC

Child BIC

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412

UBMITTING SHEET

ID RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FILING ONLY

NO ☐

CAL SOCIETY

INANCE DATA

D (Date) SEALED (Date and Temple)  
WIFE TO HUSBAND

SEALED (Date and Temple)  
CHILDREN TO PARENTS

: 1856

VS

413



MITTING SHEET

D | RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FILING ONLY NO ☐

CAL SOCIETY

INANCE DATA

D (Date) SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND

SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS

ec 1865

ONS

414

MITTING SHEET

ID | RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FILING ONLY NO ☐

ICAL SOCIETY

INANCE DATA

ED (Date) SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND

EH  
c 1865 1 Dec 1865

SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS

LG  
t 1940 9 Feb 1959

n 1875 9 Feb 1959

t 1881 9 Feb 1959

c 1882 9 Feb 1959

v 1894 9 Feb 1959

r 1940 BIC

ONS

415





417

417



419





MITTING SHEET

RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

ILING ONLY

NO ☐

AL SOCIETY

NANCE DATA		
D	(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
v	1958	2 Jun 1959
iv	1958	SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS SL
iv	1958	2 Jun 1959
ec	1865	2 Jun 1959
yv	1958	2 Jun 1959
yv	1958	2 Jun 1959
yv	1958	2 Jun 1959
yv	1958	2 Jun 1959
yv	1958	2 Jun 1959
yv	1958	2 Jun 1959

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SUBMITTING SHEET

AND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

R FILING ONLY

NO ☐

IGICAL SOCIETY

DINANCE DATA		
WED	(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
May	1953	16 Mar 1954
Oct	1895	SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS MT
Jul	1953	16 Mar 1954
Oct	1868	16 Mar 1954
Jul	1952	16 Mar 1954

IONS

421

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<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> <b>HUSBAND</b>  <b>Paul JENSEN</b>  <b>7 Jul 1783</b> </div> <div> <b>Wife</b>  <b>Sire (Sarah) OLESEN</b> </div> </div>										<b>Husband</b> <b>Paul JENSEN</b>		<b>Wife</b> <b>Sire (Sarah) OLESEN</b>		<b>NAME &amp; ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTED</b>  	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> <b>Ward</b>  <b>Examiners:</b> </div> <div> <b>1.</b>  <b>2.</b> </div> </div>										<b>Ward</b> <b>Examiners:</b>		<b>1.</b> <b>2.</b>		<b>NAME &amp; ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTED</b>  	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> <b>Stake or Mission</b> </div> <div> <b>HUSBAND'S FATHER</b>  <b>WIFE'S FATHER</b> </div> <div> <b>HUSBAND'S MOTHER</b> </div> </div>										<b>Stake or Mission</b>		<b>HUSBAND'S FATHER</b> <b>WIFE'S FATHER</b>		<b>HUSBAND'S MOTHER</b>	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> <b>Wife</b>  <b>Sire (Sarah) OLESEN</b>  <b>17 Jul 1786</b> </div> <div> <b>Place</b>  <b>Place</b>  <b>Place</b>  <b>Place</b> </div> </div>										<b>Wife</b> <b>Sire (Sarah) OLESEN</b> <b>17 Jul 1786</b>		<b>Place</b> <b>Place</b> <b>Place</b> <b>Place</b>		<b>RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND</b>  	
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div> <b>Wife's Father</b>  <b>Wife's Mother</b> </div> <div> <b>Wife's Father</b>  <b>Wife's Mother</b> </div> </div>										<b>Wife's Father</b> <b>Wife's Mother</b>		<b>Wife's Father</b> <b>Wife's Mother</b>		<b>RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND</b>  	
<b>FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR</b> <b>YES <input type="checkbox"/></b> <b>DATE SUBMITTED TO GENERAL CONFERENCE</b>										<b>FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR</b> <b>YES <input type="checkbox"/></b> <b>DATE SUBMITTED TO GENERAL CONFERENCE</b>		<b>FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR</b> <b>YES <input type="checkbox"/></b> <b>DATE SUBMITTED TO GENERAL CONFERENCE</b>			
<b>LDS ORDINANCES</b> <b>BAPTIZED (Date)</b> <b>HUSBAND</b>										<b>LDS ORDINANCES</b> <b>BAPTIZED (Date)</b> <b>HUSBAND</b>		<b>LDS ORDINANCES</b> <b>BAPTIZED (Date)</b> <b>HUSBAND</b>		<b>LDS ORDINANCES</b> <b>BAPTIZED (Date)</b> <b>HUSBAND</b>	
<b>CHILDREN</b> <small>List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Give names.</small>										<b>CHILDREN</b> <small>List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Give names.</small>		<b>CHILDREN</b> <small>List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Give names.</small>		<b>CHILDREN</b> <small>List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Give names.</small>	
<b>WHEN BORN</b> <small>DAY MONTH YEAR</small>										<b>WHEN BORN</b> <small>DAY MONTH YEAR</small>		<b>WHEN BORN</b> <small>DAY MONTH YEAR</small>		<b>WHEN BORN</b> <small>DAY MONTH YEAR</small>	
<b>WHERE BORN</b> <small>TOWN COUNTY STATE OR COUNTRY</small>										<b>WHERE BORN</b> <small>TOWN COUNTY STATE OR COUNTRY</small>		<b>WHERE BORN</b> <small>TOWN COUNTY STATE OR COUNTRY</small>		<b>WHERE BORN</b> <small>TOWN COUNTY STATE OR COUNTRY</small>	
<b>DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE</b> <small>TO WHOM</small>										<b>DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE</b> <small>TO WHOM</small>		<b>DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE</b> <small>TO WHOM</small>		<b>DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE</b> <small>TO WHOM</small>	
<b>15 Nov 1857</b> <b>Neils Christian ANDERSON</b>										<b>15 Nov 1857</b> <b>Neils Christian ANDERSON</b>		<b>15 Nov 1857</b> <b>Neils Christian ANDERSON</b>		<b>15 Nov 1857</b> <b>Neils Christian ANDERSON</b>	
<b>25 Feb 1908</b> <b>Neils Christian ANDERSON</b>										<b>25 Feb 1908</b> <b>Neils Christian ANDERSON</b>		<b>25 Feb 1908</b> <b>Neils Christian ANDERSON</b>		<b>25 Feb 1908</b> <b>Neils Christian ANDERSON</b>	
<b>Jun 1853</b> <b>12 Nov 1853</b>										<b>Jun 1853</b> <b>12 Nov 1853</b>		<b>Jun 1853</b> <b>12 Nov 1853</b>		<b>Jun 1853</b> <b>12 Nov 1853</b>	
<b>NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS</b>  										<b>NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS</b>  		<b>NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS</b>  		<b>NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS</b>  	

L. SOCIETY

(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
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422

**ICAL SOCIETY**

ED	(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
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ov 1859

423





425

ONS

<b>GRAND</b> Marion Clavar NELSON (advertising executive) 11 Jan 1897 Place Manti, Sanpete, Utah Place _____ 25 Aug 1919 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah Place _____ Place _____ Place _____		Husband Marion Clavar NELSON Wife Floss Edna ANDERSON Ward Examiners: 1. _____ 2. _____ Stake or Mission _____																																																																																																																																																									
GRAND'S FATHER Andrew Clarence NELSON GRAND'S MOTHER _____		HUSBAND'S MOTHER Amanda Iversen JENSEN RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND _____																																																																																																																																																									
<b>WIFE</b> Floss Edna ANDERSON 17 May 1893 Place Ephraim, Sanpete, Utah Place _____ Place _____ Place _____ Place _____		FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR YES <input type="checkbox"/> DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGY _____																																																																																																																																																									
<b>WIFE'S FATHER</b> Andrew Charles ANDERSON <b>WIFE'S MOTHER</b> Sarah Elizabeth WILLIAMS		LDS ORDINANCE BAPTIZED (Date) ENDOWED HUSBAND 27 Sep 1941 26 M WIFE 22 Oct 1901 26 M																																																																																																																																																									
<b>CHILDREN</b> <small>List each child together living or dead in order of birth. Give names.</small>		<b>OTHER MARRIAGES</b>																																																																																																																																																									
<table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <thead> <tr> <th rowspan="2">CHILDREN</th> <th colspan="3">WHEN BORN</th> <th colspan="3">WHERE BORN</th> <th colspan="2">DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE</th> <th rowspan="2">WHEN DIED</th> </tr> <tr> <th>DAY</th> <th>MONTH</th> <th>YEAR</th> <th>TOWN</th> <th>COUNTY</th> <th>STATE OR COUNTRY</th> <th>TO WHOM</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Marjory Edna NELSON</td> <td>23</td> <td>Apr</td> <td>1920</td> <td>Salt Lake City</td> <td>S-Lk</td> <td>Utah</td> <td>14 Nov 1941 Robert F. ROHLFING</td> <td>30 Nov 1940</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Russell Marion NELSON</td> <td>9</td> <td>Sep</td> <td>1924</td> <td>Salt Lake City</td> <td>S-Lk</td> <td>Utah</td> <td>31 Aug 1945 Dantzel WHITE</td> <td>30 Nov 1940</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Enid Fay NELSON</td> <td>29</td> <td>May</td> <td>1926</td> <td>Salt Lake City</td> <td>S-Lk</td> <td>Utah</td> <td>23 Sep 1948 Richard H. OGAARD</td> <td>30 Nov 1940</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Robert Harold NELSON</td> <td>26</td> <td>Mar</td> <td>1931</td> <td>Salt Lake City</td> <td>S-Lk</td> <td>Utah</td> <td>15 Jun 1966 Julianne Price LEGGETT</td> <td>30 Nov 1940</td> </tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td><td> </td></tr> </tbody> </table>		CHILDREN	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	Marjory Edna NELSON	23	Apr	1920	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah	14 Nov 1941 Robert F. ROHLFING	30 Nov 1940	Russell Marion NELSON	9	Sep	1924	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah	31 Aug 1945 Dantzel WHITE	30 Nov 1940	Enid Fay NELSON	29	May	1926	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah	23 Sep 1948 Richard H. OGAARD	30 Nov 1940	Robert Harold NELSON	26	Mar	1931	Salt Lake City	S-Lk	Utah	15 Jun 1966 Julianne Price LEGGETT	30 Nov 1940																																																																																																				NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS	
CHILDREN	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED																																																																																																																																																		
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IN SUBMITTING SHEET

BAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FOR FILING ONLY

NO ☐

LOGICAL SOCIETY

ORDINANCE DATA

OWED	(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
5 Mar 1953	MT 10 May	
3 Jul 1889	18 Sep 1896	
0 Feb 1958		
3 Aug 1889		
5 Feb 1958	10 May 1967	
7 Jul 1889	18 Sep 1896	
4 Feb 1953	10 May 1967	
7 Aug 1891	18 Sep 1896	
Child	10 May 1967	
1 Mar 1958	18 Sep 1896	
	10 May 1967	
	18 Sep 1896	
1 Mar 1958	10 May 1967	
3 Aug 1889	18 Sep 1896	
2 Nov 1957	10 May 1967	
	18 Sep 1896	
3 Feb 1962	10 May 1967	
1 Mar 1958	19 Jun 1963	
	10 May 1967	
2 Apr 1958	25 Jun 1960	

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SUBMITTING SHEET

AND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

R FILING ONLY

NO ☐

GICAL SOCIETY

DINANCE DATA

WED	(Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
ep 1884	L/G	11 Sep 1884
ep 1884		
pr 1860		

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9 Nov 1839		Place	London, England			Wife		Sarah Jane FIFE		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON		
1 May 1876		Place	Salt Lake Endowment House			Ward		1.				
8 Mar 1912		Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah			Examiners:		2.				
10 Mar 1912		Place	Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah			State or Mission						
BRAND'S FATHER William WHITE		HUSBAND'S MOTHER Mary Anne SYER										
BRAND'S MOTHER (1) Elizabeth Ann WALTERS, 22 Mar 1861 (2) Diana Mary WILLIAMS, 7 Mar 1870											RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND	
WIFE (3) Sarah Jane FIFE											FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR YES <input type="checkbox"/>	
10 Jul 1855		Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah							DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY		
14 Sep 1932		Place	Ogden, Weber, Utah									
17 Sep 1932		Place	Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah									
FIFE'S FATHER William Nichol FIFE		WIFE'S MOTHER Diana DAVIS (or DAVIES)									LDS ORD	
FIFE'S OTHER NAMES											BAPTIZED (Date) ENDOWED	
CHILDREN		WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE			WHEN DIED	
Last name child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Surname		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	
David Nicol WHITE		24	Aug	1877	Ogden	Weber	Utah	Eliza LARSEN	6	Feb	1936	
Mary Ada WHITE		28	Sep	1879	Ogden	Weber	Utah	16 Sep 1903 Jacob Dwight HARDING	18	Sep	1963	
Joseph Barnard WHITE		15	Jan	1882	Ogden	Weber	Utah	4 Sep 1907 Rachel HUBBARD				
John Fife WHITE		2	Oct	1884	Ogden	Weber	Utah	30 Jun 1931 Gladys BROWN				
Diana Jane WHITE		16	Jan	1887	Perry	B-Eldr	Utah					
LeRoy Davis WHITE		15	Jul	1888	Perry	B-Eldr	Utah	25 Jun 1913 Maude CLARK	7	Dec	1955	
Sarah Lucille WHITE		1	Jun	1890	Perry	B-Eldr	Utah		3	Feb	1891	
Richard Clarence WHITE		21	Jan	1892	Perry	B-Eldr	Utah	16 Sep 1926 Evelyn BELL				
Glen Smith WHITE		27	Jun	1894	Perry	B-Eldr	Utah	7 Dec 1926 Lulu HOLLEY				
Beth Agnes WHITE		29	Jun	1897	Perry	B-Eldr	Utah	12 May 1920 Roland Hobbs PARKINSON				
NECES OF INFORMATION							OTHER MARRIAGES				NECESSARY EXPLANATION	

LeRoy Davis WHITE (rancher, banker)		Husband			LeRoy Davis WHITE		Wife		Maude CLARK		NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON	
15 Jul 1888		Place	Perry, Box Elder, Utah			Ward		1.				
25 Jun 1913		Place	Logan, Cache, Utah			Examiners:		2.				
7 Dec 1955		Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah			State or Mission						
10 Dec 1955		Place	Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah									
BRAND'S FATHER Barnard WHITE		HUSBAND'S MOTHER Sarah Jane FIFE									RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND	
WIFE Maude CLARK											FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR YES <input type="checkbox"/>	
14 Mar 1892		Place	Benson, Cache, Utah							DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY		
24 Dec 1964		Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah									
28 Dec 1964		Place	Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah									
FIFE'S FATHER Cyrus Edward CLARK		WIFE'S MOTHER Sarah Jane DUNN									LDS ORD	
FIFE'S OTHER NAMES											BAPTIZED (Date) ENDOWED	
CHILDREN		WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE			WHEN DIED	
Last name child (whether living or dead) in order of birth. Surname		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	
LeRoy Clark WHITE		31	May	1914	Perry	B-Eldr	Utah	16 Aug 1934 Ruth GREENWELL				
Marjorie WHITE		12	Apr	1917	Perry	B-Eldr	Utah	16 Aug 1935 Milton Claude MECHAM				
Boyd Barnard WHITE		4	Nov	1920	Perry	B-Eldr	Utah	12 Mar 1942 Janice ANDERSON				
Beth WHITE		14	May	1922	Perry	B-Eldr	Utah	12 Apr 1941 Charles Harris DREDGE				
Beatzel WHITE		17	Feb	1926	Perry	B-Eldr	Utah	31 Aug 1945 Russell Marion NELSON				
Kenneth Douglas WHITE		14	Jul	1929	Ogden	Weber	Utah		18	Dec	1943	
Richard Hugh WHITE		3	Dec	1933	Ogden	Weber	Utah	9 Nov 1952 Donna WOOD				
NECES OF INFORMATION							OTHER MARRIAGES				NECESSARY EXPLANATION	
							#1 LeRoy Clark, md (2) 27 Dec 1945 Grace GLOVER					
							#7 Richard Hugh, md (2) 1 Jun 1973 Jennie Anita Taylor HAWARD					

SUBMITTING SHEET

AND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FILING ONLY NO ☐

SICAL SOCIETY

FINANCE DATA

ED (Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
Nov 1861	SL 1 May 1876
May 1876	SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS
Jun 1898	BIC
Sep 1903	BIC
Sep 1907	BIC
1910	BIC
Child	BIC
Jun 1913	BIC
Child	BIC
Sep 1925	BIC
	BIC
May 1920	BIC

ONS

432

SUBMITTING SHEET

D RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FILING ONLY NO ☐

CAL SOCIETY

FINANCE DATA

D (Date)	SEALED (Date and Temple) WIFE TO HUSBAND
n 1913	LG 25 Jun 1913
n 1913	SEALED (Date and Temple) CHILDREN TO PARENTS
b 1935	BIC
n 1944	BIC
l 1960	BIC
r 1959	BIC
g 1945	BIC
g 1945	BIC
r 1955	BIC

INS

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